









MARIE JOSEPHINE ROSE DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE,

VICOMTESSE DE BEAUHARNAIS,

AFTERWARDS

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

1763—1814.

*Frontispiece.*



THE  
Autobiography and Recollections  
OF  
Laura, Duchess of Abrantès

(WIDOW OF GENERAL JUNOT)

WITH  
*REMINISCENCES OF HER LIFE IN CORSICA, PARIS,  
AND IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL*



*A NEW EDITION  
IN FOUR VOLUMES, WITH PORTRAITS*

VOLUME THE THIRD

London  
Richard Bentley and Son  
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen  
1893

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THE  
Home and Court Life  
OF  
The Emperor Napoleon  
AND HIS FAMILY

WITH  
*PICTURES OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED  
PERSONS OF THE TIME*

BY  
MADAME JUNOT (NÉE PERMON)  
DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS



*A NEW EDITION  
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## LIST OF PORTRAITS

### CONTAINED IN THE THIRD VOLUME

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MARIE JOSEPHINE ROSE DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE,  
VICOMTESSE DE BEAUHARNAIS, AFTERWARDS THE  
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE - - - *frontispiece*

JOSEPHINE MAXIMILIANA EUGENIA BEAUHARNAIS, PRINCESS  
OF BOLOGNA (DAUGHTER OF THE VICEROY AND  
VICE-REINE OF ITALY), AFTERWARDS CROWN PRINCESS  
OF SWEDEN - - - *to face page 182*

MADAME MÈRE, MARIA LETITIA BONAPARTE, NÉE RAMOLINO,  
MOTHER OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON *to face page 204*

JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE GENET, MADAME CAMPAN,  
FIRST LADY IN WAITING TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE,  
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ÉCOUEN - - - *to face page 232*

LOUIS BONAPARTE, KING OF HOLLAND, CONSTABLE OF  
FRANCE, COMTE DE ST. LEU - *to face page 236*

LOUISA AUGUSTA OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ, QUEEN OF  
PRUSSIA - - - *to face page 324*



# MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

## DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS



### CHAPTER I.

Rupture with England — Bad Faith of the English Government — Napoleon's Preparations — Lord Whitworth's Departure — Consternation of the English at Paris — Military Preparations — Napoleon commands Junot to arrest all the English in Paris — Napoleon grossly imposed upon by False Statements — Colonel Green denounced — Junot's Remonstrance upon the Injustice of the Step — Result of his Discussion with the First Consul.

It was some time after the adventure which I have just related that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been written upon this subject ; there are many persons who, breaking the idol which they worshipped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses ; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it ? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth, he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England to be backward in hostility towards

her ; but he was not insane ; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne an army for a Continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England : her Carthaginian faith destroyed the parchment which promised alliance while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprized of the intentions of the Cabinet of St. James's. He held himself on the defensive, and took every precaution. Is this deserving of reproach ? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that a great captain might be beaten, but ought never to be surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his Parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his ministers in the same Parliament, spoke of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch over those interests with increased solicitude ? He asks conscripts of the Senate,\* because the King of England has organized the militia of his kingdom ; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that a new war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris about the 15th of March, 1803. The greatest uneasiness reigned among the English who remained there.† Junot, then Commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendour ; he redoubled his cares. His daily reports and those of the Comte Dubois, the Prefect of the Police, and charged with the civil, as Junot was with the

\* One hundred and twenty thousand conscripts were granted by the Senate during the month of April, 1803.

† Naturally, as they were on the point of being seized and treacherously made prisoners in the time of peace.

military, superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming ; but there were men who urged Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him ; and one of them commenced even at that time those odious manœuvres which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which are hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me ; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself (then Lady Elizabeth Foster), and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete ; camps were formed on the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and everything they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot, to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labour, devoted himself to it with all the ardour with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul ; he had been at work till four o'clock, and had just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison. I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return ; and at ten o'clock a horse chasseur of the Consular Guard arrived with a note for the aide-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long ; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison, he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations which could not be witnessed without trembling. "Junot," said he to

his aide-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend? Yes or no? no evasion." "Yes, General." "Well, then, you must instantly take measures for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The *Temple*, *Montaigu*, *La Force*, the *Abbaye*, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their Government must be taught that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island entrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious Cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason"—passion here checked his utterance, and he was compelled to stop to take breath—"they give for reason that Lucien has by my order influenced the Court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish priories, and that by the terms of the treaty the island is to be given up only on the entire reconstruction of the Order.\* And, moreover, Junot, would you believe that this power, always wily, always hostile, now pretends to take exception to the Treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties at the time of its signature?" Then, drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing in effect all that he had just been saying.

Junot was thunderstruck, not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure which Napoleon had commenced. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him, "Junot, give me your life," and it would have been given, now required of him—commanded him to perform an act from which his sense of honour as much as the liberal

\* That of the Knights of St. John.

principles in which he had been educated revolted. He stood motionless and silent. The First Consul waited some time for an answer, but, seeing Junot's attitude, he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theatre or the lowest restaurateur of Paris should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes or at his tables." "General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, General, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute." Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed :

"Again ! what ! is the scene of the other day to be renewed ? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But, by heavens, gentlemen ! I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and, I suspect, is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust too much to my friendship. The day when I shall doubt yours will destroy mine." Deeply hurt at being misunderstood : "Is it not at this moment," replied Junot, "that I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment ? Is it just to talk thus to me ? Ask for my blood . . . ask for my life . . . you are master of all that is mine . . . but to command a thing which must ——"

“Well,” said the First Consul; “pray proceed. What should happen to me because I return to a faithless Government the insults it heaps upon me?” “It does not become me, General, to decide how far your conduct may be correct, but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because you are fascinated by men who give you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity.” “Whom are you speaking of?” Junot at first made no answer; he knew who the persons were who merited this character, but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart. . . . The First Consul, however, pressed, and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

“Fouché,” said Junot, “is my personal enemy. It is not, however, from hatred towards him that I now speak for I hate no one. Moreover, I am just; I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent, but he serves you, General, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, towards the emigrants, and the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favour in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation—what can I think of it? But this is not all: I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to other personages, one of whom, General, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word. Duroc watches, like them, over your safety; well, General, receive his reports. . . . They are those of an honest man—an honourable soldier; they contain facts.”

“Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of



them said the other day: 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'" The First Consul, as he spoke, cast a sidelong glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied: "I know not, General, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father; but that is of little importance, for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterwards the First Consul, then Emperor Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so courageous was the position he had taken up in thus resisting him, his General, his Chief, a man all-powerful, in thus even risking his existence. "For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle when in a passion—you know that, Madame Junot?"

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute, with the First Consul, proceeded in warm terms. He even reminded Napoleon that at the departure of the Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris. "There are old men, women and children amongst them, General, and many who desire your welfare!\*" These are chiefly merchants—for the upper classes have nearly all left

\* The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. Mrs. Wilmot, who was well known in Paris at this time, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried: she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theatres; thither she hastened, and, by dint of money, always succeeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood; she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children, who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon. Lady Caroline Grenville was equally infatuated with him.

Paris. The injury which detention may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh ! it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious Cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"

"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone ; "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right. However," and going to his desk he took from it a paper which he read, again and again, several times, then, giving it to Junot, "Read this report," said he, "and answer at peril of your head—as you affect to say—answer me as you value your head, that persons holding such opinions can, without danger to myself, be suffered to remain at large at Paris."

Junot, while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly, by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calumnious document, and he was not disappointed ; Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter.

An important fact was asserted, for it described a man having dined at a certain house, and having, when flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government, to which the death of a single person might lead ; this happy state of things, which the half-inebriated Englishman wished to favour us with, we had already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report. But the most singular, or the blackest, part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot—a Colonel Green, who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic

admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sidney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart, and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply: "Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather that you and Madame Junot have a mania for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends."

"I am ignorant, General," said Junot, "whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report, though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall therefore confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact, which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drunk five bottles of Sillery, which, upon the face of it, is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time in Paris, which city Colonel Green quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business."

The First Consul looked all astonishment. "His countenance would have amused me," said Junot, "had the occasion been less serious." Gazing on his aide-de-camp with a very peculiar expression, he repeated: "He is not in Paris!" "He is not, General, and have the goodness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or an accident attributable to carelessness; it is an intentional error: the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this, even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here, with a furious oath, he proceeded: "Nothing more is

wanting but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus, to drink blood."

This scene Junot related to me many times, and described his emotion as so violent at this point that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which, towards the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war."

Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration: "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war; do they not form a portion of the English militia?" Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favour of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly towards that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded truth and reason reached his ear, it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him nevertheless, raised him to a high rank; but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him.

As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honourable as it was, operated to his prejudice, through those outspoken expressions which were too apt to escape him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his General, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, as he views it, was too

little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions not to have introduced to the mind of the latter seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone well, but for the number of evil-disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful, valiant, and as susceptible as a woman—qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which, at least in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household I could reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends ; there were, besides, Lemarrois, Lacuée, and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot ; as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was very inefficient ! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character : such as Estève, and a few more, who, loving the First Consul for his own sake and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a Court (and the Tuileries was already one), opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy.

An affa'r that had occurred some time before at Garchi's was recalled to the First Consul's mind ; the venomous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the Commandant of Paris that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers assembled at Arras. The *Senatus Consultum* for the erection of the Empire was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext for removing to a distance such of his former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old Republican notions. He knew mankind,

and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own, but I believe it to be just.

Junot, charged with the honourable task of forming that fine corps of grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803-4. A speedy journey was expected, and Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks that the moment of departure was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied. Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw THE EMPEROR in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those Generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

## CHAPTER II.

Letter from Duroc to Junot—Conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal—The Duc d'Enghien—Drake, the English Minister at Munich—Suspensions respecting the Duc d'Enghien—Conversation between Junot and the First Consul—Napoleon's Remarks on Moreau—Conduct of Bernadotte on the 18th Brumaire—Junot's Return to Arras—He receives Intelligence of the Death of the Duc d'Enghien—Intended Expedition to England—Junot's Fine Division of Grenadiers—Change effected in their Head-dress by Junot—Napoleon created Emperor—Davoût promoted—His Peculiarities—Admiral Magon appointed to command the Fleet to be employed in the English Expedition.

WE had been at Arras about three months, when Junot received the following letter :

“MY DEAR JUNOT,—If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you.—Yours, DUROC.

“*February 14th, 1804.*”

On perusing this communication a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier ; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded by the First Consul, he mounted his horse, and, under the pretext of going to Saint Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned and almost brought to execution, but because there was involved in it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau. Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, Georges Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February, 1804. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple. The affair of the Duc d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that everything should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

It cannot be doubted that the Imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate—that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe and the men of the Republic would have been no less sacred and indestructible—had the Duc d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately Bonaparte had about him men who meditated his downfall, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men found it their interest to lead into error one whose own judgment was rarely at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

Some time elapsed after the discovery of the conspiracy before the two leaders, Georges and Pichegru, were arrested. Papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then Chief Judge and Minister of the Police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavours were made to imbue Napoleon with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his mind would not



naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned related to Mr. Drake, the English Minister at the Court of Munich. This man had written a letter referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm : "It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death."

In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to Napoleon, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat slouched over his forehead entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion, his figure was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amidst the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them ; and his manner, though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of hauteur.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Inquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious individual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect was no other than the Duc d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the Prince occasionally absented himself for five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return—thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the Prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor.

When this information was laid before the First Consul,

he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris appeared not only a serious offence in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interests of the State. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed importunity was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th February ; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duc d'Enghien had been decided that the mysterious personage was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the Prince. The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to in hunting, and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his General made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him : " You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and everyone should be at his post. *My old friend*, you must set off again this afternoon ; your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and represented that he had left behind him men fully competent to act in his absence. He then earnestly entreated to be allowed to join his old comrades in protecting Napoleon at the present juncture.

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments ; then, advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it, which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to anyone. At length he said : " Junot, I

understand you, my friend ; and you will, I am sure, understand me when I repeat that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true ; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined." "I am aware of that," replied Junot ; "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be punished. How can you, General, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you, but against their country ?" "What do you mean ?" inquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment.

"I mean to say, General, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be *indulgent* to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is the same man—at once a traitor to the Republic and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession for *several months*. This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why, then, did he not send them sooner ? The Army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. That is true ; but it has been alleged that we did not like him because his glory rivalled ours. This is false, and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part, I swear, upon my honour, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the Republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon, who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture.

But when Junot uttered the words, "*I love the Republic too well*," etc., Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said: "You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him."

"As to his inefficiency, General, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned *by ordinary means* the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said, *General Pichegru has betrayed the country!* Now, Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced towards him, and said, with a smile: "You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?" He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff. "Yes, General," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gaiety of the First Consul. "Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau on that occasion was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that *he was a Republican*—that he *would not betray the Republic*. And at that time whoever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the Republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my greatcoat!

"As to Moreau, who, having received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well

appreciate his *determination* to deliver France from a corrupt Government. On the 19th Brumaire he served me as an aide-de-camp, with no very good grace, to be sure, because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the *fête*. I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands with a traitor against me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, General, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours, I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigour of the law. Surely, General, you would not encourage treason——" "Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him?"\* Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room, and appeared much excited; but he soon recovered himself, and, advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately.

Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the *Moniteur* had announced only that same morning—viz., the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of im-

\* These were Napoleon's words as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which, according to the strict letter of the Code, was the punishment due to his offence.

patience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance; for good-humour had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment, and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time even to call on his own sister, who resided in our hotel in the Rue Champs-Élysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by anyone except the Chief Officer of his Staff, who was necessarily informed of it. Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of Georges, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon.

Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duc d'Enghien. On the 22nd of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc arrived at day-break in the courtyard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some despatches which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers, I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length, striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed: "How happy it is for me that I am no longer Commandant of Paris!" These despatches announced the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

The expedition to England, as it was termed, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with extraordinary activity. The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be *almost finer than his Guards*.\* I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops ; I saw Napoleon in the midst of them ; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these Memoirs.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which were at the time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore were not only very absurd, but very inconvenient. On his return home, Junot began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadier caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoon helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair-powder in the army ; for, to tell the truth, the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavouring to reform

\* These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vieille Garde*, and were the finest corps in the army.

the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan.

“What an odious thing it is,” said he, “to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain ! And for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is therefore desirable from every point of view.”

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his Staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable time previously cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the General-in-Chief down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men who surrounded the First Consul, Generals Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old-fashioned *coiffure*.\*

Junot then proceeded to Paris to confer with Napoleon on the subject, who told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers who would have their hair cut off would do what was agreeable to their General, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hairdressers of Arras had cut off more than two thousand queues ; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these

\* Lannes and Bessières, at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet, notwithstanding the general fashion, they pertinaciously adhered to hair-powder and queues.



quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to Napoleon. This proved to be the case, for Junot received a letter written in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines :

“JUNOT,—I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all *Prussian measures*. I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu !—BONAPARTE.”

Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that, in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed measure, there ensued, if I may so express myself, a perfect revolution. The new regulation was fully complied with before the end of the week.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the *Moniteur* announced to us that a motion had been made in the Tribune for confiding the government of the Republic to an Emperor, and declaring the Empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The Senate followed the example of the Tribune and the motion was adopted. It has been alleged that Napoleon, in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offence to the ears of

the citizens. France at that period would have shuddered at the very name of KING. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty.

When General Davoût returned to France with the Army of the East, Junot said to me: "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoût, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who were hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that Davoût can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies ;\* but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch as Davoût is my comrade and a clever man."

This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal appearance of Davoût, who, by the way, was at that time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable—a fault Napoleon, always himself particularly neat and clean, held in aversion. Davoût was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his critical disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment ; in short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoût well received by their General, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to

\* Napoleon even made a point of checking personal antipathies whenever they were entertained towards individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt. —*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality.

Davoût's military qualities ingratiated him with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good-will, but gave him, what I suspect he valued more, employment and honours. He was appointed to a command in the Guards, and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He continued to advance in favour. At the time we were at Arras, Davoût commanded what was called the camp of Bruges.\*

\* Davoût in figure bore some resemblance to Napoleon, and when he began to rise in the First Consul's favour evidently endeavoured to imitate him in dress, deportment, and manner. Certainly it was no easy task to copy Napoleon, but he had some peculiarities which Davoût managed to imitate, or, rather, to parody—for example, his occasional *brusquerie* and severity. He had, like Bonaparte, the strange habit of saying a gracious and a rude thing all in a breath—of conveying at once a compliment and an affront: "Captain Bory," said he one day to an officer, "you are an excellent topographical draftsman; but as to Monsieur yonder, he can draw no better than a *hog*." On another occasion he said to this same Captain Bory: "You are a good rider; you know how to mount a horse; you are an absolute Centaur; but as to him" (pointing to his first aide-de-camp) "he rides like an infantry officer, and, when mounted, he looks like a pair of tongs."

Davoût afterwards became the most celebrated of Napoleon's Generals. Created Duke of Auerstad for his brilliant achievement in defeating the entire Prussian army when pitted against almost overwhelming numbers at that place in 1807, he greatly distinguished himself also in the campaigns of Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram. In 1812 he was charged with the most responsible post in the advance into Russia; and it would have been well for the French army if his advice had been taken instead of Murat's. His corps, owing to the discipline and organization maintained by him, was always the smartest and most reliable in the army, not excepting even the Guard. His successful defence of Hamburg is a memorable one, and his flag flew there for some days after the conclusion of peace. Had he been employed in Belgium in 1815, the Anglo-Prussian army would probably have fared very differently after Quatre Bras and Ligny. Being detained in the capital, however, as the only officer capable of holding Paris against

An intimate friend of ours, Rear-Admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the Admiral was to have landed the picked division of Arras on the coast of England. Davoût was not a Marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoût, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier, had the command of a portion of the Consular Guard.

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foes within and without, the only opportunity that the Marshal Prince of Eckmühl had of beating the Prussians in 1815 was under the walls of Paris itself. With great self-abnegation he then gave up the command of the army to Macdonald, and, becoming thus defenceless, was proscribed by the Bourbons, a race destitute of all military instinct or chivalrous feeling.

## CHAPTER III.

Creation of the Legion of Honour and of the Grand Officers of the Empire—Napoleon reviews the Troops at Arras—Inauguration of the Legion of Honour—Military Ceremony at Boulogne—Madame Ney—Arrival of the Flotilla—Unlucky Accident—Napoleon's Vexation—Sneers in the English Journals—My Journey to Calais with Junot—Napoleon's Curiosity—Regulations for the Court Dress of Ladies—Napoleon's Embroidered Coat—Bonaparte's Opinions upon Ladies' Dresses—Preparations for the Coronation—Arrival of the Pope—Description of his Appearance—Amusing Incident—The Pope and Cervoni.

THE distribution of Crosses of the Legion of Honour took place at Boulogne on the 15th of August, 1802. I was a witness to that ceremony, which is still fresh in my memory. When the creation of the Legion of Honour was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed ; but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply-rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the Legion of Honour was not talked of.

It was not until the period when the Empire was declared that the Emperor made his *classification* of the different Crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that the rewards would be uniform. Junot was created a Grand Officer of the

Legion of Honour, and almost immediately after he was appointed Grand Cross. After this followed the appointment of the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire.

The Emperor now announced his intention of coming to review the troops. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except perhaps for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This, he afterwards acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability of his old aide-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and took up his abode at the house of the Prefect, of whom he made minute inquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country-people, and whether the grenadiers cantoned in the little neighbouring villages had been guilty of any pillage. On the following day he reviewed the troops, and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvres he was constantly on foot.

Escorted by M. Maret, I advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognized me, although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to advance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were over, I observed the Emperor directing his horse towards the place where I stood. He rode up, and kindly inquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions I dare say I replied very foolishly, as I did not expect such courtesy, and I was taken by surprise. The truth, however, is that the embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire" and "your Majesty" was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret,

whose arm I held, afterwards told me that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review Junot and all the officers of his division dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day that I am satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Napoleon had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the Order of the Legion of Honour\* by a public solemnity, the first since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title. It took place in the Eglise des Invalides at Paris on the 14th of July, 1804. It was a happy idea to consecrate a military reward, by such a ceremony, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier.

Preparations were made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor had distributed the first Crosses to the Dignitaries of the Order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute with due formality those which were to supersede the "Arms of Honour." Every individual to whom "Arms of Honour" had been awarded received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil and Amiens sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birthday and the festival of his brothers-in-arms. Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners that

\* Created by the law of the 19th of May, 1802.

had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire whom Napoleon had selected from amongst the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition.

In a valley cut by the hands of Nature there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre, or rather at the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There was seated, in all the splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon-balls and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme freshness, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels then cruising in the straits.

I had the pleasure of meeting, on this occasion, Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, and had received a most finished education.\* She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the Court of France. Those ladies were, it is true, for the most part perfectly

\* See the memoir of Madame Campan prefixed to her "Private Life of Marie Antoinette" for an allusion to the number of queens she had educated (p. xlvi., edit. 1890).



amiable and well-bred, but they were young and inexperienced ; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes betrayed into gross absurdities.

The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's Court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of hauteur, though from them better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief. The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman ; and her lively manners and accomplishments enhanced her personal graces. It may easily be imagined that I was not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Boulogne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the Throne, and after receiving his Cross and ribbon from the Emperor's own hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the Cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory.

It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the Minister of the Marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his new dignity of Marshal, now and then looked through the glass

and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that *something* was expected. At length the Minister of the Marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne.

All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different neighbouring ports and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of August 15 as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the port of Boulogne, in sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while at the same time he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès—who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech—warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the seaside, who hurried to their assistance, excited much alarm. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, and I believe one man only was drowned.\*

\* At least, such was stated at the time to be the fact; perhaps the truth was disguised to prevent our enemies from ridiculing us. This

The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening as it did in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about to be served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

On the evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais next morning. He told me I might accompany him if I chose, but that, owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass the whole day in Calais, "Unless," said he, "you consent to set out to-night immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us. On my return the Emperor asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais and Dessein's Hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in several places on our route.

I mention this fact, though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly he had no need of my opinion, nor my remarks upon anything which referred

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they took care to do, however ; the English papers abounded with jeers about our *nutshells*, as they styled the gunboats.

to that part of the French coast ; but I had eyes and ears, and, being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer.

On our return to Arras I observed a twofold activity prevailing in all that related to the manœuvres of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved alternately on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the Imperial Guard. On his return from one of these journeys Junot informed me of a circumstance which at the time I thought very extraordinary : this was the introduction of a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the Court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque*,\* which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his Court, which was composed of men who had rendered honourable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband. This sumptuary regulation was at first rigidly observed.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a curious circumstance. Everyone who frequented the Tuileries

\* A Gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

about the period I allude to must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffety, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive, oak, and laurel.\* This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black cravat, and all the accessories of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon*.

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to endeavour to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. As soon as it was finished, he took it to M. Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior. The Minister was struck with the beauty of the work. "But," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat—he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer?" "I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do."

Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty of the garment, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Lavacher was at first somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons which was dying amidst the regeneration

of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons, and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn—a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a Court which was yet entirely Republican.

“I will not deny,” he remarked, “that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume, but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated.” Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which everyone thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

Bonaparte expressed a decided dislike to the *percales* and muslins,\* which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly-starched gown, but, as it was then the fashion for the ladies’ dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked ridiculous. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. “That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies,” said he. “I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, and silk, and then my manufactures will flourish.”

Napoleon’s coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (2nd December), and Junot was summoned to Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of the grenadiers at Arras, whither

\* *Percales* and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

Junot did not afterwards return. On my arrival in town I found my house filled with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gaiety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass, and, to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second-floor window near the gate of the Cathedral.

The sight-hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond known by the name of the Regent, and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewellers—in short, tradesmen of every description—were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this instant of universal joy the Pope arrived in Paris. His Holiness was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of showing him the honours due not only to his dignity as a Sovereign and the Head of the Church, but also to his personal virtues. The countenance of Pius VII. has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits; none that I have seen accurately portray his mild and intelligent features.

His extremely pallid complexion and jet-black hair, together with his white robes, produced altogether a singular effect. When I was presented to him,\* his venerable appearance inspired me with a feeling of interest, independent of the respect which I, as a Catholic, owed to the Head of the Church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a relique, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian. On the Pope's arrival in Paris all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a reluctance which gave umbrage to the Emperor.

On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillion de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the Holy Father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier-general, was Military Commandant of the city. It was even said he ordered the arrest of Pius VII. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius.

When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the

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\* Whenever a female is presented to the Pope it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but His Holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.



generals, the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. "*Come lei parla bene l'Italiano. . . .*" said his Holiness. *Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.*" "*Oh! . . .*" "*Sono Corso.*" "*Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*" "*Sono Cervoni.*" "*Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*" And at each exclamation the Holy Father retreated a few paces backwards, until at length he got close to the chimney and could go no farther. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence.

It was irresistibly humorous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice; while the Pope, on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope: he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance; but at the period alluded to he was a young and handsome man.

## CHAPTER IV.

Formation of the New Court—Madame Lavalette—Madame de La Rochefoucauld—Madame Maret, Madame Savary, Madame de Ca . . . y, Mesdames Lannes and Durosnel—The Households of the Princesses—M. d'Aligre—The Princess Eliza—Dispute between her and Napoleon—Madame Leclerc—Her Widowhood—Marriage—The Prince Borghèse—The Bride's Visit to Saint Cloud—Her Vanity—Marmont's Disgrace—The Author of it—Votes of the Nation—Napoleon's Severity to Lucien and Jérôme—Madame Lætitia's Maternal Feeling.

THE formation of the new Court about to be established now occupied the attention of every mind. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender had already manifested itself in active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte, who was of easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry; in short, she was assailed by that numerous troop composed almost exclusively of those whose influence was so fatal to the Emperor in 1814. At the time of the coronation this crowd of expectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France, and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor.

Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz., *the system of fusion*, about which he said so much at Saint Helena; and this statesmanlike but unsuccessful policy is the only excuse for the grievous error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who, but a few years before, had spoken of his downfall as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were really attached to him saw the error and pointed it out, but the Emperor was deaf to their remonstrances, wishing to make allies rather than enemies, and vainly endeavouring to reunite all parties for the good of France.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of the generals and Grand Officers of the Empire. Madame de Lavalette was appointed *dame d'atours*, or tire-woman, and Madame de La Rochefoucauld, Lady of Honour.\* The new Court was refulgent with a species of glory, which women regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz., elegance and beauty. Of the Princesses and the young women who formed the Court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty.

Among these were Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely-turned figure were equally admired with her purity

\* I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de La Rochefoucauld to that important post; it is certain that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and, notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and fashionable Court in Europe.

of taste and elegance of manner, and Madame Savary, who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but had one fault, which was, that, though she dressed well, there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonize thoroughly with the rest. Madame Lannes' fine features resembled Raphael's or Correggio's most exquisite Madonnas. But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca . . . y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the Muses. In her were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich silken hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance.

Madame Durosnel's attractions consisted in her fine blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes; in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest ivory teeth in the world; a profusion of fair hair, a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion, and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Durosnel was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father.

The Households of the Princesses were formed with a more direct view to the *fusion system* than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them, being Heads of Families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a colouring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her Chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed, the Faubourg Saint Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her mediation that the

life of the Marquis de Rivière was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs.

The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Faubourg Saint Germain, with the exception, perhaps, of one of her ladies, Madame de Br . . . n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, was disposed to join the Princess in the pursuit of science; for, in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchesse du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, and her imperious disposition, which reduced her husband to the rank of first officer of her Household, were all points of resemblance between the two women.

This parallel, however, is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at Saint Cloud, after a sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV. —Rotrou's *Wenceslaus*. Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and everyone knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladislaus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly that the play was good for nothing. Then referring to *Cinna*, the *Cid*, and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying: "This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza had a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced an attack upon Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes,

which certainly are neither impartial nor just from any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he knew to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming: "This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchesse du Maine." The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of *Alzire*, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of *Alzire*, and played it *en caricature*.

The drawing-room of Saint Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented on another occasion a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable. Madame Leclerc lost her husband at Saint Domingo; she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains on board the same vessel which had conveyed him to the island a few months before in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse.

Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from Saint Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me one day. "If my brother determines to shut

me out from the world, I will put an end to my existence at once."

Junot observed that, though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Callipyge, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc instantly brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said: "Come and see me often, Junot; you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghèse. When I saw the Prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete absence of intellect.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghèse to her sister-in-law, Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the rivalry which existed between these two ladies, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character, her excessive vanity, her constant endeavour to be thought not only the most beautiful, but the most brilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendour!

On the evening of her introduction as Princess Borghèse to Madame Bonaparte at Saint Cloud she exhibited one of the most striking traits in her character. It may well be conceived that her toilet that day was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering every colour, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which, with no great

regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then called a *Mathilde*. Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance certainly made her look extremely beautiful.

Her intention was obviously to mortify her sister-in-law, and she seemed to revel in her triumph. She was a Princess, the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed round the room, she came and sat next me. "Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she; "they are ready to burst with envy! But 'tis no matter: I am a Princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression when I was at Rome in 1818; I then saw her at the Borghèse Palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus she was not only the first Princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amidst all the disasters of her relatives.

Although a general joy pervaded all minds at this moment, Junot was vexed that the name of his friend Marmont did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the Empire; he was neither created a Grand Officer of the Empire nor a Grand Officer of the Crown. Such a sincere friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother-in-arms, that he was distressed at this evidence of neglect.



Junot assured me that he knew the author of it, though from motives of prudence he would not inform Marmont. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked I was not surprised ; to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual in question, who, holding as he did the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honourable line of conduct instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. Some time after the coronation, when Prince Eugène was appointed Grand Chancellor of State, the rank of Colonel-General of Chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December the Conservative Senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the Empire there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the Consulate for life there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon.

She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown which next day he was to place on her head before the eyes of France ; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disappointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace," said she ; "but Bonaparte" (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the Empire) "impatiently rejected my suit, and

I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's inflexibility towards his brother, and one, too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jauberthon was alleged to be the unpardonable offence he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien formed the real objection to his recall to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor towards his brother was the conduct of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation.

The elder Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son, Jérôme, was excluded from the family circle which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jérôme had married Miss Patterson in America. Though he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau*, conceiving that as head of the Government he was also the head of his family.

Jérôme had left America to return to Europe. Madame Lætitia informed the Emperor of his departure; and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I make no comment on this severity; subsequent events may or may not have justified it; of that the

reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was, at the time of the coronation in Rome, without either title or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation. This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by herself.

## CHAPTER V.

Ceremony of the Coronation—Demeanour of the Emperor and the Empress—The Crown of Charlemagne—Ominous Fall of a Stone—Conversation with Napoleon.

BEFORE daybreak on the 2nd of December all Paris was alive and in motion ; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilet. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess of Ragusa as Junot was with her husband, though she afterwards quarrelled with me, for some reason that I never could discover. We arranged to go together to Notre Dame, and we set out at half-past seven in the morning. Junot was to carry one of the honours of Charlemagne—the ball or the hand of Justice, I do not now recollect which. We accordingly left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can

ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar.

Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the Senators, Councillors of State, and Tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—all together presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was chanted. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it.

But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which

so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the Throne, which was erected in front of the Grand Altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe.\* Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more unsteadily beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was only ten paces from him.

The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied from the direction of his eyes that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:

“ . . . . Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint EMPEROR in your name.*”

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\* This is an exaggeration on Madame Junot's part.

Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion ; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *crown of Charlemagne*, from the Altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head.\* At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him ; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the Throne and advanced towards the Altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of Court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head ; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and

\* At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which, nevertheless, furnish food for superstition. For several months previous to the coronation the ancient roof and walls of Notre Dame had been unmercifully hammered by the workmen employed in fixing up the decorations ; and several small particles of stone which had been thus loosened fell during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment when Napoleon seized the crown and placed it on his own head, a stone about the size of a nut fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor which could enable me to guess whether or not he felt the stone touch him ; but, small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell it is scarcely possible to believe he could be entirely unconscious of the circumstance. — *Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed with peculiar grace every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small Crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress.

When the moment arrived for placing the Crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little Crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. My position enabled me fortunately to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the Altar to return to his Throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose keen eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognized me in the corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon



me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections ; that he thought of the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house, and the ride in a carriage with my mother, when, returning from Saint Cyr, he exclaimed : "*Oh ! si j'étais le maître !*"

When I saw the Emperor a few days afterwards, he said : "Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation ?" This question took me so by surprise that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning ?" continued he. "Oh, Sire !" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts. "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that sombre, I may almost say sinister, colour ?" "Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly embroidered with gold,\* and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was anything unsuitable in my dress, not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full Court costume." "Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach ? Are you like certain other ladies, because they have not been appointed *dames du palais* ? I do not like sulkiness and ill-humour." "Sire, I have shown no ill-humour ; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make

\* The fact is, that black or dark-coloured velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

double appointments in your Household and that of the Empress, and that when the husband is one of the military Household the wife cannot be a *dame du palais*." "Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are Queens they are intriguers; remember that, Madame Junot. But now tell me, are you not vexed at not being appointed *dame du palais*? Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid." "I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me." "Come, come, let me have an answer." "Then I am not vexed." "Why?" "Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to absolute subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the Court of the Empress should be framed on the model of a military code." Napoleon laughed. "Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said: "Poor Junot! did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2nd of December?" "Perhaps Junot, Sire."

Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied: "You ask me who General Bonaparte is. He is one of those men whom Nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the *First Consul* when he passed through Dijon

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after the Battle of Marengo, and the *Emperor* appeared quite struck with the recollection which I called to his mind. The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the War Minister or M. de Talleyrand, I forget which.

## CHAPTER VI.

Junot appointed Ambassador to Portugal—He hesitates to accept the Appointment—Lord Robert Fitzgerald and his Lady—Marshal Lannes recalled—Cambacérès — Departure of a Squadron to Dominica—Its Success—Detailed Instructions given to me by the Emperor—Preparations for my Departure—Court Dresses and Hoops—M. d'Araujo—Junot's Farewell Interview with Napoleon—Our Departure from Paris—Honours paid to Junot on the Route—Arrival at Bayonne—Alphonso Pignatelli's Offer of his House at Madrid—Entrance into Spain.

JUNOT returned home one day with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible, but which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said : "Well, why are you dissatisfied?"

"Because," replied Junot, "I am not calculated for diplomacy, and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the Court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape. England is all-powerful at Lisbon ; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us, as well as Prussia and Russia ; therefore you may

well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal amidst the firing of cannon and musketry."

I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply ; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However, as this was an affair which might place Junot in a situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent.

There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it. Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was disliked at Lisbon and wished to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled. At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris in 1790, filled the office of English Ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished though cold manners, or a more dignified address. His personal appearance, too, was in his favour, and formed a singular contrast to that of his wife, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective.

It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased either with the husband or the wife, though the conduct of the former was strictly courteous. Lannes disliked all the English embassy,\* not excepting Lord Strangford, who at that

\* Amongst other vexations, Lannes was greatly annoyed at Lord Robert's taking precedence of him in all points of etiquette. This feeling exploded in rather a rough manner on the occasion of their respective carriages meeting on the road to Queluz. Lannes' coachman, wishing to humour his master's animosity, drove so violently against the lighter vehicle, in which the English Ambassador was seated, that it was overturned in a ditch.

period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose that in the midst of a foreign Court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional intercourse of diplomatic and courtly life by the sweetness of her manner and her admirable beauty; but Lady Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal to practise the arts of policy and dissimulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either serving as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the First Military Division which was separated from the Governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue Governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France.

Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the Arch-Chancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Junot highly esteemed. Cambacères listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy. "But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivances and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?" "Do not make a bugbear of that," replied the Arch-Chancellor, "the more especially as

I have this bit of advice to give you : continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear General, *you must obey his Majesty.*"

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris without the greatest mortification. I was young ; Paris was then a sort of fairyland. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was of too tender an age to undertake so long a journey. These considerations distressed me. Besides, Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England. Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a secret and important mission to the Court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French Ambassador.

Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his allies in the South. Portugal was neutral, but so wily as to require close watching ; and Spain was so wretchedly governed that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied, and threatened to convulse Europe again. Spain, too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year ; the question was, Would the Spanish Government maintain faith towards us as long as our interests required it ?

In the meantime a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillized these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains.

A squadron also departed from Rochelle, notwithstanding

the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port.

All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Ile d'Aix on the 11th of January of the same year—that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, four vessels of the line, and three frigates. Admiral Missiessi commanded it.\*

When Junot's departure was resolved upon—when I learned that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France—I lost no time in making my preparations. The Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe towards the Portuguese and Spanish nobility.

"An Ambassadors," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case everywhere, but more particularly with us, on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavour to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the Imperial Court. Be not haughty—be not vain, but in your intercourse with the female nobility of Portugal practise much reserve and great dignity. You

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\* Admiral Missiessi's squadron also included two corvettes, and reached Martinique on the 20th of February. Part of the island of Dominica was taken on the 23rd of February, and evacuated again by the French on the 27th of February. Admiral Missiessi re-anchored his fleet in the roads of Aix on the 20th of May, 1805. See James's "Naval History of Great Britain," vol. iv., pp. 78 *et seq.*



will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the Court of Louis XVI. ; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct towards them ; be particularly careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the Court, when you do not understand them.\* Bear in mind the good lessons of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed ; but if you must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that Sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the Court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience : "When I say *circumspect*, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the Princesses ; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye. . . . Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.) "Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you."

"I know it. . . . I know it. . . . But you are satirical. . . . You like to tell a good story. That is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French Ambassador at Madrid knows nothing at all of the Imperial Court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood as an emigrant. The Queen will therefore ask you many questions about the Empress and the Court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good ; but whenever the conversation may turn

\* This injunction will be present to the mind of the reader further on.

on more important topics, which will happen, for the Queen of Spain is an intelligent and artful woman . . . then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the *Moniteur*. There is at Madrid a person who detests me ; the Princess of the Asturias. . . . Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. . . . But you speak Italian, do you not? . . . That is very lucky. . . . They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost everybody speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce. . . .”

I recited part of one of Petrarch’s sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent. “Excellent!” he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. “You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well. . . . But be sure to recollect what I have said about *gossiping*. . . . Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?” “Very good, Sire, as far as I know.” “And with the Princess Pauline?” I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way to come to his point in the merest trifles ; as, for example, in the case above mentioned.

At that time libels were written in England on the personages of the Imperial Family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Lætitia Bonaparte in particular were represented in the most odious colours ; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Lætitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels, and they annoyed him

infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian Cabinets in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point to a degree which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris when you were *Madame la Commandante*. . . . What you must have observed among the ladies of the Foreign Ministers in Paris may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English Duchess, you have seen both enough to copy and avoid. . . . Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with anyone. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two States may go to war because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other." I could not forbear laughing.

"Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald is, I understand, a perfect drum-major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us." I had similar conversations at various times with the Emperor on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance that one of the females of the new French Court should appear in a favourable light in the eyes of a people among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

A circumstance which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal was, that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of

all follies—viz., the observance of old customs for no other reason than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at Court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me that in spite of all her efforts and those of the General she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added that it was absolutely necessary that I should get my hoops made in Paris ; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting anything in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy.

As I was to be presented in the spring, I ordered two Court dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold llama, and a hat to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers ; the other was of rose-coloured silk, embroidered with silver llama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely laid on, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop : the head-dress corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles l'Olive and de Beuvry made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages. As for Junot, his presentation dress was ready : it consisted of his uniform of Colonel-General of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favourable opinion of their countrymen than we had hitherto entertained ; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese Ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of Minister of Foreign

Affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages, and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and everything foreboded a third Continental coalition. The influence of England at the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dangerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural directness he went to the Emperor :

"Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation? How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the Battle of Marengo! Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I entreat that you will promise to recall me whenever hostilities are likely to commence." "I promise to do so," said the Emperor with emotion; and, stretching out his hand to Junot, he added: "I give you my word of honour that I will." "I am satisfied," replied Junot; "and I shall serve your Majesty with the greater zeal, as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance not a little tantalizing to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier I was far from thinking of the gaiety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state

of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few lives have been more chequered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment, for such I considered it; and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation.

I was going with the title of Ambadress to a foreign Court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town through which we passed we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from Mayors, Prefects, Sub-Prefects, etc. Junot was the first Ambassador whom Napoleon had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible *éclat*.

On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me and my little daughter under the charge of the gentlemen who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made inquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one *posada* (the Croce di Malte), which was neither a suitable place for me nor a comfortable abode for anyone.

We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French Ambassador, for Junot's suite formed a complete colony; and, besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was, in some

measure at least, temporarily to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the Hôtel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation at Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This was not at all to my taste, for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford me materials for study and observation, and, besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor.

We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do. "If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the Calle del Clavel, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode. However, I promise you you will be poorly accommodated; there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the Croce di Malte."

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately despatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the *brasero* should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavourable an idea of Spain as he entertained, for both he and his brother

hated the country. I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agreeably at the house of our banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. The scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same, but even they seemed to be performing on another stage, with new dresses and decorations.



## CHAPTER VII.

We enter Spain—Aspect of the Country—Arrival at Madrid—Superb Road—Description of Madrid—An Agreeable Surprise—General and Madame de Beurnonville—Aranjuez—San Ildefonso—The Escorial—Ladies of the Spanish Court—The Marquise de Santiago's False Eyebrow—Junot's Interview with Godoy—The Prince and Princess of the Asturias—Notice of the Elevation of Godoy—His Character—The Court at Aranjuez—Road to that Palace from Madrid—Beauty of its Situation—My Presentation to the King and Queen—White Gloves forbidden—The Camerara-mayor—Description of Charles IV. and his Queen—My Conversation with their Majesties.

SPAIN in 1807, when the French army marched through it to gain the frontier of Portugal, bore no resemblance to the Spain which I beheld when I entered that ancient kingdom in the month of March, 1805. I scarcely know how to describe the first aspect of a country so strangely different from ours in forms, in language, and in customs. England, separated from France as it is by the Channel, is even less different from our country than is Spain from the last French village upon the banks of the Bidassoa. I left St. Jean de Luz in the morning, and slept at Irun, a miserable town on the opposite side of this streamlet, or rather marsh, in which is situated that Isle of the Conference where the dishonest said to the honest Minister : “ *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*”

The utterance of such a sentiment in 1660 might have made one expect to find in 1805 at least some vestiges of relationship between the two people. None, however, exist. Nay, notwithstanding the apparent alliance which, since the time of the Directory, was so proudly displayed—notwithstanding the fraternity which seemed to be established between the two nations—I could easily perceive, even on the frontier, that they were not friends. The curiosity we inspired was tinged with no kindly feeling, and I am convinced that when we put up at a *posada* we were made to pay more for the *ruido de la casa* than would have been exacted from an Italian, or even from a heretic Englishman.

I reached Madrid on the 10th March. Though the approach to Madrid produces so unfavourable an impression, yet the appearance of the city on first entering it is grand and imposing. The streets are long and straight; the Calle de Alcalá, where the French Ambassador resided, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It is terminated at one end by the magnificent promenade of the Prado, and the fine palace of the Duke of Alva, and at the other by La Puerta del Sol. The great street of Toledo, of which so much is said in “Gil Blas,” and in the Spanish romances, and the street of Atocha, are finer than any in London or Paris.

For a long period Madrid was but a little town of no note belonging to the Archbishop of Toledo. Philip II. first made it a royal residence. He was influenced in his choice by the salubrity of the air of Madrid and its fine waters, of which there is an abundant supply. Fountains are to be seen in every quarter of the city, which, for execution and design, are execrable—a rather extraordinary circumstance, considering that they were erected at the epoch of the revival of the arts, when Spain produced so many splendid

works. I can bear testimony to the fine quality of the water they supply. Its excellence arises, I fancy, from the many meanderings it is obliged to make.

Junot, who was advised of my arrival, came to meet me. He was accompanied by General Beurnonville, our Ambassador at Madrid, who informed me that Alphonso Pignatelli had given a very faithful description of his house, and that it was scarcely habitable. "Madame de Beurnonville," said he, "regrets exceedingly that we cannot ask you to come to our hotel, but we are very badly accommodated ourselves, and are full of complaints." This was said on our way to the Calle de Clavel, in which Pignatelli's house was situated. The two Ambassadors had got into my carriage, and we soon drove up to the door of my new abode.

I beheld a little white house, built exactly on the model of those of England, for many in Madrid are like those in London, whatever difference may exist in other respects between the two cities. The door was furnished with a bright brass knocker, and on entering I found myself in a neat little vestibule paved with marble, and as well sanded as if it had formed part of a Dutch habitation. The staircase was, like the house itself, small but elegant, and in good taste. We passed through an antechamber to the dining-room, and I next proceeded to examine the drawing-room and bedchamber, and was delighted with the neatness and elegance of the furniture. A good collection of pictures, French bronzes, and porcelain, completed the ornaments of this agreeable habitation, which was certainly one of the finest houses in Madrid. Junot and Beurnonville were highly amused by observing my astonishment. This little conspiracy had been got up in order to afford me the pleasure of an agreeable surprise.

After resting a few hours, I proceeded to the French Ambassador's, and was kindly welcomed by Madame Beurnon-

ville. This lady was very much respected at Madrid, where her exalted birth alone would have ensured her a favourable reception. In a country where birth is everything, it is very important that an Ambassador's lady should possess that qualification. The impression produced even by the Emperor's glory, reflected as it was upon his Generals, was not alone sufficient to command the respect of persons of elevated rank. A prejudice so profoundly rooted could not be removed in a day.

When I arrived at Madrid the Court had quitted the Escorial for Aranjuez.\* The customs observed at the Spanish Court at this period were the same as those which prevailed in the reign of Philip II.

On my arrival at Madrid I was visited by many ladies of the Court, some of whom manifested towards me much

\* Aranjuez is situated in a truly picturesque and romantic spot, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, to the south-west of Madrid. The royal domicile is, as it were, entombed in verdure and luxuriant foliage, but the little attention which is bestowed upon the canals and waters which flow through the beautiful grounds renders the retreat ungenial during the hot seasons. At the end of May the Royal Family quit Aranjuez for La Granja or San Ildefonso—wretched imitations of Versailles, the work of Philip V. La Granja is situated to the north of Madrid, upon the slope of a chain of high mountains. This renders it a desirable summer retreat. Consequently the Royal Family linger there till June, July, or August. The third country residence is San Lorenzo or the Escorial. On this place Philip II. has impressed the seal of his wild and savage character. The history of his reign is written upon these dreary walls. This mass of stone conveys at one and the same time the idea of a palace and a monastery, but still without the majesty of the one, or without the austerity and religious gloominess which ought to accompany the other. Here the Court sojourns from September to December—in other words, during the coldest period of the year. And yet the temperature of the Escorial, built, as it is, in an open situation on the declivity of Guadarrama, is by no means genial. The winds rage with violence, the mountains which surround it are divested of verdure, and Nature seems to dwindle in these ever snow-clad regions, though the sun shoots his ardent rays over the barren rocks.

kindness and attention. One of these ladies, the Duchess of Ossuna, had resided long at Paris, and was distinguished for her pleasing manners and gracious deportment. The Duchess's two daughters, the Marquise de Santa Cruz and the Marquise de Camarasa, were highly educated and amiable women. The Duchess's house was furnished in the French style, and in the most perfect taste.

Another lady of high rank, who paid me a visit as soon as she had learnt my arrival, was the Marquise d'Ariza, formerly Duchess of Berwick. Her second husband, the Marquis d'Ariza, was Chamberlain to the Queen Maria Luisa. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and at the time I knew her she still retained her fine figure and graceful deportment. When, on the morning promenade at the Prado, she alighted from her carriage, and walked up and down, attired in an elegant *basquina* and lace *mantilla*, drawing the latter from side to side with her fan to shade the eyes, as the Spaniards say, she resembled one of Andalusia's lovely daughters. She had then a son twelve years of age, who afterwards came to Paris as Duke of Berwick.

I also received much attention from the Marquise de Santiago. A stranger figure than this lady was never seen. The Marquis d'Ariza had laid me a wager that I could not look at her without laughing. The poor woman painted unmercifully. The ladies of Charles II.'s Court would have looked pale beside her. Her daily operation of painting being ended, she made herself a pair of finely-arched black eyebrows, which she fixed above a pair of immense eyes, which were constantly on the broad stare. These same eyebrows gave rise to a laughable incident which I heard related at the house of the Marquise d'Ariza.

There was a party at Aranjuez, and the company were in the height of gaiety, dancing and laughing, when the

Marquise de Santiago was announced. Though she was then somewhat younger, she painted as thickly as when further advanced in life, and she was attended then, as she still was at the age of sixty, by a *cavaliere servente*, or, to use the Spanish term, a *cortejo*.

The Marquise arrived late, and apologized by saying that the beauty of the evening had tempted her to take the air in the Calle de la Reyna. Whilst she spoke a universal titter prevailed through the room. Her appearance, which was at all times singular, was at this moment irresistibly droll. She had but one eyebrow! As Nature had in her case been very sparing of this feature, and as the one which attracted attention was black as jet, the contrast was complete. She herself had no suspicion that anything was wrong. The *cortejo* was equally unconscious. At length the mirth of the company exploded in loud peals of laughter, and the lost eyebrow was discovered to have accidentally fixed itself on the forehead of the *cortejo*.

Junot, who was very anxious to have an interview with Godoy, the Prince of the Peace,\* saw him on the day after

\* Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajoz, in Estremadura. His father was a kind of country squire. Manuel had an elder brother, Luis, who, I believe, through the patronage of the Duc de l'Infantado, entered the Bodyguards. Don Luis was a tall, handsome young man, something like his brother, and speedily attracted the notice of a lady, who, though herself filling the most exalted rank, nevertheless scrupled not to select her favourites from the lowest classes of society. Luis was soon established in her good graces, and got his brother into the same company of the Bodyguards. But the lady who had so graciously noticed him was not remarkable for the stability of her affections. Manuel was probably handsomer and more agreeable than his brother. In short, he pleased; and his elevation was rapid. In course of time he was created first Duc de l'Alcudia, and next Prince of the Peace. This last dignity appeared the more extraordinary, because the title of Prince is never conferred on Spanish subjects. It was on the occasion of the treaty of peace, signed in 1797, between the French Republic and Spain, that the Duc de l'Alcudia received that signal mark of favour.

his arrival. The Prince knew that he had to make an important communication from the Emperor Napoleon, and, although the cannon of Austerlitz had not yet been heard, Spain was the most faithful ally of France, as much from interest, it may be believed, as from friendship. The Prince of the Peace wished to please the Emperor, and was exceedingly gracious during this interview with Junot, who came home quite captivated by him.

"Berthier was talking nonsense," he said, "when he spoke ill of this man. He is described as being insolent, but I consider him merely a courtier, such as I can imagine the gentlemen of the Court of Philip V. to have been. He does not like the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, and he informs me that we shall not meet with a good reception in that quarter. He says that France has no greater enemy than the Prince Royal, and added that it is his wife, the daughter of the King of Naples, who has excited him against us, merely because France is the ally of Spain." Junot informed me that the Prince exclaimed :

"Ah, monsieur, Spain will some day have in him a King who will render her very unfortunate. This double alliance with the House of Naples forms a bond which connects us with Austria, to whom a third daughter of the King of Naples is married. All these women have combined against France. Her new glory mortifies them, and perhaps you will scarcely believe that this new league is planned and directed by the Queen of Naples herself. Our gracious Queen, whom Heaven preserve ! opposes this influence with all the powers of her mind and her natural affection for her son ; but, General——" And he struck his breast with his right hand and shook his head repeatedly.

"I am astonished at what you tell me," said I to Junot ; "I have often heard my uncle Demetrius speak of the Princess of Naples, who is now Princess of the Asturias.

He knew her at Naples, and described her as a charming creature, beautiful and interesting, able to converse in seven or eight languages, an excellent musician and artist, and, in short, a highly-accomplished woman. The Prince of the Peace must talk nonsense." Junot rejoined: "May not a Princess be accomplished in the sense in which you understand the word, and yet be the most malicious person in the world?"

It would be a mistake to suppose, notwithstanding all that has been said of him, that the Prince of the Peace was utterly devoid of talent. He possessed considerable shrewdness, good sense, and judgment, combined with an aptitude for business, the more remarkable in a Spaniard, as they are usually very inactive. These qualities seemed calculated to render him a good Minister, but, on the contrary, what misfortunes did his administration bring upon Spain!

I believe Godoy's intentions to have been good, as a Minister and a patriot. He encouraged the arts, and by his orders travellers were sent from Spain to different parts of the world, in order to bring back to their native country information on science and manufactures; he constructed bridges and roads; he opposed the Inquisition, and in this conflict—the most serious, perhaps, that was ever maintained between the throne and the altar—the temporal authority was triumphant. How, then, are we to account for the misery which resulted from the government of the Prince of the Peace? On what was grounded the hatred of the whole nation towards that one man? There must have been some good reasons for this, for it seldom happens in such cases that the judgment of the mass of a nation is erroneous.

The Court, as I have already mentioned, was at Aranjuez when we arrived in Madrid. Junot went there first without me, and it was determined that I should be presented on the 24th of March, *en confidencia*—that is to say, without



the formality of a full Court dress and hoop. We set out from Madrid on the 23rd of March at four in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Aranjuez that night, so that I might be presented to their Majesties next day at half-past one—that is to say, immediately after their dinner, and before his Majesty went out to hunt. On leaving Madrid we crossed the Mançanarez by the bridge built in the reign of Philip II. by Juan de Herrera, and in allusion to which a wit of the time observed that “now the bridge is made for the river, it will be well to make a river for the bridge.”

At a little distance farther on we again crossed the Mançanarez, but by fording it ; after which we found ourselves on the magnificent road leading to Aranjuez, which is bordered merely by a few miserable-looking olive-trees. This road, which is six leagues in length, runs in a straight line, and is so perfectly smooth that the carriage rolled along as swiftly as though we had been flying. In this way we descended into the lovely valley in which is situated the royal *sitio* of Aranjuez. The descriptions which the poets have given us of Arcadia, the valley of Tempé, and all the spots most favoured by Heaven, do not excel the beauty of Aranjuez.

On entering the valley, all trace is lost of the chalky plains of New Castile. Instead of barrenness, the eye dwells on a picture of luxuriant fertility. Nothing is seen but verdure, flowers, and trees laden with fruit. A balmy fragrance perfumes the air. In short, one seems to be transported to another world, and to enjoy a new existence. The palace is not fine ; it is nothing more than a small plain country house, such as might be the abode of any wealthy private gentleman. The Tagus surrounds the palace, and forms a very pretty artificial cascade in front of a parterre beneath the windows. The water is so close to the walls that the King can enjoy the amusement of fishing from his terrace.

I was so enchanted with this earthly paradise that I could have wished to spend the whole day in wandering over the grounds, instead of retiring to my chamber to array myself in full dress at broad noonday. However, I had no choice, and in due time I commenced the important preparations for my presentation. I put on a dress such as I should have worn at the Imperial Court, and a head-dress of diamonds. I should have preferred pearls, for diamonds appeared to me to have too glaring an effect for daylight. But whenever I hinted at the idea of wearing pearls to the Marquise d'Ariza and some other ladies, they were as much shocked as if I had intended to insult their Queen.

These ladies told me one thing which appeared so ridiculous that I thought they were hoaxing me. They assured me that the Queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchesse d'Ossuna, "or you will get into disgrace."

I laughed at this, and when I was dressed, never doubting but that what I had been told was a joke, I put on a pair of white gloves. But on arriving at the door of the apartment in which their Majesties were to receive me, the *camerara-mayor* touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient, and I felt myself getting a little out of humour.

That I, a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, who held no rank at the Court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have their own way, and consequently I found myself in open rebellion against

the *camerara-mayor*, and resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed: "No, no, senora!" to which she replied: "Senora Ambassadors, it is indispensable."

At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled, and, seizing my arm with her little dingy, shrivelled hands, she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of longer resistance, and I submitted to the ceremony with a good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of the Queen's apartment, and then, looking at my hands, she exclaimed: "*Jesu! . . . Jesu! . . . how very pretty! . . . Oh! . . .*" She evidently wished to console me and to remove the embarrassment I naturally felt at entering the presence-chamber in a trained dress, diamonds, and bare arms. The *camerara-mayor* then entered to receive the commands of their Majesties, and on her return I was immediately ushered in.

The King and Queen were standing very near the door, so near it, indeed, that on entering I scarcely found room to make my three courtesies. The Queen advanced to me and received me with pleasing condescension. She entered into conversation with me about my journey with an air of interest which certainly could not be sincere, as she must have cared very little about me; but she appeared to do so, and this appearance is always gratifying on the part of a sovereign.

She seemed to me to be still a fine woman, though she was then growing stout, and was getting a double chin, like Catherine II., which imparted a matronly appearance to her countenance. She, nevertheless, wore a *coiffeur à la grecque* with pearls and diamonds plaited along with her hair, or rather her wig. Her dress, which consisted of a slip of yellow taffety, covered with a robe of beautiful English point-lace, was cut exceedingly low on the neck and

shoulders. Her arms were without gloves, and adorned with bracelets composed of magnificent pearls, each clasp consisting of a single ruby, the finest I ever beheld.

I could not help thinking of my adventure with the *camerara-mayor* when I saw the Queen's bare arms, which, as well as her hands, were exceedingly beautiful. A smile, which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to her Majesty what was passing in my mind.

"I suppose," said she, "you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves? It is a custom of which you, madame, at least have no reason to complain, for your hands are made to be seen."

Charles IV.'s figure and appearance were perfectly original. He was tall, his hair was gray and very thin, and his extremely long nose did not tend to improve a countenance naturally devoid of intelligence, though it had an expression of good-nature and benevolence. His toilet, when I had the honour of seeing him, was not calculated to set off his personal appearance. He wore a blue frock-coat of coarse cloth, with yellow metal buttons, buckskin small-clothes, blue stockings drawn up over his knees, after the fashion of our grandfathers about a century ago, and over the stockings a pair of gaiters. I afterwards learned that this was his hunting-dress.

Hunting was an amusement, or in his case I may more properly call it a fatigue, of which he was exceedingly fond. Like his father, he went out to the chase every day of his life, let the weather be foul or fair. "Rain breaks no bones," he used to say.\* Every day after dinner he would get into his carriage and take a drive of seven or eight leagues before he commenced hunting. In conformity with

\* When one of his sons was on his death-bed, he went out daily to hunt with as much indifference as though the child had been perfectly well. "What can I do for him?" was all the sympathy he expressed.

old etiquette, the Foreign Ministers were admitted to pay their respects to the King twice a week : the day on which I was presented was one of these demi-reception days.

After speaking to me about my journey, and inquiring after the health of my little daughter, the Queen suddenly changed the conversation, and asked me some questions relative to the Empress Josephine. However, she did not say much on that subject, for I managed to change the conversation. From the few words which fell from the Queen, I could easily perceive that the idea she had formed of the Empress was not founded merely on her own judgment.

"How does she dress?" inquired she. "In the most elegant and tasteful style," I replied. "We take her as a model in all that relates to dress, not merely because she is our Sovereign, but because her exquisite taste prompts her to wear everything that is most graceful and becoming." "Does she wear rouge?" I answered "No," which at that time was really true. The Empress certainly rouged at a later period of her life ; but I never recollect having seen her wear it during the Consulate or the beginning of the Empire. "And flowers—does she wear artificial flowers?" continued her Majesty. I replied in the affirmative. But these short answers were not satisfactory. I was obliged to be more specific, and accordingly described some of the dresses which the Empress had worn at *fêtes* in honour of the coronation. The Queen then said to me : "Have you seen my daughter, the Queen of Etruria? Do you not think she is very much like me?"

This question quite embarrassed me, and I was at a loss what to say, for it is impossible to imagine a more ordinary woman than the Queen of Etruria. I feared her Majesty was laying a snare for me ; I never could have conceived that maternal love was so blind. However, there was something in the Queen's manner which convinced me of

her sincerity, and I answered that the Queen of Etruria was remarkably like her Majesty. "Oh!" resumed the Queen, "she is not to be compared to my Carlotta at Lisbon—she presents a strong resemblance both to her father and me; observe her well when you see her. She is like her father in the upper part of the face, and like me in the lower part."

It was curious enough that all this was perfectly true, and yet the Princess was very ugly, and the Queen of Spain possessed the remains of beauty. She certainly could not be called very handsome at the time when I saw her (1804-5). She had then lost her teeth, and the artificial set which replaced them was no very good specimen of the dentist's skill.

As to the King, he nodded assent to all that Luisa said, and looked at me with an air of good-nature. However, he did not seem to be quite pleased at being excluded from the conversation, and when he could find an opportunity of getting in a word, he asked me what I had thought of the *coches de colleras*. He said I must have been much astonished at seeing them drawn by mules, and added that of course I had never seen such animals before.

At this remark I really could not refrain from laughing, for I was then a lively, giddy young woman; but, speedily recovering my gravity, I informed his Majesty that his finest mules were brought from one of our French provinces, namely, from Poitou. I shall never forget the expression of stupid astonishment that was depicted in the King's countenance on hearing this. He stared at me, and looked as incredulous as if I had told him that Peru was in Madrid.

"Did you know that, Luisa?" said he, turning to the Queen. Her Majesty, by a nod, answered in the affirmative. Then, after a pause, and looking earnestly at me, she

said, addressing the King: "Is not Madame Junot very much like a Spanish lady? she has the complexion, the eyes, and the hair of a Spaniard." "Yes, yes," said the King, rubbing his hands and smiling, "*La senora es Espanola.*" "And yet," resumed the Queen, addressing me, "you are a native of France, are you not? You were not born in Greece? My daughter-in-law, to whom I was speaking about you yesterday, tells me that she saw in Naples an individual of your name, a Prince Comnena. Is he your father or your brother?" "He is my uncle, madame," I replied, and explained to her that my name was not Comnena, and that I was connected with that family only on my mother's side.

I then took leave of the King and Queen after a long audience. This interview with the King and Queen of Spain left an impression on my memory which time can never efface. At a period not far distant I had an opportunity of evincing my grateful recollection of the marks of kindness their Majesties were pleased to confer on me. This was at the time when they were so cruelly confined at Marseilles by order of the Emperor. My brother was still in that town, and was impelled by the generosity of his character to alleviate the sufferings of these noble fugitives.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Prince of the Peace—His Familiar Manners in the Presence of the King and Queen—Married to a Bourbon Princess—Hated by his Wife—His Connection with Madame Tude—Anecdote of Mayo, a Rival Favourite—The Queen's Talent for Conversation—The King's Feeble Attempts at Music—Princess of the Asturias—The Recollections of Aranjuez—Court Promenade—Remarkable Picture at Madrid—Rencontre with Tallien—Junot's Opinion of Godoy.

THERE is one detail which I passed over in silence when describing my royal presentation, but which is nevertheless worthy of notice. On entering the audience-chamber I had scarcely room to move, as the King and Queen were both standing very near the door. The room appeared to be about twenty-five feet by eighteen. This was a moderate size, and enabled me to see very well every object that was in it ; and however indecorous it might be to look over the shoulder of the Queen, the singular spectacle which presented itself to my eyes might well excuse my neglect of etiquette.

I beheld a man at the other end of the apartment whose attitude and bearing appeared to me particularly ill-suited to the audience-chamber of royalty. This man appeared to be thirty-four or thirty-five years of age ; his countenance was of that description which a fine, well-grown, hearty young man usually presents ; but there was no trace of



dignity in his appearance. The individual whom I am now describing was covered with decorations of all sorts. He wore the first Order of Spain, that of the Golden Fleece, together with that of St. Januarius, the order of Charles III., of St. Ferdinand, of Malta, and of Christ.

I might therefore reasonably suppose that this man was an important personage, and I was not wrong ; he was the Prince of the Peace. I was struck with surprise at his free-and-easy manner. He was leaning, or rather lying, upon a *console* at the farther end of the apartment, and was playing with a curtain tassel which was within his reach.

At the time to which I allude his favour at the Court was immense, and beyond all example, even in a country where, for many reigns past, monarchs have possessed no other privilege than that of seating themselves on a throne, whose power they place in the hands of a *privado*. But the Prince of the Peace enjoyed the favour of both King and Queen, and when *Manuelito* was not with Charles IV. he was sent for, for the King could ill brook his absence. He was Prime Minister, Councillor of State, Commander of four companies of Life Guards, Generalissimo of the forces by sea and land—a rank which no person had ever possessed in Spain before him, and which was created expressly to give him precedence over the Captains-General.

This astonishing favour had its source in the cause to which I have already alluded. I should add that he had lately married a Princess of the House of Bourbon, the daughter of the Infant Don Louis, and sister of the Archbishop of Toledo. About this marriage I heard strange stories when I first passed some weeks at Madrid. Both parties detested each other ; but nothing could equal the hatred which the Princess of the Peace entertained for the individual whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband.

"You would have a bad reception from her," said Beurnonville to Junot, "if she should imagine that you are on good terms with the Prince." The Prince of the Peace, however, said to Junot, before he was presented to the Princess: "She will make you amends for the grim faces which you and Madame Junot will be obliged to encounter here. When you see her you will at least have a kind reception, and see a pleasant countenance." I should mention that the *grim* faces to which he alluded were those of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias.

The Princess of the Peace hated her husband to such a degree that one day at Madrid, after the terrible transactions of Aranjuez, being in company with my friend General Lagrange, and speaking to him of the treatment she had received from the Prince of the Peace on account of *that Tudo*, she added, pointing to her little daughter, who at that moment ran into the room: "In fact, I hate him so much that I do not like that child because she is his." Certainly it would be difficult to find any malice and badness of heart to equal this. The Prince of the Peace may not have behaved as he ought to a wife whom his Sovereigns had given him by way of reward and as a pledge of their favour, but the above remark of the Princess seems to exonerate him.

It was then very generally reported in Madrid that he had been married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at a distance one evening in the theatre, and who appeared to me a very pretty woman. She had a Hôtel, in which she resided with a numerous family, who were said to belong to the Prince of the Peace. I may add that I for a long time believed, with many other persons, that the Prince of the Peace was married to Madame Tudo previously to his union with the Bourbon Princess, and that ambition had induced him to commit the crime of bigamy. A lady, on

whose veracity I can rely, assured me that she was present at the marriage of the Prince of the Peace at Rome with Madame Tудо, and that it took place after the death of the Countess of Chinchon. His marriage with the Princess was therefore legal, in spite of all she alleged to the contrary.

I may here relate an anecdote which was at the time told at Madrid, and which may form an additional subject for reflection, relative to the astonishing favour enjoyed by Don Manuel Godoy. He had loved the Queen, or rather he had been beloved by her. I adopt this version in preference to the other, for he was young and handsome, and she, to speak with all the respect due to a crowned head, was old and ugly. His situation was a good deal like that of Potemkin;\* but Maria Luisa was not quite so bad as Catherine, for she did not cause her husbands to be strangled.

The Prince of the Peace, who had, I presume, taken Potemkin for his model, wished to imitate him in everything, and when the passion for himself was somewhat chilled, he thought proper to direct the choice of new favourites. He was much offended at the introduction of a young man who had been in the guards, named Mayo. Mayo was handsome, and might become a formidable rival to him. The Prince was indignant; but the young man was in possession, and it was not easy to eject him. However, Godoy avenged himself by directing against him, as well as the Queen, all the epigrams which he could invent.

One day, when he was on a balcony looking into the courtyard at La Granja (San Ildefonso) with the King and

\* The favour in which the Prince of the Peace was held seems extremely similar to that of Potemkin. Catherine dreaded the latter when she no longer loved him. I learned from an authentic source that the Queen of Spain stood in fear of the Prince of the Peace in a remarkable degree. Nevertheless, she died of fatigue in attending Godoy during a long and violent illness he had while they were at Rome.

Queen, a carriage drove up drawn by four horses, with servants and outriders in splendid liveries; in short, the equipage was fit for a Prince. "Heyday," said the King, "whom have we here?—why, it is Mayo," and with great astonishment the monarch looked alternately at Luisa and the *privado*. "I have observed for some time," added he, "that Mayo lives in great style. The other day I saw him on the Prado with an equipage more splendid than yours, Manuelito. . . . What does this mean?" "Oh, nothing extraordinary," replied the Prince, casting a glance at the Queen, who, firm as she was, trembled lest Manuel Godoy should be *jealous*; but he was no such fool; he had more sense. "The thing is easily explained," said he to the King; "a foolish old woman is smitten with him, and gives him as much money as he wants." "Indeed!" said the King, "and who is this old woman? is it the Marchioness of Santiago?" The Prince thought this was sufficient punishment, and changed the conversation. This was not a difficult matter with poor Charles IV. It was only necessary to say that a dog was running past, and the thing was accomplished.

The Queen possessed considerable talent in conversation. She was remarkably animated; she loved to talk; and she appeared to advantage when doing so, a thing very rare amongst royal personages. She was, besides, a good musician, and was very fond of music. As to the King, he had also a passion for it, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting he had a concert in his private apartment. The King took his violin and bore a part in a quartette of Haydn, or a quintette of Boccherini.

The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the King, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time at

Madrid, and, like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a *tutti* passage. It was not the fault of the professors, and after a little consultation, Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the King that the fault was his.

His Majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured monarch appeared quite thunderstruck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement, and then, laying down his bow, he said majestically, in Italian: "*Il Re n'aspettano mai*" (The King never waits for anyone).

I had a strong desire to see the Princess of the Asturias. I was told that three o'clock would be the most convenient hour to be presented to her; the Princess, being fond of occupation, did not waste her time in sleep, like the inmates of Aranjuez. I wished to be introduced to one whose misfortunes interested me, and whose fame extended to Europe.

A mother-in-law has not a mother's heart. A mother is proud of the merit of a daughter; a mother-in-law is jealous of it. The Queen of Naples, though certainly an ill-tempered woman, cherished an affection for her *learned* yet unaffected daughter; but the Queen of Spain contracted her black eyebrows, and from the first day she saw her conceived an antipathy which was soon converted into hatred of her charming daughter-in-law, who in the Court circle spoke to each Ambassador in the language of his nation. Alas! the hatred produced by the envy of a woman has something horrible in its results.

The Princess of the Asturias, at the period when I was presented to her for the first time, was still what might be called a young bride. She had been brought to Spain to

marry the Prince of the Asturias (since Ferdinand VII.), and her brother, who escorted her, took back with him as his bride the Infanta Donna Maria. But neither of the two Princesses wore the crowns which seemed to be in reserve for them.\*

It would seem that crowned heads, owing to the exalted station in which they are placed, become only a surer mark for death and misfortune. What a fate awaited the Princess of the Asturias ! The Prince of the Peace, whether he had or had not reason to be offended with the Prince or Princess of the Asturias, certainly treated them in a way which the heir to the throne could not endure without the desire of vengeance.

It is true that kings are but men ; but admitting this, it is also necessary to concede another point, namely, that if they are men they must also have the passions of men ; and the spirit of revenge may invade the soul of a monarch as well as of the lowest of his subjects. However odious Ferdinand may subsequently have proved himself, it is certain that in 1805 he sought only justice. He desired that the heir to the throne should be respected ; that his wife should possess a happy, or at least a peaceable, home ; and, finally, that they should not be insulted by Manuel Godoy.

He loved the Princess ardently, and she returned his affection fully and unreservedly ; in fact, the attachment of this unfortunate pair was the only consolation they experienced in a life full of continually renewed grief and trouble. All that I had heard of their private history made me

\* When Ferdinand VII. was Napoleon's prisoner in France, he on his knees sought a wife from the Emperor. "I beseech your Majesty to give me one of your nieces," said he. "But they will not have you." "Then let me have one of the relations of her Majesty the Empress." "They will not have you either." "Then give me," said Ferdinand, "any wife you please, so that I receive her from your hand."

experience a lively emotion when I was about to be presented to them.

On entering the chamber I found the Princess standing, and leaning on a table, though there was a sofa behind her. The Prince, who was in the adjoining room, came in instantly, and leant his hand upon the same table with his wife. I always observed that when they were together the Prince watched the eyes of the Princess as if he expected her to indicate what he was to do. The Princess was not very tall, yet her figure was dignified and graceful, which probably was owing to the manner in which she carried her head. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue, her fair hair seemed to denote a Northern origin, and her appearance altogether presented nothing of the Italian. She had the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose ; but the latter was only slightly aquiline, and not approximating to her chin like that of her father-in-law ; she had a fresh colour and a plumpness which indicated exuberant health. Her arms and her hands were not beautiful, neither were her feet, which, considering her size, ought to have been small. But, upon the whole, she was exceedingly agreeable, and perfectly the Princess.\*

Her air was majestic, and at first sight she appeared rather austere, but when she smiled her countenance beamed with kindness. There was poetry in her expressive features, and though she was usually silent and reserved, yet her countenance had a speaking look. She treated me with a degree of kindness of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. Alas ! a year had scarce passed away when the Princess, whom I saw so full of health and bloom, was only a living corpse, calling hourly upon death to deliver her from her sufferings.

\* In the Duchesse d'Orleans, afterwards Queen of the French, I could perceive no trace of resemblance to her sister the Princess of the Asturias.

The day when I first saw her she was dressed in white. Her gown, which was made in the most simple manner, was one of those pretty sprigged English muslins which were then worn, and was trimmed only with violet and white ribbon. Her beautiful and profuse fair hair was simply but carefully dressed. Her comb was studded with large and magnificent pearls, intermingled with diamonds. This rich simplicity struck me the more forcibly, because I had just seen in the apartment above all the luxury of dress lavished on an old woman.

The Queen's yellow slip appeared dirty, and the robe of English point, though worth 20,000 francs, seemed in bad taste compared with the dress of pure white worn by the young and blooming Princess. I departed from the audience quite enchanted. The Princess had a winning manner which I have never seen in any other person but herself, except Napoleon. She was not pretty; many persons, indeed, maintained that she was even ugly. It may be so; I care little about it. She appeared to me both pretty and amiable. I found her such because she wished to be so.

Having made my important visits, I returned to Maria Luisa's *camerara-mayor*, according to etiquette, a matter which at this period one could not venture to neglect. The *camerara-mayor* was a little old dame, very thin, dark, and "ugly as the devil," as I heard a lady of the Court observe, who, by-the-bye, was nevertheless a very pious person. The *camerara* laughed again at the recollection of the white gloves, and, seizing my hands, she looked at them and repeated: "*Jesu ! Jesu ! how pretty they are !*"

Many years have passed away since I saw Aranjuez; but time has only augmented the charm attached to my recollection of that delightful place; for in all my travels I have never seen a spot which can form a fair comparison with it. It is not like anything in Switzerland, in France,



in Algarve, or Italy. In fact, it is like nothing else. It is Aranjuez itself—an enchanted paradise! Where else shall we find those charming fountains furnished by two rivers whose waters enclose an island in which the sun ripens the rarest fruits of every climate and of every country? Never before did I see so fresh, so green, and so beautiful a vegetation, so much pomp, so much magnificence, in the most barren and most unfavoured spot in Nature. Nothing can exceed the fine effect of the island. I do not think the hand of man could add anything to it without spoiling it.

*La Calle de la Reyna* is a magnificent alley, formed by elms said to be five hundred years old. It is in length more than half a Spanish league, and forms one of the grandest ornaments of Aranjuez. There I have met the Queen and Royal Family of an evening. The Princesses were accustomed to take the air each in her own carriage, never together: they drove very slowly from one end of the alley to the other several times, and whenever they met they saluted each other with a politeness which might be strictly ceremonial, but was anything but affectionate. The women, as well as the men who were promenading in the alley, stopped as soon as the Princesses came near them. The ladies saluted them respectfully, and the men immediately dropped their *capa*, which the moment before they had draped in a thousand elegant folds.

When the Queen and Princesses passed in front of a lady who was a favourite, and who, by her rank of Grandee of Spain, might receive a public testimony of royal condescension, the Princess who wished to bestow it made a friendly sign to her with the hand or the fan, as if to invite her to approach. This mark of favour was thought a great deal of. When the Queen passed before the place where I had stopped, she smiled, inclined her head in a very

gracious manner, and accompanied the motion with a salute of the hand. Thus, the favour shown to me was complete. When the Infantes, the King's brothers, returned from their wretched hunting matches, they used, by way of relaxation, to accompany the Princesses in this promenade on horseback.

We returned to the capital. The moment for our departure for Lisbon approached, and we had several things to arrange which were, for Junot in particular, of the greatest importance. I went about Madrid, and saw everything remarkable in it. It is certainly wrong to deny that this city is one of the finest in Europe, and contains more curiosities of all kinds than many Northern towns of much celebrity, which really, as the Spanish proverb says, ought to be silent before the capital of Castile.\*

\* At Madrid I saw, among other rarities, a portrait of the Princess of Eboli, the beautiful and clever mistress of Philip II. She is represented seated under an awning attached to the branches of some trees, and engaged at her toilet, while a number of Cupids are busily employed in arranging her hunting costume. This intriguing woman was exquisitely beautiful. There is, besides, another portrait of her, which includes that of the unfortunate Don Carlos. It represents the entry of Queen Elizabeth of France into Valladolid, where she was destined to find a throne and a tomb. Don Carlos is on horseback, as is also the Queen, for in that manner the Queens of Spain were wont to enter their dominions. The Prince is dressed in a slashed doublet entirely covered with precious stones, with a hat turned up at the side and overhung with white feathers. He appears pale, but very handsome; his hair is light, with fine blue eyes. The Queen is represented in a blue satin robe, with a bodice of velvet and gold brocade rising to her throat, and fastened with large ruby buttons. The sleeves are narrow, with large epaulettes, and hang down as far as the waist. A very large farthingale or hoop, which must have been exceedingly inconvenient for riding, supports the blue satin petticoat. She wears a high and stiff ruff, which forms a sort of framework round her pretty face. Upon her head is a small black velvet hat, with a rim not an inch broad, the crown of which fitted exactly to the head. It is adorned with a cordon of large diamonds, and a small plume of white feathers on the left side, fixed

Just before I left Madrid I met with a singular adventure at the Ambassador's. I dined every day at General Beurnonville's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. One day I came rather late, just as the company were entering the dining-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table.

Next to me sat a gentleman of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a bilious complexion. His look was sombre, and he appeared to me to have but one eye. However, I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not deprive him of sight. As he was so singularly taciturn nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the Ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. When the second course had begun, I could no longer restrain my curiosity ; and, though conscious of the rudeness of the question, I asked General Beurnonville in a whisper who my silent neighbour was.

"What !" he replied with an air of surprise ; "do you not know him ?" "I never saw him before." "Impossible !" "I declare that such is the fact" "But you have often

with an aigrette of jewels. Upon her bodice are to be seen a number of pearl chains of immense size, and of precious stones, the value of which must have been enormous. One thing particularly struck me, viz., the handkerchief which she holds in her hand along with the bridle of her horse. This handkerchief is entirely covered with embroidery, just such a one as would now be used by a modern *élégante*, except that it has a little gold intermixed with the embroidery. At a balcony is seated King Philip II., with a sinister expression, his red hair already turning gray, his long and pale face old, wrinkled, and ugly. He is attired in a black velvet dress, with the collar of the Golden Fleece, and seems to be eyeing with an evil and malignant glance the unfortunate victims who are passing beneath him. This picture, of which I know not the painter, is excellent.

heard his name, particularly when you were a child." "You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he, then?" "Shall I send you some spinach, *Tallien*?" said a well-known voice. It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, the cause of which he had guessed. Junot had known him in Egypt, without, however, being intimate with him; for the Commander-in-Chief was not very friendly to those who had any connection with Tallien.

This name, however, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression on me. . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination had been fed with the most horrible recitals, connected in a particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, which he must have perceived, for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! how did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question, and also how it happened that one of our Decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified that dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true that when in Egypt Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards his officers who were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at headquarters on this account."\*

\* The brothers Lanusse were intimate friends of Tallien. The elder was killed in Egypt, in the same engagement in which Abercromby fell. He was a brave and worthy man. It was with him that Junot fought at Boulac. The other brother returned to Europe, and, under the Restoration, was one of the most assiduous servants of Charles X.

After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow-travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe, at Malaga ; or at some place in Andalusia. The name of Tallien is famous in the blood-stained page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th Thermidor, he deserves notice in our history.

Junot had, according to his orders, several interviews with the Prince of the Peace, and he was well satisfied. Much ill has been said of the Prince of the Peace, and very little good. During my second residence in Madrid the most serious and sinister reports were circulated respecting him. I had then leisure to consider his character, and the impression he made upon me was very unfavourable ; but it is my duty as a historian to state that my husband entertained a very different opinion, and that his opinion has since much influenced mine.

My brother, who saw him long afterwards, during his exile at Marseilles in 1808, also used to relate some very favourable traits of him. He and Junot used to reproach me for my injustice towards Godoy, and the result of our discussions was to make me express my regret that the Prince of the Peace had not well employed all the statesman-like faculties with which Heaven had endowed him.

## CHAPTER IX.

Alliance between Spain and France—Honours paid to us on our Journey from Madrid—Talavera de la Reyna—News of the Emperor's Acceptance of the Crown of Italy—Truxillo—Unexpected Meeting with Jérôme Bonaparte—Account of his Marriage with Miss Patterson—Portrait of his Wife—Conversation between Jérôme and Junot—Our Meeting with French Sailors—Fright at the Inn in San Pedro—Junot and the Muleteer—Arrival at Badajoz—Entrance into Portugal—Contrast of the two Nations—Approach to Lisbon—We take up our Residence at Aldea Galega—Our State Visit to Lisbon—Absurd Ceremony of the Collation—Description of the City—Our Reception by the Portuguese Nobility.

WE left Madrid for Lisbon on the 29th of March, 1805, after having obtained full assurance that Spain was then the faithful ally of France. Whether from motives of interest or from good faith, Spain gave at this time pledges of a most sincere alliance with us. Her western and southern ports were crowded with vessels ready to put to sea under our flag. The *Santissima Trinidad*, almost the biggest vessel then afloat, of a hundred and thirty guns, *awaited our orders*—that was the phrase—in the port of Cadiz. The King of Spain ordered that we should everywhere be received with the honours which are paid to a French Ambassador at the Court of Madrid. This is not a trifling matter of compliment; for the Spanish Government, though much devoted to France, displayed, never-

theless, a sort of solemn dignity, a pride, which made every act of ceremonial politeness exceeding the usual practice improper, if bestowed on a foreign official authority.

At Talavera de la Reyna we learned by a courier that the Emperor had repaired in great pomp to the Senate on the 18th March to accept the Crown of Italy, in consequence of an offer made to that effect by the Cisalpine Republic.\* Talavera de la Reyna is a pretty little town, built on the bank of the Tagus. In the morning we were treated with a concert by a band of the Queen's dragoons. There was a number of fine cavalry in the garrison. Junot, who lost no opportunity of complimenting the Prince of the Peace, told me that he was particularly attentive to the cavalry, and that it was owing to him that that description of force was in such good condition. To tell the truth, it was very different from the infantry, for foot soldiers were often to be met begging, and even some of their officers would have had no objection to receive alms.

On arriving at Truxillo we were received by the Commandant, the Corregidor, and all the public functionaries; they showed us great attention, for which we were the more grateful, as we were only what are called *transeuntes*† in Spain, without any prerogative to lay claim to the hospitality which was so readily offered to us. Junot, who had so good an opinion of the Prince of the Peace, insisted that he had ordered these marks of attention out of compliment to France. Truxillo is a wretched, though a large town. It is almost deserted, which, indeed, is the case with a great portion of the Spanish towns.

\* The speech of Napoleon on this occasion is a proof of his occasional want of sincerity; he was at this time strong enough to make known his intentions. Why did he say: "We shall at all times be guided by moderation, and not seek to increase the power attached to our crown"? The Emperor quitted Paris almost immediately afterwards for Milan, where he was crowned King of Lombardy.

† Passengers.

We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, when one morning Junot approached the door of my carriage and surprised me by announcing that he had just met Jérôme Bonaparte.\*

Jérôme was one of those young men who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship towards him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him, and the more so as I had an impression he was unhappy—unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young, and rather romantic. Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jérôme; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family.

Jérôme was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the Bonaparte family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape

\* Jérôme had married Miss Patterson, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore; the lady was very handsome as well as rich. Napoleon, who was as then only Consul, could not be considered as having any control over the members of his family. Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Lætitia were, in fact, the only persons whose consent or disapproval on any such subject was necessary; and they had both concurred in approving the step. Napoleon's anger on hearing of the marriage was extreme, and at the time here alluded to he manifested his displeasure in a manner not very fraternal. He had issued orders throughout Holland, Spain, and Portugal, prohibiting the reception of Madame Jérôme Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name. The unfortunate lady, who was then enccinte, had successively endeavoured to land in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and lastly in Portugal, where M. Serrurier (the brother of the Marshal), who was then our Consul-General at Lisbon, was obliged to forbid her landing. Jérôme in despair conveyed his wife to England; and as the prohibition of landing in France did not extend to himself, he determined to see his brother, and to endeavour to mitigate his displeasure. He was on his way to France when we met him.



from his imprisonment by the English, until the end of 1800. Jérôme set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo ; Junot consequently knew him only as a mere boy. We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate—nay, almost serious. His countenance, which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance that I should hardly have recognised him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast, I formed a very favourable opinion of him.

We walked with Jérôme in the garden of the *posada* ; and, before parting, Junot, who conceived he might assume a certain freedom with him from the circumstance of my having known him when a boy, endeavoured to dissuade him from resisting the Emperor's wishes. But Jérôme answered him with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honour, and that having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother he did not feel himself blamable for taking the step he had.

"My brother will hear me," said he ; "he is kind—he is just. Even admitting that I have committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment ? And upon whose head will that punishment light ? Upon that of my innocent wife ! No, no ; surely my brother will not thus outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States ; and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful."

He then showed us a fine miniature of Madame Jérôme Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a

circumstance which immediately struck me as well as Junot was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghèse. I remarked this to Jérôme, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that in fact he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jérôme Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghèse. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it; he had not got the better of his old impressions.

“Judge, then,” resumed Jérôme, replacing the charming portrait in his breast-pocket—“judge whether I can abandon a being like her; especially when I assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful is united every quality that can render a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine, whom the Emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sisters-in-law. For myself, I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my conscience may make me repent.”

To this Junot made no reply. He had set out with an endeavour to prevail on Jérôme to conform to the Emperor's will; but in the course of conversation, having learned the particulars of the case and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterwards confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jérôme to a line of conduct which, in fact, would be dishonourable. At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jérôme and continued our journey.

Sometimes we met on our road French sailors, who,

having been captured by English cruisers, had been put ashore in abject poverty. The first time we saw one of these poor wanderers I perceived the blood mount into Junot's cheek, and his eyes, always so expressive, flashed with indignation. He would have stripped the clothes from his own back rather than one of his soldiers should suffer from cold: he would have shared his rations, nay, would have gone without any, rather than the lowest private under his command should endure the pangs of hunger. What, then, were his feelings when he beheld these French sailors, clothed in rags, and constrained to dig the earth to procure a few roots to satisfy their hunger!

One day we encountered a party of seven of these poor fellows; Junot spoke to them. Never did I see a more lively expression of joy than that which lighted up their hard and weather-beaten features when they heard the sound of their native language. One of them shed tears. We were French! We had come from France! I question whether the money Junot gave them to enable them to reach Bayonne *without begging* caused them greater joy than they experienced at the first word we spoke in French.

On leaving the Vento del Despoblado we proceeded to San Pedro, where we were to sleep. This was a horrible place. We arrived there in the evening, and when my carriage stopped at the door of the inn I had almost fallen asleep from the fatigue of the day's journey. Junot, who for the greater security preferred riding by the side of my carriage, when near the inn rode on in advance to see about our quarters there.

"Do not be scared at the appearance of this *posada*," said he; "your bedchamber is certainly not very elegant, but provided we meet with no toads,\* which from its appearance I very much doubt, it will do well enough."

\* The sight of a toad used to make him ill.

As he spoke, I awoke from my slumber, alighted from the carriage, and entered the inn. Heavens! what an inn it was! Let the reader figure to himself a mud-built hut, divided into three or four compartments about five feet high, which were called rooms. And then the odour that saluted us! . . .

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I stepped out of the carriage; "what place is this? I shall never be able to sleep here! what a horrible-looking house!"

"It is, nevertheless, a house of my building," observed in a sepulchral tone of voice a man who was holding a lamp near me.

Hearing these words uttered in French, I turned round, and beheld what I thought the most atrocious-looking countenance that ever belonged to a human creature. I was horror-struck.

"Heavens!" said I, addressing myself to the man; "what could have induced you to quit your country to live in this savage desert—in this inn?"

I answered my question in my own mind. This man, said I to myself, must be some infamous villain who had escaped from the galleys or the gibbet!

I had no inclination, it may be supposed, to sleep in the inn; but being apprehensive of confining my little girl all night in a close carriage, I set about searching the house in quest of a single habitable room. I did at last find one, and I immediately ordered the window to be opened, some ginger to be burned to fumigate the room, and the fire, which was almost out, to be rekindled. Leaving the child and her nurse Fanchette in this apartment I retired with Junot to my carriage, where we passed the night.

I had at this time in my service an Italian woman, the wife of Junot's chief *valet-de-chambre*. She accompanied me to Portugal in the capacity of *femme de charge*. She was

a pretty woman, was strongly attached to me, and I in my turn was very partial to her. Not wishing to remain all night in the carriage in which she had travelled, she chose rather to sleep, if she could, in one of the filthy rooms of the *casa*. Leaving her husband, therefore, to watch the baggage and keep order among the escort, which that night seemed more than ever necessary, she lay down in the apartment adjoining that I had selected for my little girl.

The child had been some time asleep when Madame Heldt stole softly into the room and presented herself to Fanchette as pale as a spectre. Fanchette, who was not very brave, fell upon her knees at the sight of her companion. My *femme-de-chambre* had preferred sleeping in one of the carriages, consequently they were quite alone.

"Fanchette ! Fanchette !" exclaimed Madame Heldt, "there is a murdered man lying under my bed."

Fanchette uttered a shriek.

"Silence ; for God's sake, silence !" exclaimed the other. "They will come and kill us also. There is an instrument of torture in the next room."

Fanchette, anxious to assure herself of the fact, seized her lamp with no very steady hand, and proceeded to the chamber of Madame Heldt, whose lamp had been overturned and extinguished in her precipitate retreat. She looked under the bed, where at first she saw only some of the fresh-cut straw commonly used in Spain. On a closer inspection, however, she discerned the feet of a man.

The two women trembled, and almost sank lifeless beside the dead body. Fanchette, who in this instance showed more courage than her companion, perhaps on account of the precious charge committed to her care, determined to call for help. Madame Heldt then pointed out to her notice what she called the *instrument of torture*, which next day was ascertained to be a flail for threshing corn !

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Fanchette, "what will become of us? But perhaps it is not a dead body after all," added she, feigning a degree of courage which she did not feel.

"What else can it be, then?" rejoined the other. "It is worse; it is a body cut in pieces, for see, there are only two feet and two legs."

They turned their eyes again towards the object of their terror, and seeing the feet and legs their consternation increased. They rushed to the window and opened it, but all was still; no one seemed to be awake in the inn, and the only sound they heard was the noise made by the mules in their stables—a much better lodging-place than was allotted to the human beings they had been dragging.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Fanchette; "Madame guessed right, this innkeeper is certainly a murderer."

"A murderer!" replied Madame Heldt, "more likely the village hangman. Look there!" And she pointed again to the fatal instrument.

At length they heard the footsteps of someone passing beneath the window. It was Colonel de Laborde, who, having thrown himself with his clothes on upon two bundles of fresh straw, from time to time quitted his bivouac to go round and ascertain that all was right. As soon as Fanchette heard the clanking of his hussar boots upon the stones of the court she thought herself rescued from destruction, and hailed him.

The brave Laborde made but two or three strides to Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were "dead body" and "murdered man." He immediately perceived the two accusatory feet, and not being much afraid of death, he lugged out the body from beneath the bed where it was concealed by the straw. It proved to be a corpse; but there were no marks of violence upon it. Without stopping to form any conjecture upon the matter,

he desired the women to call the master of the inn. They, however, made a hasty retreat to my daughter's room. M. de Laborde, unwilling to create an alarm, merely called from the window to one of the soldiers of the escort ; and taking the lamp, went down into the kitchen, where the master of the inn was sleeping tranquilly on the hearth, by the embers of the fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"Surely this man cannot be a murderer, or at least he is innocent to-night," thought M. de Laborde. "But, no matter, we must know the history of the dead body." So, kicking him violently with his foot, he woke him, and immediately presented a pistol to his breast. The man, thinking he was going to be murdered, uttered the most dreadful cries.

"Silence, rascal," said Laborde, "or I'll blow your brains out. What explanation can you give of the discovery which has just been made in one of the chambers above? You infamous assassin !"

"My God ! my worthy Colonel, I am no assassin," exclaimed the man, throwing himself on his knees and clasping his hands. "I will tell you all about it ; only do not mention it to his Excellency the Ambassador ; you shall see that I have done no wrong."

M. de Laborde continued to regard him with a threatening eye ; and the poor wretch was so dismayed that he had scarcely power to tell his story. At length he managed to stammer out that one of the labourers of his miserable farm had died of some malady that same morning. The body was to be interred the following day, but our arrival had upset their arrangements, for the chamber in which the corpse was deposited was one of the only two fit to receive company.

"If the Ambassador or his lady had done me the honour

to sleep in my poor house," said the fellow, "I would have had the corpse well wrapped up in a cloth so that it should not have been visible ; but as only one of their servants was to have the room, I thought poor Garcia might remain in the straw without incommoding her. I humbly ask her pardon. But, sir, if I had murdered the man I should not surely have allowed anyone to sleep in the room until I had removed all traces of the crime !"

This seemed reasonable enough. M. de Laborde asked him whom he could get to vouch for his character. He replied the curate and the Sangrado of the village.

"Lock me up till morning," continued he, "if you suspect I do not speak the truth, and to-morrow you will be convinced of my innocence."

M. de Laborde took him at his word, and placing him in one of the wretched rooms which happened to be furnished with a door, he locked him in. He then ordered two soldiers to replace the corpse of the poor peasant on the bed, and desired the two women to retire with the child to the carriage for the remainder of the night, concluding that the effluvia of a chamber in which there was a dead body might be pestilential.\* I thanked him gratefully the next morning for this precaution.

Junot was in a furious rage with the innkeeper, and the poor wretch was skulking about, dreading the anger of the great Senor, as he styled him.

"I am no great Senor, you rascal," exclaimed Junot, "but I am a father and a humane master. How dared you harbour the thought of allowing two females and a child, and my child, too, to sleep in a room in which there was the corpse of a man who has probably died of some pestilential disease?"

As he spoke he seized the man by the throat and seemed

\* The yellow fever was raging in Cadiz at that very time.



ready to strangle him ; but at this juncture the curate and the village doctor arrived. These worthies certified that the corpse was in no way infectious, the man's disorder having been a pleurisy, and that he had died a natural death. The curate had given him the sacrament, and as to the doctor, if there was any murder in the case he was most probably the guilty man.

However, Madame Heldt and Fanchette positively insisted that the man had been murdered, and declared their conviction that had it not been for M. de Laborde, they, together with Mademoiselle Josephine, would have shared the same fate.

Hardly had we left San Pedro than we were thrown into fresh consternation. Little Josephine was in the carriage with her nurse, Madame Heldt, and my two maids. As the road was bad, Junot alighted and prevailed upon me to do so likewise, in order to ascend a small hill. The child was asleep, and Junot said to the muleteer who was driving her carriage: "Do not go on that side," pointing out to him a particular part of the road which was in a horrid state. "You must not drive there, or some accident will happen."

The muleteer shook his head. It was plain he had no wish to obey. Junot therefore went up to him and repeated his injunction in a peremptory tone.

"I have driven along this road more than twenty times," replied the muleteer, who, like others of his fraternity, was a species of animal much more obstinate than the mules he was driving. "I have driven along here," said he, "more than twenty times, and never met with an accident. The beasts know the path, and if I put them out of their way they will be sure to play me some trick." "And I will break a good stick across your shoulders if you make any demur," cried Junot in a passion ; "do as I order you."

We proceeded onward, and had begun to climb the hill.

However, we had not advanced far when a violent outcry in our rear made us turn quickly round. My daughter's carriage was overturned, the muleteer having persisted in driving over the broken road Junot had enjoined him to avoid. The first shock of alarm made me fall to the earth; but immediately summoning all my resolution, I flew to the succour of my child, whose cries were heartrending.

As for Junot, he had with the speed of lightning hurried to the spot, and, having seized the muleteer by the throat, had nearly strangled him. M. de Laborde and M. de Reyneval had great difficulty in prevailing upon him to loosen his hold. When I came up I took my dear child in my arms. Her cries were occasioned only by alarm, and by the condition in which she saw her nurse. However, she had had a very narrow escape. The instant before the carriage overturned she had just waked, and had gone to sit on Madame Heldt's lap. Had she remained in her nurse's arms she must have been killed, for the whole contents of the carriage rolled on poor Fanchette, which nearly suffocated her, and it was a full half hour before she came to her senses. She was lying stretched on the grass when I came up, and little Josephine was calling upon her in a tone of the most affectionate concern. Fanchette also gave a proof of equal attachment for the child, for when her recollection began to return, before she opened her eyes she stretched out her arms as if feeling for something, then in a feeble tone murmured: "The child! the child!"

At length we arrived at Badajoz, a frontier town of Spain on the side of Portugal. It is a fine city, with straight and well-paved streets—a circumstance rare in this part of Spain. This was the birthplace of the Prince of the Peace. Though the garrison was a fine one, yet the Spanish soldiers do not like to form part of it, and they consider it a sort of banishment to be sent to Badajoz. The Commandant ordered a

salute to be fired when we entered the town, in pursuance of orders he had received

Descending the gentle declivity at the foot of the ramparts, we came in sight of Elvas, a strong garrison on the Portuguese frontier, and situated only a league from Badajoz. Both towns are built upon eminences. A river, or rather a brook, called the Cayo, is the boundary of the two kingdoms.\* We crossed it without the least difficulty, as it was then almost dry. We entered Elvas under a salute of artillery, while the fortress of Badajoz courteously answered the compliment.

It was on Holy Thursday, at four in the afternoon, that I arrived before Lisbon.

Que não tem visto Lisboa		He who has not seen Lisbon
Não tem visto cousa boa.		has seen nothing good.

I was filled with admiration, and, in spite of the thousand panegyrics which I had heard pronounced on the Portuguese capital, I confess I was surprised as well as charmed at the

\* On entering Portugal from Spain the traveller is forcibly struck with the difference between the two countries. The dark eyes, the black hair, and brown complexion, are the only traits of resemblance between the Portuguese and Spaniards. The Portuguese have thick lips, noses something of the negro form, black, and often curly hair; and their figures, and, above all, their hands, show signs of the mixed blood. In Spain the people, in spite of their dark complexion and eyes, have at least a European look. On entering Portugal the traveller is, however, agreeably surprised by finding himself among a more cultivated people. He leaves those vast heaths and meadows which are laid waste by the *mesta*, and enters a country covered with rustic but well-built habitations; and as the peasantry carefully plaster their houses every spring, they are always of a dazzling white. The Portuguese are also more attentive than the Spaniards to all that regards personal appearance. A brown cloth jacket takes the place of the Spaniard's mantle and leathern waistcoat, and a hat is substituted for the *montera*. The women either simply fasten their hair with a ribbon, or cover it with a handkerchief, which is tied under the chin.

sight of the splendid picture before me. I should imagine that no city in Europe presents such a *coup-d'œil* as Lisbon, on approaching it from Spain. The vast plain of water formed by the Tagus (which in some places is a league and a half wide) is bounded on the opposite bank by an immense city, built on an amphitheatre of hills ; while the port, filled with a countless multitude of vessels, presented a forest of masts, bearing the colours of a hundred different nations ; for, at the period here alluded to (1805), Portugal was at peace with the world.

Our banker at Lisbon was a French merchant, who was introduced to us, when we alighted from our *coche de colleras*, by M. Serrurier, at that time French Consul at Lisbon. As we were required to stay a few days at Aldea\* Galega, in compliance with an absurd rule of Portuguese etiquette, our banker had provided a delightful country-house for our reception, which speedily enabled me to forget all the horrors of Spanish and Portuguese inns. M. Serrurier dined with us, and immediately after set off to announce to the Minister for Foreign Affairs the arrival of the Ambassador from the Emperor Napoleon, and to request that the requisite orders might be issued for his reception, which M. d'Araujo immediately did.

This, as I have already mentioned, was on Holy Thursday. It was night when M. Serrurier returned, and he informed Junot that the reception could not take place till the following day. We passed the evening very agreeably in our little country-house at Aldea Galega. Next morning, after breakfast, we walked on the banks of the Tagus, awaiting the arrival of the Queen's *escaleres*.† M. d'Araujo sent a long note to explain that it was impossible to fire a salute from the tower of Belem in honour of the Ambassador's arrival, because it was Good Friday.

\* Aldea is the Portuguese term for "village." † State barges.

The three holy days cannot be profaned by any signal of rejoicing. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Brazil do not receive any such demonstration of respect when they pass Belem on one of those days. Having made the necessary inquiries to ascertain that the omission of the salute was not suggested by English influence, Junot returned for answer that the Emperor, his master, would regard this respect shown to the King of kings as a practice which he himself would have been the first to order.

Spain was at this time the prey of a terrible scourge ; the yellow fever had decimated the fair province of Andalusia. Cadiz, which had lost a vast proportion of its population, seemed to be almost arrayed in general mourning. Malaga, Murcia, and all that portion of the coast of the Peninsula had suffered frightful ravages. To the alarm naturally inspired by this pestilence we were indebted for a visit from the officers of health, a ceremony which is not usually observed except towards persons arriving by sea. Our examination being ended, we again proceeded to the bank of the river, and there we found the Queen's *escaleres* in readiness to receive us. I was struck with the neat appearance of the rowers. They were twenty-five in number, and were all dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented in front with the arms of Portugal in silver.

I stepped on board the Prince Regent's\* yacht accompanied by Junot, M. de Rayneval, first secretary to the embassy, M. Lageard de Cherval, and Colonel Laborde, Junot's first aide-de-camp. My little girl, her *gouvernante*, M. Legoy, and some other persons of the suite, followed in another *esailer*, of which there were four, besides the Queen's

\* The Queen was living at this time, but she was out of her mind, and her son, the Prince of Brazil, was Regent. The Queen was never visible.

yacht. In this manner we crossed the great expanse of water formed by the Tagus between Aldea Galega and Lisbon.

As we advanced, the picture became more and more interesting ; new beauties arose at every stroke of the boatmen's oars. I think we were nearly two hours in going across ; the men had received orders to show us the city from different points of view. This piece of national vanity I thought very pardonable. At length we landed between Belem and the Quay of Sodres. Here we found the Count de Castro Marino, a Portuguese grandee, who was deputed to receive Junot on his landing, and who was also to introduce him to the Prince Regent.

They both stepped into one of the Court carriages drawn by six horses, the Ambassador sitting on the right of the Count de Castro Marino. M. de Rayneval and M. de Laborde were then requested to enter a third carriage, and, in conformity with one of those strange customs which excited my astonishment, the second carriage remained empty. M. Legoy and the other gentlemen of the embassy followed. As for me, I did not land until five minutes after Andoche, etiquette having so ordained it. I then took my seat in a Court carriage and six, accompanied by M. de Cherval, who, holding no specific post in the embassy, could not form part of the grand cavalcade. My daughter and her *gouvernante* occupied the second carriage, and the third was filled by my female attendants. All the three carriages had six horses each.

We took a different road from the grand procession, and, proceeding along the banks of the Tagus, we reached our destination before the Ambassador and his introducer. This was exactly what I wanted. I had laid a wager with Junot that before he got through all his ceremonies with the Count he would inevitably be guilty of the indecorum of

indulging in a laugh. I therefore was curious to observe him after he should alight from the carriage.

One of the absurd ceremonies of the Court of Portugal is that, on the arrival of an Ambassador, he must give, *immediately on entering his Hôtel*, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at Court. This *collation*, as it is styled, is nothing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five-and-twenty. The Ambassador and his introducer sit down to table alone, face to face, and, without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is the more at variance with common-sense inasmuch as when the Ambassador arrives by sea there can be no time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the Ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus the embassy of Spain enabled Junot to do the honours of his Hôtel as soon as he alighted from his carriage.

Anticipating the drollery of the collation scene, I had laid a wager with Junot that he would never get through it with becoming gravity. I also had my misgivings about the Count de Castro Marino. Before he presented himself I expected to see one of the thorough-bred *hidalgos* of the old school, carrying in his hand a gold-headed cane, and coughing from the very bottom of his lungs at every word he uttered. But I was agreeably surprised at finding him quite a young man, ugly enough in all conscience, and in all probability not very reluctant to join in a laugh. My conclusion was reasonable enough ; but in Portugal things are not always consistent with reason.

I stationed myself near a door which looked into the

dining-room, and where I could have a good view of what passed. Their Excellencies gravely ascended the grand staircase of the Hôtel, bowing to each other at every door, and the Count de Castro Marino keeping on the left of the Ambassador with scrupulous care. In this manner they ascended from one flight of stairs to the other, bowing and bowing until they reached the reception-room. Here they each made a most profound bow, looking for all the world like two Chinese mandarins.

After a short interval the *maitre d'hôtel* entered to announce to their Excellencies that the collation was served. Then the two poor victims, tortured as they had already been by bowing, made each three or four more bows, and at length adjourned to the dining-room. Here I was waiting for them. To my astonishment, I soon discovered that the wretch of a Portuguese, far from being a *victim*, as I had imagined, went through the ceremony with evident complacency. He preserved his gravity so decorously that Junot conceived himself bound to return it with interest, and there they sat as if challenging one another which would longest refrain from smiling.

At length, at the expiration of six minutes, which I counted precisely by the timepiece, the Count de Castro Marino rose, and Junot followed his example. They then resumed their bows, and having each made about a dozen, the Portuguese grandee, who, by-the-bye, was an extremely little man, took his leave, and set off in his large carriage, which, I may observe, resembled one of the carriages of Louis XIV.'s time, after the model of which it was actually built. Junot accompanied his guest downstairs with the same formalities as he had observed on coming up, and having bowed the Count into his heavy rumbling machine, bade him farewell.

Two or three long strides up the stairs brought him back



to the drawing-room, where he found me mortified at having lost my wager, and not a little astonished to find that a *young* man could go through the ceremony I have just described without even a smile. After a hearty laugh we sat down to partake of the *collation*, which was excellent.

General Lannes had occupied at Lisbon a spacious and beautiful house, situated at the Fountain of Loretto, near the Opera House, and in the vicinity of the Tagus. In this house, one of the best in the Portuguese capital, we now installed ourselves. The bank is situated in the quarter of Loretto, which is, in consequence, the busiest part in Lisbon. The window of a little drawing-room which I usually occupied looked into a small square, through which thousands of people passed in the course of the day.

The dress of the inhabitants of Lisbon has in it nothing peculiar, like that of the people of Madrid; but it is much more gay. The uniformity of dress, and especially the prevalence of black, in Madrid, imparts to that city an air of melancholy which did not displease me, though I have heard it much condemned by travellers, particularly at the period here alluded to. Since that time French fashion has had its influence on the Spanish customs, and now a female, whatever may be her rank, may venture to walk out in open day in a shawl and hat, while in 1805 she would have been insulted. At Lisbon the females of the lower rank walk about the streets alone, but those of a superior class ride in what are called chairs.

These chairs are a sort of cabriolet drawn by two mules, one of which is ridden by a man, who is very shabbily dressed if in the employment of a common person, while his coat is trimmed with some wretched lace if he should be the servant of an individual having any pretension to nobility. These little chairs are used in Lisbon by the

noble and the wealthy, who have them tolerably neat in appearance, and drawn by two fine mules. A groom rides beside the vehicle when it contains a lady of elevated rank.

Females of the higher class, however, usually drive in carriages drawn by four mules, with a groom riding on one side. I, too, was obliged to conform to this latter ceremony, which I found was indispensable. In Lisbon it is impossible to make several visits in a carriage drawn by two mules, on account of the immense distance between one part of the city and another. The capital of Portugal, which contained at this time nearly three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, was two leagues and a half long, while in width it did not exceed the limits of two or three streets.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. The continual acclivities and declivities of the roughly-paved streets therefore render driving very difficult, and this is augmented by the heaps of rubbish which are frequently encountered—the ruins of former earthquakes. Yet scarcely any, except the very common people, go on foot in Lisbon.

The women of the lower class, who are generally pretty, wear a very becoming costume. It consists of a red cloak and hood bordered with black velvet, while on their heads, instead of a cap, they have a lawn handkerchief, pinned on in the style which in France is called *en marmotte*. This dress is exceedingly graceful, and even a plain woman looks pretty in it, since no feature is seen but her eyes, and the Spanish and Portuguese women universally have fine ones. Indeed, to take beautiful eyes to the Peninsula is so much beauty thrown away.

After we had got a little settled in our new residence, Junot requested that a day might be appointed for his presentation. M. d'Araujo, whom we now met again with

great pleasure, and who, as I have already mentioned, was the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, informed Junot that he should be introduced as soon as the Easter festivals and processions were over. The presentation took place at Queluz. Junot had received from the Emperor instructions respecting the etiquette he was to observe himself and to exact from others.

It was well known in Paris that the Prince Regent was the absolute slave of England, and that he almost trembled to receive us. It is true that the most marked honours were constantly shown to the French embassy, and yet, when the Portuguese nobility came to pay the usual complimentary visits, they behaved, by order of the Court, in a way which was calculated to offend, though perhaps it would not have justified a demand for explanation. Some of them came dressed in mourning !

## CHAPTER X.

Junot's Presentation at Court—His Superb Hussar Uniform—The Prince of Brazil copies his Dress—My Preparations for an Audience—Embarrassment of Hoops—My Presentation to the Royal Family—The Princess of Brazil—Her Ugliness and Absurd Costume—Ladies of the Court—Lord and Lady Robert Fitzgerald—Lord Strangford and Pellegrini, the Painter—The Spanish Embassy—The Russian Minister—M. von Lebzeltern, the Austrian Ambassador, and his Family—Count Villaverde and M. d'Anadia—Galeppi, the Apostolic Nuncio—Napoleon's Opinion of him—The Pope deceived by Napoleon.

ON our arrival the Court was at Queluz, and the Queen was as mad as ever. Junot was anxious that his retinue should be as splendid as a retinue possibly could be in Lisbon. His dress was superb, and became him admirably, for he was then a very handsome man. He wore his magnificent full-dress uniform of Colonel-General of the hussars, the same which he had had made for the Emperor's coronation. The dolman was white, with red facings, the pantaloons blue, and the pelisse blue, richly embroidered with gold. The sleeves of the dolman and pelisse were adorned with nine gold chevrons, superbly embroidered in an oak-leaf pattern. The pelisse was bordered with magnificent blue fox-fur.

This dress cost fifteen thousand francs, independently of the heron plume in the shako, which was a present from

the Empress Josephine, and was worth more than a hundred and fifty louis. He presented a truly martial appearance in this dress. His tall handsome figure and noble countenance, on which five honourable scars were visible, naturally commanded respect. One of these scars was particularly visible, and was caused by a wound received at the battle of Lonato.\*

Junot proceeded to Queluz in great pomp. The most trivial points of Portuguese etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the equerry in white silk stockings was not forgotten. The carriage in which he rode was one of the finest Paris could produce, having been built by the celebrated coachmaker Leduc ; the liveries were rich, and the attendants numerous. Consequently the embassy, consisting of the Ambassador, M. de Rayneval, Colonel Laborde, MM. de Cherval, Legoy, and Magnien, presented a very imposing appearance. Junot went through his part exceedingly well, and was received with a marked degree of favour, for which, perhaps, he was in some degree indebted to our eight hundred thousand bayonets, and also to the fear naturally inspired by such a Minister of Peace as Junot,

\* I may mention that whenever the Emperor looked steadfastly at Junot, he seemed to fix his eye with an expression of complacency on this long gash, which extended from the temple almost to the bottom of the cheek. In the course of a conversation I had with him after my return from Portugal, alluding to Junot's scars, he asked me, singularly enough, whether the Princess of Brazil had cast *tender glances* at Junot. This was his expression ; and he added, "*Ma foi !* Junot is a handsome fellow ; and that scar of his gives him a martial air which would turn my head if I were a woman. And I can tell you Junot made many conquests at Milan, and during the campaigns of Italy." When the Emperor was in good humour he was exceedingly fond of rallying his favourite officers. With women, on the contrary, he never joked, or, if he did, his joke was a thunderbolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings.

who was inclined to say with the ancient Roman : "I bear peace or war in the folds of my mantle." The Prince of Brazil by no means realized the idea which Junot had formed of him from what he had heard.

"*Mon Dieu !*" he exclaimed on his return home, "how ugly the Prince is ! . . . *Mon Dieu !* how ugly the Princess is ! . . . *Mon Dieu !* how ugly they all are ! . . . There is not a comely face among the whole set, except the Prince Royal (the late Don Pedro), the Prince de Beira. He is a handsome youth, and he looks like a dove amidst a brood of owls. But I cannot conceive," added Junot, "why the Prince of Brazil stared at me so steadfastly . . . I did not know that there was anything very extraordinary in my looks, but he never for a moment turned his eyes from me." In the evening we learned what had excited the Prince's curiosity.

M. d'Araujo said : "Do you know, the Prince was quite puzzled to know why the Ambassador did not take off his *cap*, as he called it." "What does he mean by his cap?" inquired I. "Why, he calls the shako a cap. I have affirmed that the shako is never removed, even in the presence of God, and the Ambassador has certainly gone far to confirm that idea. However, I can assure you that but for me the affair would have been made the subject of a note. But you will be surprised when you learn the effect which the General's appearance has produced at Court."

These last words piqued my curiosity, but M. d'Araujo smiled and would not gratify it. However, it was not long before his meaning was explained. On the day after the presentation, the Prince Regent's first *valet-de-chambre* was sent to request that the French Ambassador would be pleased to lend his hussar uniform as a pattern for his Royal Highness's tailor, who was to make one like it for the

Prince, and one for the Infant Don Pedro. I had not then seen the Prince of Brazil, therefore I could not laugh, as I afterwards did, when I beheld his corpulent figure, clumsy legs, and enormous head, muffled in a hussar uniform. His negro hair (which, by-the-bye, was in perfect keeping with his thick lips, African nose, and swarthy colour) was well powdered and pomatumed, and tied in a thick queue. The whole was surmounted by a shako, ornamented with a diamond aigrette of great value. A more preposterous figure was never seen. There was the pelisse hanging over his *right* shoulder like a Jew's bag of old clothes, and his clumsy, ill-shaped legs muffled in braided pantaloons and red boots. But the best of all was the shako ; it was put on quite straight, and very backward, with the visor resting on his powdered head.

After Junot had made all his diplomatic evolutions, my turn came. This was an anxious moment. Before I left Paris, and during my journey, hoops had been only remote objects of terror, but as the time for wearing them approached I began to lose courage. Twice or thrice I attempted to try them on before my dressing-room mirror, but I turned about so awkwardly that I had nearly fallen flat on my face. . . . And then what a strange figure I cut ! I looked for all the world like the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas, and, to tell the truth, I believe it was this that alarmed me.

"Heavens !" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "what an absurd thing it is to be obliged to wear these horrible instruments of torture. . . . My dear husband," said I, in the most coaxing tone I could assume, "do pray get me exempted from this infliction. Come, I know you can arrange the matter if you will . . . France is so powerful !" But, within the first fortnight of his embassy—that is to say, when he had fairly entered upon his duties—Junot began to be very grave. He no longer laughed at the

whimsical etiquette of the Portuguese Court, and he now talked of nothing but diplomatic notes and the duties which nations owe one to another. When I spoke to him about the hoops, he seemed as astonished as if I had wished him to make a declaration of war.

“Your hoop, Laura . . . go in your hoop, by all means. Recollect that, being an Ambassadress, you, of all persons, are required to observe this etiquette. . . . To think of going without a hoop—the thing is impossible!” What was to be done? there I was like an ass just harnessed with his panniers, swinging to the right and swinging to the left, and in momentary expectation of falling on my nose. I was out of all patience, and openly rebelled. I declared that my name should not mark an epoch in the annals of diplomatic presentations, and that people should not have to say: “Oh! you recollect, it was the year when the French Ambassadress fell down at Court . . . Don’t you remember her ridiculous exhibition?”

Among the foreign Ambassadors at the Court of Lisbon was Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian Minister. His lady rendered me the important service of helping me out of my dilemma. I was giving her a history of my trouble, and complaining of the tyranny of Junot, when she said: “But, my dear madame, I cannot imagine how it is that you find the hoop so awkward as you describe . . . You are slender, and you move as lightly as a fairy; why, then, should you be so clumsy in your hoop? There must be something wrong about it. Let me see it; I dare say I can suggest a remedy.” She guessed right. On examining my hoops she found that they wanted at bottom a little iron or brass rod, the use of which was to act as a counterpoise to the enormous weight above it. When I tried them on after this improvement I found that I could walk like other people.

On the day appointed for my presentation, after getting



the monstrous mountain properly adjusted, I put on a dress of white silk embroidered with gold llama, and looped up at the sides with large gold tassels, precisely after the manner of a window-curtain. On my head I wore a *toque*, with six large white feathers fastened by a diamond clasp, and I had a diamond necklace and earrings. When thus harnessed, I drew on a pair of white gloves (for the daughter had not the same antipathy as the mother), and I was ready to set off for Queluz. But my troubles were not yet at an end. I had got dressed, it is true, and had made up my mind to look like an ass laden with cabbages, but this was not enough. A fresh difficulty presented itself. How was I to get into the carriage, especially at an hour of the day when the Chafariz de Loretto was crowded with Galegos,\* who began to laugh when they beheld my extraordinary figure?

With my foot on the carriage steps, I tried to squeeze myself in, first frontways, then sideways, and at length I stepped back in utter despair, for the vehicle was as much too low for my plume as it was too narrow for my hoop. Junot, who had not to go to Queluz that day, anxious to see me safe off, came down to the door in his *robe-de-chambre* and slippers, and assisted in *packing* me as gravely, and with as much care, as if I had been a statue worth a million. At length we mastered the difficulty, and in I got; but then I found I was obliged to sit slantwise, and with my body bent almost double, for fear of breaking my feathers and crushing my beautiful *moire* draperies. In this state of purgatory I rode from Lisbon to Queluz, a distance of two leagues!

I was ushered by the *camareira-mor*† into the little suite of apartments belonging to the Princess of Brazil. As it

\* Natives of the Spanish province of Galicia, employed as labourers in Lisbon, and extremely industrious.

† The same post as the *camarera-mayor* of the Spanish Court, already mentioned.

was contrary to Portuguese etiquette for the Prince or King to receive an Ambassadors, this was the only visit I had to make, for all the Princesses were assembled in the drawing-room of the Princess of Brazil. . . . I made my three courtesies, looking all the while very stupid—for this ceremony is in itself exceedingly foolish—and then I waited for the Princess to speak to me.

I had been informed that she would question me about France, and that she wished to render herself agreeable to me; not that *I* personally was worth that trouble, but I was the representative of *female* France. Accordingly the Princess commenced by observing that she should much like to know the Empress Josephine, and she asked me whether she was as handsome as she was represented to be. I replied that her Majesty was still very handsome, and that her figure in particular was exquisitely fine. “If,” added I, “your Royal Highness wishes to see a portrait of her, I can have the honour of showing you a most striking likeness.”

I then produced a miniature by Isabey, which was, like all his works, a masterpiece of grace and delicacy. The Princess then spoke of her mother, and laughed very much at the Court regulation respecting gloves. She then asked whether I thought her like her mother. I boldly answered *yes*. Heaven forgive me for the falsehood! for the Queen had really been a fine woman, while the Princess could never have been anything but a most hideous specimen of ugliness.

Picture to yourself, reader, a woman four feet ten inches high at the very most, and crooked, or at least both her sides were not alike, her bust, arms, and legs being in perfect unison with her deformed shape. Still, all this might have passed off in a royal personage had her face been even endurable; but, good heavens, what a face it was! . . .

She had two bloodshot eyes, which never looked one way, though they could not absolutely be accused of squinting—everybody knows what eyes I mean. . . . Then her skin! there was nothing human in it; it might be called a *vegetable* skin. . . . Her nose descended upon her blue livid lips, which when open displayed the most extraordinary set of teeth that God ever created. Teeth, I suppose, they must be called, though they were in reality nothing but huge pieces of bone stuck in her large mouth, and rising and falling like the reeds of a reed-pipe.

This face was surmounted by a cranium covered with coarse, dry, frizzy hair, which at first sight appeared to be of no colour. I suppose it was black, for, looking at me, the Princess exclaimed: "She is like us. . . . She is dark-complexioned. . . . She has hair and eyes like Pepita." "Heaven preserve me!" I inwardly exclaimed, while I involuntarily turned my eyes to a mirror as if to assure myself that what she said was not true. Pepita was the Queen of Etruria.

The dress of the Princess of Brazil was in *discordant* unison, if I may so express myself, with her person. This was precisely what it ought to have been. She would have been natural, at least, in a dress of dark-coloured silk, made perfectly plain. However, she had thought proper to array herself in a dress of Indian muslin embroidered with gold and silver llama. This dress, which was wretchedly ill made, very imperfectly covered an enormous bosom, and a chest all awry, while diamond brooches ornamented the sleeves, whose extreme shortness displayed a pair of arms which would have been much better concealed. Her frizzy dingy hair was plaited, and decorated with pearls and diamonds of admirable beauty. The body of her dress, too, was edged with a row of pearls of inestimable value. Her ear-drops were perfectly unique; I never saw anything like

them. They consisted of two diamond pears, perfectly round, of the purest water, and about an inch in length. The two brilliants which surmounted the drops were likewise superb. The exquisite beauty of these jewels, combined with the extreme ugliness of the person who wore them, produced an indescribably strange effect, and made the Princess look like a being scarcely belonging to our species. Near her stood two of the young Princesses, one of whom was about ten years old. They were both fine girls, especially the one whose name was, I believe, Isabel—the one, I mean, who afterwards married her uncle, Ferdinand VII. As to the other Princesses, Doña Maria-Anna and the widow, they were both ugly; but it was an amusing piece of coquetry in them to station themselves beside the Princess of Brazil; her singular ugliness gave a comparative touch of beauty to the others.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, this personage dressed, as I have seen her, in a hunting-jacket (made almost like a man's) of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, a petticoat likewise of green cloth, open behind and before, like those worn by our great-grandmothers when they used to ride on horseback in the country, and then the *beaux cheveux*, which I have already mentioned, surmounted by a man's hat stuck on the crown of her head. Such was the hunting costume of the Princess of Brazil, and her Royal Highness, it must be observed, hunted like another Nimrod. Heavens! what a strange being she was!

One day I arrived at Queluz just as she was setting out to the chase, and when I beheld her equipped in her extraordinary costume I fancied I saw a grotesque vision before me. She had a black horse, very small, like all the Portuguese horses, but sufficiently skittish to intimidate a good male equestrian. To my amazement the Princess mounted him *astride*, and giving him two or three smart cuts with the

whip, she made him prance round the esplanade in front of the palace, and then set off at full gallop, like a headlong youth of fifteen just broke loose from college. She appeared so ridiculous that I had difficulty in preserving the gravity indispensable to my *diplomatic* dignity.

My presentation audience being over, I went, according to etiquette, to see the *camareira-mor*. This personage was a little thin woman, very dark and very shrivelled, as most of the old women in Portugal are. Her dress, like that of all the ladies of the Court of Lisbon, was the strangest masquerade that Christian women can possibly assume. It consisted of a petticoat of very stiff and thick silk, of deep blue colour, with a border of gold embroidery; and her robe was a piece of some kind of red silk, which dragged behind her by way of a train. I observed that some of the elder ladies of the Court wore a sort of *toque* or cap fitted close to their heads (this, I believe, was peculiar to widows), and the *camareira* had in hers a large blue flower of the same colour as her petticoat.

When I entered the Princess of Brazil's drawing-room, all the *damas de honor* were seated—guess, reader, where? On the floor—yes, on the floor—with their legs crossed under them like tailors, or rather like the Arabs, who have bequeathed this among the many other customs they have left to the Peninsula. The ladies all rose up as I entered, and I almost fancied myself surrounded by a flock of Brazilian birds—those brilliant red and blue feathered paroquets. Their dresses were of the brightest and most glaring colours. The Princess, though blind to the defects of her person, apparently had sense enough to avoid these showy colours, and she never wore a Court dress. If she had done so, it would have been an awful affair to encounter the twofold monstrosity of her person and her apparel.

After my presentation I was looked upon with much consideration at Lisbon. I was the only personage of importance connected with the Diplomatic Corps. There was, to be sure, the wife of the English Minister, Lady Robert Fitzgerald;\* but, I know not how it was, her manners rendered her intolerable. The good sense and gentlemanly manners of Lord Robert Fitzgerald formed a striking contrast to the qualities which distinguished his lady.

She was quite a virago, with large legs, large arms, and large teeth, the latter making one almost afraid to go near her lest she should bite, an apprehension not unreasonable in those who observed the furious way in which she used to eye even a French hat or cap, looking like a tiger ready to fly at the face of the woman who wore it. The reserve maintained by Lord Robert Fitzgerald previous to our arrival in Lisbon was a proof of his sagacity. He perceived the influence which France, supported by Spain, was about to exercise upon Portugal. That influence was not received by the nation with the ardour which England might have been led to expect; but it was not on that account the less decided; and Lord Robert, who knew the timid character of the Portuguese Government, had no inclination to engage in a conflict which at that moment could not have turned to the advantage of England.

The Princess of Brazil was a Spaniard, therefore discretion was necessary, and every train of reasoning led to the evident conclusion that France was then the ruling Power of Europe. Lord Robert Fitzgerald therefore acted prudently. He made no display, gave no parties, but limited himself to the formal interchange of those diplomatic dinners which furnish a stock of *ennui* for several

\* Aunt by marriage to the beautiful Pamela, the adopted child of Madame de Genlis. She married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

weeks. I fancy, too, that his fortune did not enable him to live very expensively. In his youth Lord Robert must have been an extremely handsome man ; he had the manners of a highly-educated nobleman.

The principal secretary to the English Embassy was a man whose name was even then distinguished in the literary as well as the political world, and who since has acquired a celebrity of which his country may be proud. I allude to Lord Strangford. He was then engaged on an English translation of Camoens. His lordship was an agreeable and well-bred man. He was short-sighted, and this circumstance, added to his absence of mind, led him into some strange adventures. One day calling on Pellegrini, an Italian painter, in Lisbon, he perceived, as he imagined, M. d'Araujo sitting for his portrait.

Pellegrini motioned Lord Strangford not to approach, observing at the same time : " It will be finished presently." Lord Strangford imagined that the artist did not wish him to show himself lest he should disturb the Minister for Foreign Affairs at his sitting. After he had waited nearly a quarter of an hour at a respectful distance, as became a young diplomatist, Pellegrini beckoned him to come forward. He advanced with a low bow, but M. d'Araujo seemed to take no notice of his salutation. He made a second and a third bow, but M. d'Araujo still preserved the same motionless silence.

Lord Strangford, who probably attributed this coolness to French influence, advanced quite close to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and saluted him for the fourth time ; but his surprise at the taciturnity of M. d'Araujo was speedily converted into merriment when he perceived that he had been bowing all the time to a figure dressed up in the Minister's robes of office.

The Spanish Embassy would have been of infinite assist-

ance to us if the Ambassador's lady had been living. The Comte de Campo Alange was an old man, a widower and a greater devotee than any good Christian needs to be. He was imbued with all the gloomy superstition of the most ignorant of the Spaniards. In other respects he was a worthy man, and his honourable principles well fitted him for the post he filled. He afterwards became attached to King Joseph, and proved his fidelity by the sacrifice of almost the whole of his large fortune.

His chief secretary, Senor Castro, was a man alike remarkable for his intelligence and for the gloomy, and even ferocious, character of his countenance. His black eyes, surmounted by his bushy and lowering eyebrows, made him look like the leader of a conspiracy. When the troubles in Spain broke out, Castro took part in them, and his name became celebrated among the Spanish insurgents and the English. His mind was like his countenance—gloomy. The decision of his character was expressed in his eye.

The Russian Minister was the most tedious of men ; we, however, saw but little of him. England, which already began to tremble at the threatened invasion of Europe by the overwhelming power of Napoleon, tried every scheme to build up a barrier to the threatened torrent. It was whispered that a treaty had been signed at St. Petersburg between Great Britain and Russia. The fact was not yet officially announced, but the Russian Minister, on being invited to a party at my house, where there were more than two hundred persons present, appeared with a face screwed up for the occasion.

He assumed such a ridiculous air of importance that even those who were best disposed to England wished he had stayed at home, since the only effect he produced was to render himself uglier than he naturally was.

Holland had only a Consul-General at the Court of



Lisbon, who discharged the functions of Minister. Mynheer Dormann was a worthy and excellent man. His wife, like himself, was one of those persons whose friendship and esteem confer honour on those who enjoy them.

The Austrian Ambassador was M. von Lebzeltern. For him and his interesting family we cherished a high regard. The Countess Lebzeltern, who was a native of Spain, was much advanced in years. But the gaiety of her mind and the playfulness of her manners, which were the relic of a past age, recalled to my mind the traditions of infancy and conspired to attach me to her. Her daughters, especially the eldest, Doña Theresa Maria, were charming girls. How many delightful hours have I passed at Lisbon and at Cintra with this estimable family ! Junot, too, was much attached to them.

The Comte de Villaverde filled in the Portuguese Cabinet an office similar to that which in France is called President of the Council. He was considered to possess a certain tact, or, to speak in plainer terms, a sort of shrewd cunning, and was subject to that perpetual timidity which, in a Government as well as an individual, is the stamp of degradation and frequently of dishonour. M. de Villaverde had just talent enough to discern from the lightning's flash that the storm was advancing upon his country. But there his discernment ended. He had no resources to oppose to the danger, and, having proclaimed it, he delivered himself up to its terrors.

The Vicomte d'Anadia, the Minister of the Marine, was one of those persons whom it is always a happiness to meet. But the Viscount was not easily to be met with, for he was an absolute hermit. He avoided society. He saw his country in its true light, viz., a paradise inhabited by demons and brutes, and containing a mere sprinkling of what was good. He contemplated the evils of his

country with a heavy heart and a broken spirit. M. d'Araujo, who was no less sensible to the misfortunes of his country, used to say to him: "Let us try to remedy them;" for he did not think them incurable. But M. d'Anadia wept like Jeremiah over the fate of his country, rejecting both consolation and hope. He was an excellent musician, and he embellished his retreat with all the resources of the fine arts. I contrived to gain his good graces, and he came to visit at my house more frequently than he went elsewhere.

I have now arrived at the principal portrait of my group, that of the Apostolic Nuncio. Monsignore Galeppi, Archbishop of Nisibi, is a man famous in the diplomatic annals of the Vatican. His shrewdness, joined to his extensive and profound information, rendered his society extremely interesting.\* He felt that his attitude must be humble towards France. I do not know whether the Nuncio had received any instructions, or whether he anticipated them, but certain it is that as soon as he heard of our arrival he

\* I may here relate an observation which fell from the Emperor relative to Galeppi, and which shows his opinion of the crafty Italian's character. After my return from Portugal, Napoleon was one day conversing with me about the Court of Lisbon, and, naturally enough, mentioned Monsignore Galeppi. He had known him, I forget now where, but I believe in Italy. He observed that all the art of the most subtle Turkish *scheik* was mere simplicity compared to the cunning of Galeppi. This was a comparison he frequently made, and often when talking of Galeppi at Malmaison he used to point to the little figure of an Egyptian *scheik*, enveloped in an enormous green pelisse trimmed with sable, a turban made of a scarlet sprigged cashmere shawl, and holding in his hand a pipe of jasmine wood, tipped with amber. He told me that when Galeppi was once arranging a treaty with Murat, I do not recollect on what occasion, he put on a pair of green spectacles that the expression of his countenance might not be observed. [Like Cardinal Caprara, instanced in vol. ii., p. 385.] This single fact shows the man completely. In the billiard-room at Malmaison there was a collection of these little figures, representing all the *scheiks* of Cairo.

constituted himself the friend rather than the diplomatic colleague of the Ambassador of France. As for me, he lost no time in declaring himself my *cavaliere servente*, and as he was between sixty and seventy, his age of course set scandal at defiance. He declared himself my *admirer*, and addressed to me the most elegant compliments. At the same time he lavished caresses on my *treasure* (as he called my little Josephine), and used to bring her presents of delicious sweetmeats made by an Italian confectioner whom he had brought from Rome.

The Nuncio did all this with good taste, without any tinge of servility, and it might have answered Galeppi's object with those who would have suffered themselves to be led without looking where they went. But an event which had just happened was calculated to put us on our guard. The Council of the Holy Father had, as well as himself, reckoned on the restoration of his ancient domains. The Treaty of Toletino had deprived him of the three legations, and Cardinal Consalvi, as well as the rest, hoped that the Emperor would acknowledge the deference the Pope had shown him by his journey from the Monte Cavallo to the Pavilion of Flora in order to consecrate his coronation, and would at least restore some of the wrecks of the legations. Napoleon did not fulfil this expectation. The Pope, after lingering four months in Paris, recrossed the Alps without obtaining any satisfaction.

Perhaps the Emperor committed an error. It is impossible to conceive how prejudicial the Bull of Excommunication was to his interests in Spain, Italy, and throughout Catholic Germany. He must have perceived at this time the leaven of hatred and vengeance which lurked in the breasts of the Italian ecclesiastics. Monsignore Galeppi made no demonstration of his feelings to me; but he doubtless regretted as keenly as others the loss of that gem

of the triple crown. At the time of the Italian coronation, the Nuncio, who had probably requested his friends to furnish him with accounts of it, showed me a great quantity of letters from Milan, giving details of the ceremony in terms which revealed profound attachment to Napoleon, and seemed almost dictated by enthusiasm.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Nobility of Lisbon—The Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval—The Nobleman and his Cook—Portuguese Politeness—Their Insincerity—Degradation of the Country—The Marquis de Loulé—The Three Graces—Duchess of Alafoës—Marquises de Lourical and de Loulé—Count Sabugal—Comtesse d'Ega—Ratification of a Treaty—General Lannes' Sabre—The Order of Christ—The *Valet-de-Chambre* and the Red Ribbon—Ceremony in the Convento Novo—Tedious Sermon—Prince of Brazil—Portugal under the Domination of England—Naldi and Catalani at the Opera at Lisbon—Portuguese Theatre.

WHEN I was at Lisbon in 1805 the society of that capital presented a strange mixture. It was in two extremes, without any medium—either detestable or excellent. In the latter division, which unfortunately was the minority, I have already placed the Austrian Minister's family; and I am proud to say that the two other individuals whom I most highly esteemed in Lisbon were Frenchwomen, married to Portuguese. One of them was the Duchesse de Cadaval, cousin to our present King, and sister to the Duc de Luxembourg; the other was Madame de Braamcamp de Sobral, the daughter of Comte Louis de Narbonne.

The Duchesse de Cadaval was married at Lisbon at the time of the emigration. She was possessed of great charms of person, grace of manners, a cultivated mind, and an excellent heart. At the time of her marriage, when nine-

teen or twenty years of age, she was tall and well shaped ; her eyes, though soft, beamed with animation, and she had an easy and gentle demeanour which imparted additional charms to her appearance. When I knew her she still retained the gaiety of her smile ; but it was easy to detect in it a tinge of grief. The Duchesse de Cadaval, whose son had a chance of one day sitting on the throne of Portugal, was an excellent woman. When she married the Duc de Cadaval, his fortune had been dissipated by debts of all kinds, some of them not the most honourable. She had the courage to adopt a most rigid system of economy in his household. There was a cook to whom he owed 50,000 francs. This debt she paid.

The Duke, enraged at this settlement with a man whom he alleged to be a thief, behaved in the most violent manner towards his wife ; nor was he appeased till the following day, when the money was refunded. Can the reader guess how ? He staked the sum at *faro* with the cook and won it. This is a fact, and truths such as these caused the Duchesse de Cadaval to shed bitter tears.

The nobility of Portugal resembles no other. It contains none of those elements which may be turned to advantage in stormy times when a country is in danger. The days of Juan de Castro, Albuquerque, and Pombal are gone by, and even the recollection of them is almost extinct. In no country, however, is the difference between the upper and lower classes so strongly marked as in Portugal. The only point of resemblance discernible between the two classes is their habit of paying compliments, which the Portuguese carry to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance, far beyond even the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniards, which, though overstrained, has nevertheless some appearance of sincerity.

A Portuguese peasant, when he meets his friend, never fails to take his hat off and hold it in his hand, whatever

may be the state of the weather, until he has inquired after the health of the children, the grandchildren, and the house-dog. I have never heard a Portuguese utter an indecent expression or an oath. This peculiarity in their character is so marked that there exists no word in the Portuguese language which is equivalent to the Spanish *caramba*, much less to other blasphemous expressions used in common conversation by the French, English, and Germans. The Portuguese are great talkers: they may almost be called babblers. They are not frank, but are constantly endeavouring to conceal their real feelings under the cover of engaging and polite attentions. Of this we ourselves experienced mortifying proofs when, at a subsequent period, Junot, with his chivalrous generosity of feeling, sought the aid of men who had once offered to place their fortunes and lives at his disposal, and who answered his appeal only by base treason.

The men are not handsome in Portugal. There is among the Portuguese a sort of mixed blood, which gives them very much the appearance of mulattoes: this is particularly observable in Lisbon and Oporto. The fact may probably be accounted for by the frequent intercourse maintained by the inhabitants of those two cities with the negroes. In figure the Portuguese are short, thick-set, and square. Their features present no regularity; and the thick lips, flat noses, and curly hair of the negroes are frequent among them. But it is in their hands, and especially their nails, that the distinctive character of the mixed blood is above all perceptible.

The decay of Portuguese society is perhaps owing materially to their Government. Never has that Government known how to turn to good account any generous impulse on the part of the people. Such feelings have always been stifled by fantastic laws still more fantastic

in their application. The ruin of literature was so complete at the period of our residence in Portugal that Camoens was scarcely known. To this melancholy state of things was added the English domination, the real cause of the malady which preyed upon the vitals of Portugal in 1805. The English were then all-powerful at Lisbon, and their rule was exercised with perfect despotism. How could it be otherwise when the Prince of Brazil himself set the example?

After my presentation I kept open house. I received company every day, and three times a week I gave a grand dinner. I often gave balls, but not for the Portuguese, who, indeed, are not fond of dancing, and dance very badly. At the time to which I allude there was but one man in Lisbon who danced well, and he would have been conspicuous even in Paris, not only for that accomplishment, but also for the general elegance of his manners and his high-bred politeness. This was the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé. He was very much like the portraits of Henry IV., and had the pleasing smile which distinguished that monarch. He married one of the "three Graces," for so we called the sisters of the Marquis de Marialva, who has been Ambassador from Portugal to France, and who is one of the few men who do honour to Portugal. The Marquise de Loulé, the Marquise de Lourical, and the Duchess of Alafoës, were indeed most charming women.

The Duchess of Alafoës, remarkable for her beauty, was, when I knew her, about twenty-eight years old, and the aunt of the Princess and of the Prince Regent; I believe also of the old mad Queen. The Duke of Alafoës was upwards of eighty. He was a lively and intelligent man, and had travelled much. He had been long in France, and his recollection of that country sufficed to



ensure a polite reception to every Frenchman who visited him. He was no favourite at Court at the period of our stay at Lisbon, and consequently lived in retirement at his residence called the Grillo, at the Eastern extremity of Lisbon. After the custom of the most exalted *hidalgos*, he lived in the midst of a troop of dependents, who formed a sort of little Court around him. The Marquise de Lourical and the Marquise de Loulé were more elegant than their sister. They were fond of pleasure: they used to come to my balls and scrutinize my toilet with looks of envy, and amused themselves by saying ill-natured things of France, her Ambassador, and even her Ambassadors.

In 1805 the Bellas family were exceedingly influential in Portugal. They were devoted to England, soul and body, and had English manners. The Marquis de Ponte de Lima was a man of very pleasing manners, who spoke French well. He was married to his cousin, the daughter of the Comtesse d'Obidos. She had a pretty face, but, though only twenty, she was, like the Baroness von Tondertintrunk, nearly three hundredweight. This was the consequence of a habit of gormandizing, and an excessive indulgence in *caldo de gallina*.\* The Portuguese are by no means so abstemious as the Spaniards.

Comte Sabugal, the eldest son of the Comte d'Obidos, was a man of very elegant manners. He wrote Italian verses very neatly, and spoke French well. He was passionately fond of literature, which was something rare; for the Portuguese nobility make literary taste a subject of ridicule. The Count was connected with the Royal Family, and his servants therefore wore the *green livery*. Comte Sabugal would have been a distinguished man in his own country had the Government employed him as

\* Chicken dressed with rice.

it ought to have done ; but in Portugal nothing is ever seen in its right place.

The Comtesse d'Ega is another individual of whom I will here say a few words, though I shall presently have to speak more at length of her and her family. The Countess was a Portuguese by birth, but the daughter of a German nobleman. She was an intelligent woman, well informed, without pedantry ; and she spoke and wrote several foreign languages with facility. Just as I arrived in Lisbon, the Countess was about leaving Portugal for Madrid, where her husband was Ambassador. As she had taken her *congé* at Court, that monster *etiquette*, which creates so much annoyance in the world, prevented me from seeing her. However, I afterwards saw her in Madrid on my way back to France.

Her acquaintance was a source of great gratification to me, for her house was the resort of the best company, and her cultivated taste gave her a superiority over most of her countrywomen. Her fair hair and fine complexion made her look like a German or an Englishwoman rather than a Portuguese ; and she was altogether a very pretty and elegant woman. The Comte d'Ega, who was very old and ugly, possessed, it was said, considerable ability as a statesman. Since her widowhood the Countess has married Baron von Strogonoff, the brother of my friend Madame Demidoff.

The treaty concluded by General Lannes had been signed,\* and the Emperor directed Junot to present the ratifications to the Prince Regent. Junot carried them to Queluz, where the Prince generally resided. When his Royal Highness received the *rouleau* of papers he began to laugh. "Ah !" . . . he exclaimed ; "yes ! . . .

\* The treaty of neutrality between France, Portugal, and Spain, concluded in 1803.

yes! . . . yes! . . . It is a fine treaty! . . . a fine treaty. . . . Ah! Portugal is a fine nation! . . . a very fine nation."

I must mention that at this moment Junot and the Prince were alone on a little terrace which commanded a fine view of the scenery round Queluz; and when the Prince said: "Portugal is a fine nation!" he alluded to the fields of olives and maize which he perceived around him. "Yes! . . . yes!" . . . he continued; "it was on this very spot that I gave my word of honour to General Lannes. . . . The General is rather——" Then, observing a frown gathering on Junot's brow, the poor Prince drew in his horns, and added: "He is a very worthy man. . . . He used to carry a very large sabre, which made a great noise as he came upstairs." I was informed that Lannes' sabre had once or twice nearly frightened the Prince of Brazil out of his wits. Probably the plenipotentiary, observing its effect in accelerating business, employed it as a convincing argument. *The great sabre* had left a profound impression in the memory of the Prince.

As a mark of gratitude for the courtesy which Junot had evinced in his relations with the Court of Lisbon, the Prince of Brazil offered him the Grand Cordon of the Order of Christ. Junot could not venture to refuse it, though he was very much inclined to do so; but he replied that he could not accept it without the Emperor's permission, which he would write for.\* However, remonstrance was useless; and Junot received formal permission to accept the Order of Christ on the eve of a grand ceremony which was to take

\* In spite of the reverence attached to the name of this Order, it is perhaps the most insignificant in the catalogue of knightly decorations. Junot could hardly be blamed for wishing to decline the honour intended him, when he had seen the Duc de Cadaval's servant waiting on his master invested with the red ribbon of the Order.

place at a convent recently founded by the mad Queen, called *O Convento Novo*. This convent, to which a beautiful little church was attached, was situated on one of the hills of Lisbon, which, on account of its pure air, was resorted to by foreigners as their place of residence.

Junot inquired what dress was to be worn by the knights on the occasion, and he was informed *a large mantle of white crape, without lining, and training on the ground*. "Well," said Junot, using an emphatic expression, "the best thing I can do is to dress myself like a priest on Shrove Tuesday to complete the ceremony." The Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent a note to Junot, informing him that the Prince Regent requested his presence at the *Convento Novo*, as Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, if he had received from his Sovereign leave to accept it.

Junot replied that, to his great regret, the courier, who, he had no doubt, would bring him the *gracious permission*, had not yet returned; but he added that Madame the Ambassador, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the imposing ceremony, requested to know whether she could be admitted to the chapel without any breach of etiquette. M. d'Araujo immediately replied that places should be reserved for me and any persons who might accompany me, and that I must be at the convent next morning at half-past eleven o'clock.

As Junot could not properly accompany me to the *Convento Novo*, MM. de Rayneval, de Cherval, and Magnien escorted me. I wore an Indian muslin dress with a worked border. It was made high in the neck, and with a demi-train, as morning dresses usually were at that time. I had on a Leghorn hat with a bouquet of wild-flowers, a very large English veil, coloured gloves, and black shoes. As for the gentlemen, they were in boots and round hats; in short, quite in an undress. On arriving at the convent we were

received with military honours. The guard presented arms, the drums beat, and an emigrant French officer stepped forward to hand me from my carriage, and to conduct me to the place which he said was reserved for me by order of the Prince. We passed through a number of little passages and doors, and at length reached a very gloomy corridor, where I heard some delightful singing. We were separated from the body of the church only by some tapestry. "Take care, your Excellency," said the officer, "there are three steps to ascend."

I stepped up, and he raised the tapestry. It was now impossible for me to recede : I found myself at the edge of a broad platform, on which were the Prince Regent, the Prince of Beira, and, in short, all the male portion of the Royal Family of Portugal, but not one of the females. It was fortunate that there was a seat for me, for I was ready to expire from confusion and vexation. The reader may imagine what I must have felt at finding myself an object of observation to seven or eight hundred persons who looked upon the wife of the French Ambassador as an extraordinary animal.

At that time the men of the Revolution were regarded by foreigners as paragons of bravery ; but in Portugal it seems they were looked upon as absolute anthropophagi. What, then, must have been thought of their wives ? Fortunately for me, the Comte de Novion, who, as well as his wife, had been for thirty years the friend of my family, assured the Portuguese that my parents were *old Christians*. Thus I found favour in the eyes of the Portuguese, who, though three-parts Jewish, are extremely tenacious of admitting amongst them any persons who do not bring good proofs of their purity of blood. M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were as much perplexed as I was by our awkward situation. Their first impulse, like mine, was to retreat ;

but this was impossible, and the greater our astonishment was, the more it behoved us to conceal it from the uncharitable ridicule to which we knew we should be exposed.

That I might be the better able to observe the ceremony, I had raised my veil on entering. I would fain have drawn it down again to hide my face, which I am sure must have been as red as a pomegranate. The Prince Regent, who probably had never seen an Ambassadors in such a situation, fixed upon me two great eyes which almost frightened me, though I could hardly help laughing. Fortunately my attention was diverted by observing the Knights of Christ ranged in two files, and each covered with the white crape mantle, at the idea of which Junot had been so much amused. The strange figures of the Comte de Villaverde, then President of the Council, the Prince of Brazil, and other distinguished personages present, dressed in white crape mantles, marching to and fro in a space of twenty-five feet, alternately sitting down, standing up, and kissing each other's ugly faces, was so diverting that they afforded me for a time some compensation for my embarrassment.

But I began to yawn, and M. de Cherval, who was also tired to death, said to me in a whisper: "Never mind, we shall get off very well if we can escape the sermon." At this moment we heard a voice exclaim with a nasal twang: "*In nomine Patris, et Filii,*" etc. We looked at each other with such an expression of despair that the inclination to laugh naturally followed. However, this was immediately suppressed by a sermon in Portuguese, a horribly barbarous-sounding language to those who do not understand it, with its continual terminations in *aon*. This harangue lasted for an hour and a half; so we were obliged to exercise our patience, and during my long torture I surveyed the different members of the Royal Family. As to the Prince of Brazil, I have already attempted to sketch his portrait, but his

countenance baffles all description. There was a caricature published in Lisbon the day after his flight, in which he was represented with a bull's head, with somewhat of the expression of a wild boar. The fact is, that he was not only ugly, but his ugliness was of that description which left good-nature no resource. It was impossible to look with patience at his great brutish head, his clumsy legs, and his shoulders as broad as those of a Galego. The Prince of Beira,\* his son, was handsome, and was altogether a pleasing and interesting child.†

At length, after nearly four hours' torture, we were allowed to go away, because the Prince and his craped Court took it into their heads to retire, after kissing each other in all peace and charity, although they hated one another as cordially as any persons in the world. I did not leave my place until I was pretty sure that the Prince was quite gone, then, again accepting the arm of the officer who had before escorted me, I regained my carriage. My companions were exceedingly annoyed, especially M. de Rayneval, who, accustomed as he was to the *ennui* of Court life, had never before swallowed so soporific a potion. The guards saluted us at our departure as they had done on our arrival, presenting arms and beating drums, and we departed fully resolved to make strict inquiries beforehand respecting any ceremony of

\* So called in order that he might not be confounded with the Infant Don Pedro, the son of an Infant of Spain and a Portuguese Princess then at the Court of Portugal. The Prince of Beira was afterwards Emperor of Brazil.

† One day I saw him with a napkin before him by way of a cook's apron, and his blue ribbon hanging out on one side, going up the staircase leading to the apartments of his governess, Madame Moscoso. He had in his hand—guess, reader, what?—an omelette of his own making! Fortunately for my dignity on the day of the ceremony at the convent, I was not aware of his Serene Highness's talent for making omelettes, or I should have hardly restrained a laugh when I saw him in full Court costume.

the Court of Lisbon which we might again desire to witness.

There was at this period great hesitation on the part of the Portuguese Government to obey the imperious wishes of England. Even the Court of Lisbon, though directly under the yoke of Great Britain, could not obey her without fear and trembling. Now, too, a voice of thunder also issued its mandates and insisted on being obeyed. Hitherto Portugal had not been under much apprehension with respect to France, because we could not attack her except by sea, and we had no fleet. But Spain was now subjected to the man to whom mountains covered with snow, raging torrents, unformed roads, hostile fleets—nothing proved an obstacle, and a sort of instinctive terror hinted to Portugal: "This man will ruin you if you do not obey him." What I have already said of the Portuguese character will enable the reader to comprehend the double-dealing of the Court of Lisbon. M. d'Araujo, who wished to act uprightly, was compelled to do as the others did. The celebrated singer, Naldi, was then a performer at the Lisbon Opera. He came to Paris, and ended a life which he had employed in acts of benevolence, and in revealing that unsullied worth which may be found even in his profession. I engaged him for my singing-master as soon as I heard him in Fioraventi's *Camilla*, and we soon learned to appreciate his various merits. Naldi was distinguished for extensive information on every subject relating to the fine arts, science, and mechanics. His love for the latter afterwards cost him his life. He was trying an *auto clave*\* at his residence in Paris, when the machine, which was new and not perfectly understood by him, burst and fractured his skull.

\* An *auto clave* is a species of saucepan screwed down hermetically by the pressure of the steam inside when its contents are boiled. They are now disused on account of the frequency of their explosion, and have given place to Papin's Digesters.



How many delightful hours have I passed in listening to the delicious compositions of Fioraventi, sung by Naldi and Guaforini ! Naldi also excelled in the *Fanatico per la Musica*. This opera, which was produced during my residence at Lisbon for Guaforini and Naldi, was quite spoiled in Paris when Madame Catalani arranged it for her voice. The pretty *duo* of the singing lesson was no longer the same. The Lisbon Opera was at that period the most famous in Europe. Catalani, then in her zenith, was the prima-donna. The soprano was Matucchi, the successor of Crescentini ; Monbelli was the tenor, and he was a very excellent singer and actor. There was also another tenor named Olivieri. This was the company for the opera seria. For the opera bouffe there were Guaforini, Naldi, and a good tenor whose name I have forgotten. Add to this list the names of Fioraventi, the composer for the opera bouffe ; Marco Portogallo, composer for the opera seria ; and Caravita, as writer of the libretti ; and some idea may be formed of what the Lisbon Opera was in 1805 and 1806.

As to the Portuguese theatre, which is called *Teatro de Salitre*, it was wretchedly bad. The house was gloomy and dirty, and the actors detestable. I went once to see the performance of *Gabrielle de Vergy*, translated into Portuguese. I began to understand a little of the language ; but I could as easily have comprehended Chinese as the Portuguese actors—they seemed to be braying. As to the dresses, I cannot attempt to describe them. When Fayel enters Gabrielle's prison wounded, the actor, wishing to have the appearance of being stained with blood, made an immense blotch of red on a portion of his dress. This was hideously disgusting.

The Lusitanian Roscius had got a piece of red rag sewed upon his dress, and, being insecurely fastened, it got loose, and fluttering in the wind which blew in from the side

scenes produced a most ludicrous effect. The reader may judge of the rest from what I have stated. The Portuguese themselves do not go to their national theatre. They have no dramatic writers. The actors are bad, because there is no audience capable of appreciating them if they were good.

## CHAPTER XII.

Belem—Garden at Bemfica—The Dangerous Bouquet—Military Position of Lisbon—Junot's Subsequent Defence of it in 1808—The Mad Queen, Donna Maria—My Encounter with her—Cintra—Country-houses there—Coalition preparing against France—Elevation of Madame Lætitia and the Princess Eliza—Naval Action between Villeneuve and Sir R. Calder—Captain Baudin, of the *Topaze* Frigate—His Successes—Promoted by Napoleon—Observations on Colonel Napier's Work—Letter from Napoleon to Junot—Attitude of Austria—Junot's Visit on Board the *Topaze*—My Illness—Junot departs to join the Emperor—His Speedy Arrival at Napoleon's Headquarters—His Conversation with the Emperor.

THE King has no palace in Lisbon. He formerly resided at Belem, but since that castle was burned the Royal Family live at Queluz, which they never leave except when they go to Maffra, a royal convent, and a wretched copy of the Escorial. The castle of Belem\* was being rebuilt when I was at Lisbon. The only garden in the environs of Lisbon that deserved the name was the property of the Marquis d'Abrantès, at Bemfica. One day when I was walking in it, inhaling the balmy air, in an alley formed of superb magnolias and palm-trees, then in full bloom, the gardener made me up a large bouquet, in which he placed four or five magnolia flowers.

\* Belem is a suburb of Lisbon, almost forming part of the city itself.

On my return home with my bouquet I felt an unusual drowsiness. I went to bed, having first placed my nosegay in water and deposited it on a table near my bedside that I might enjoy its delicious perfume. When I lay down the drowsiness with which I had been oppressed appeared to leave me. My blood circulated with extreme violence; my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever. I was for a considerable time exceedingly restless, but at length I fell into a profound and heavy sleep. As I had retired to bed much fatigued, Junot desired the servants not to disturb me the next morning. However, at eleven o'clock, finding that I had not been called, he himself came into my apartment and opened my shutters, whilst my little Josephine climbed upon the bed to embrace me.

But as soon as the light entered my room the poor child uttered a terrible shriek. I was almost suffocated. Junot instantly threw open the windows. My faculties were so completely suspended that at first he supposed me to be dead. However, there was no contraction of the features which indicated suffering. I was deadly pale, and my teeth were so firmly closed that on coming to myself again I could hardly separate them. My eyelids also were very much swollen. I had lost my sense of hearing, and was in a state of perfect insensibility. Junot raised me in his arms and carried me into the balcony. The air caused me to give signs of life, but it was not till M. Magnien\* had rubbed my forehead with vinegar, and, I believe, with ether and alkali, that I was able to open my eyes. I awoke as if from a long and sound sleep. My eyes could not support the light of day, and I several times appeared inclined to relapse into my state of insensibility. I remained in this situation about two hours.

\* M. Magnien was a medical gentleman. He accompanied the Embassy, but not in any official capacity.

I had felt no pain until I was perfectly roused, and then I suffered from violent headache, which was removed only by very active exercise. I should undoubtedly have died had not Junot entered my chamber just as he did. This circumstance serves to prove the baneful effects which may be produced by perfumes so powerful as those exhaled in Portugal by the magnolia, and especially the datura, of which there was a superb branch in my nosegay, as well as daphnes of all kinds.

To return to my observations on the surroundings of the Portuguese capital and its defences. Lisbon appears, when approached from Spain, as if entrenched behind the Tagus, which at that part is two leagues broad. From hence to the mouth of the river, about half a mile, there are several hills which might be easily defended, but which do not command the city. On one of the hills there is a tower, corresponding with the tower of Belem. It is fortified, and contains a garrison, and is called *Torre Velha*. Near the mouth of the river are two villages, Trafferia and A-Costa. From the point of land where A-Costa is situated, a sand-bank runs out to a large fortified tower, which, together with a fort built opposite to it, defends the entrance to the port. Its proper name is the Fort de San Lourenço, but it is commonly called Torre di Bugio. The northern bank then stretches much farther into the sea, and forms the famous promontory of Cabo di Rocca.

A little below Belem, proceeding towards Lisbon, is a square fort called the Torre de Belem, which is thickly planted with cannon, and defends the passage. No vessel could pass these guns without being seriously assailed. A short time before I arrived in Lisbon several batteries were built near this fort, some quite on the edge of the river, which is very difficult of access. The channel is very narrow, and its mouth is barred by a bank of stone. At a

short distance stands the little town of Oeyras, and two leagues lower down, still following the current of the river, is Cascaès, an important town, having a fort, beneath which vessels may anchor. Close to this place is Fort San Antonio. From thence, in the direction of the north, the river is bordered only by a chain of broken rocks, while on the south there is an immense multitude of sandbanks not yet marked on any map.

From the description I have here given of the position of Lisbon, the reader may conceive the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of carrying the city by an attack directed either from the side of Spain or from the sea. Before the city could be endangered in the latter direction, the hostile force must land at a considerable distance, and in that case Lisbon may defend herself by an army and her natural position. It was by this means that Junot defended Lisbon in 1808; but once the barrier is passed, all defence is impossible. Thus availing himself of the peculiarities of his position, a General entrusted with the defence of Lisbon once said to his assailant :

“Grant me the conditions which *I impose upon you*, or I will destroy the city of Lisbon ; the Emperor did not confide to me his eagles that they should be dishonoured by a capitulation.”\*

This was Junot's reply to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when, after the Battle of Vimiera, he found himself with 12,000 men opposed to 35,000 English, and an equal number of Portuguese troops, backed by a savage and insurgent population, bent on the pillage and massacre of the French.

\* [The enthusiastic devotion of Madame Junot to Napoleon, and her respect for her husband's military talents, has blinded her judgment and led her into great inaccuracy in her estimate of the relative forces of the French and Anglo-Portuguese armies at the time of Junot's discomfiture by Sir A. Wellesley.]

And he would have done as he said. Of course he and his army would have been destroyed first, but the destruction of the English would have been equally certain. This would have been better than the burning of Moscow, for at that catastrophe Rostopchin escaped.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications, and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the Royal Family, which is situated in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the mad Queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor, the Grand Inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation ; in this instance the mistake was less pardonable.

This Queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died of the small-pox before he came to the throne ; the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon. Heaven knows how gloriously that was ! . . . The mad Queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro, and the great-grandmother of the young Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria. Her Majesty never left her royal prison except to enter another—namely, one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country and quite out of reach of the public gaze ; then sometimes her keepers would let her get out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day, when I was strolling in a little romantic valley in the neighbourhood of Cintra, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her endeavoured to draw the

hair from her face, but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard.

Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me, and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however, mention her Majesty, and it was not until afterwards that I was informed by M. d'Araujo it was the Queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniacal. This encounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections.

The Sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic were likely to increase her malady; her gray head, too, which in its dishevelment seemed to reject the crown it could not support—all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind. When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the Sovereigns of Europe—at least, all the *legitimate* Sovereigns—were at that time either mad or imbecile.

On the north-west of Lisbon a long chain of high mountains terminates the beautiful landscape. These are the mountains of Cintra,\* upon which many of the Portuguese have their *quintas* or country-houses.

We hired a *quinta* at Cintra which had belonged to a Madame la Roche, the widow of a French merchant. The garden was not large, but it was entirely planted with orange

\* Lord Byron has justly observed that Cintra is a paradise inhabited by demons, but in alluding to that place in his *Childe Harold* he has committed a historical error.



and lemon trees, which we were informed produced an extraordinary abundance of fruit. At Cintra we found the Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval. They had three *quintas* there, and scarcely one of them was habitable. The Duchess laughed at this, though it was easy to perceive she was dissatisfied. As to the Duke, he did not concern himself about the matter. His occupations were gambling and abusing the French—at least, saying behind their backs what he dared not have said to their faces. We had also near us the family of the Austrian Minister, our intimate friends the Lebzelterns. They resided in the old royal palace of Cintra, part of which was assigned to their accommodation by the Court. This formed a pleasant little journey for us, for our house was near Colares, almost at the other extremity of the valley.

While we were at Cintra, Junot received letters announcing that a third Continental coalition had been formed against France. He became low-spirited, for he was fearful that the Emperor would forget him. He therefore wrote to Napoleon, and sent off his letter by an extraordinary courier. It was now July. The reports of war were circulated only in whispers; for Austria had not formally acceded to the treaty between Russia and England. At this time, too, I learned an event which rendered me truly happy. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was at length raised to the rank suitable to the woman who had given birth to the Sovereign of Europe, and I was appointed one of her ladies. I have reason to be grateful for the kindness I invariably experienced from that Princess. She was an excellent woman, and possessed a truly queen-like heart.

About this period several acts of the Emperor awakened the petty animosity of some of the Governments of Europe. All that was wanted was a pretext for rising against the Colossus, whose regenerating hand was extended to all the

old crowned heads which were tottering beneath antiquated and decayed institutions. By an Imperial Decree the States of Parma and Piacenza were united to France, and Lucca was given to the Princess Eliza. England, resolved on war at any sacrifice, gladly seized the opportunity to characterize as the ambition of invasion that which was rather the ambition of glory on the part of Napoleon. Accordingly, her fleets put to sea.

The Emperor, assured of the good-will and fidelity of Spain, and confiding in Admiral Villeneuve (that man who brought so much misfortune and disgrace on our arms), ordered him to go in pursuit of the enemy, but only with superior force, which was very easy, since we had the command of the dockyards and arsenals of Spain. Admiral Villeneuve set sail with a combined fleet, consisting of fourteen French ships of war and six Spanish vessels. He fell in with the English fleet, commanded by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The unfortunate Villeneuve was beaten with a superior force, and two of the Spanish ships fell into the hands of the enemy. We were among a people to whom our misfortunes were a source of joy, and our glory a cause of mourning. It may easily be imagined, therefore, what were our feelings on the receipt of the above intelligence, which came to us even before it reached the Emperor. Junot was furious. But Heaven had a compensation in store for us. How happy I am to number among my friends a man of whom the French navy has just reason to boast, and over whose laurels we then shed tears of pride !

We were still dejected by the melancholy intelligence of the Battle of Finisterre, when we learned that a French frigate had just entered the port of Lisbon after some glorious engagements. We were then at Cintra. Junot directed Colonel Laborde to set off to Lisbon, and to

request the Commander of the frigate to come to him immediately. It was too late for him to return that evening ; but next morning the Colonel came back accompanied by the brave officer who had secured such a triumph to the French flag. Junot hastened to meet him, and embraced him as if he had been an old friend.

Captain Baudin was at that time a very young man, handsome, and of mild and reserved manners. He commanded the frigate *La Topaze*, forty-four guns. Off the Antilles he had fallen in with the English frigate *Blanche*, also of forty-four guns. He had defeated and captured her.\* Returning to Europe to refit, for he had suffered considerably in the engagement, he fell in with another English vessel, the *Raisable*, sixty-four guns, near the coast of Spain. "My lads," said he to his crew, "shall we allow this fine prize to escape us?" "No!" exclaimed with one voice both officers and men. "*Houra pour la belle France!* . . . Captain, give the word!" The guns of the *Topaze* gave the signal for the attack, and with his masts broken, his sails tattered, a part of his crew wounded and disabled, the young captain attempted to capture this large vessel. The *Raisable*, however, escaped, but with immense loss ; and the *Topaze* entered the port of Lisbon amidst the acclamations even of our enemies.†

\* [In justice to the officers and crew of the *Blanche* it may be mentioned, as it has escaped notice by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, that the *Blanche* was captured by a squadron consisting of the *Topaze*, *Département des Landes*, *Torche*, and *Faune* (with a total of ninety-six guns), and that she sank a few hours after this unequal engagement, particulars of which will be found in James's "Naval History of Great Britain," iv. 37, *et seq.* The *Topaze* ALONE carried 195 more men than the *Blanche*.]

† [The *Topaze* was chased for an entire day (August 16th) by the *Raisable*, and only escaped under cover of night (James). Madame Junot, however, naively states the reason of Captain Baudin's long delay at Lisbon on almost the following page : "There was an English cruiser which he wished to avoid."]

“Oh !” exclaimed Junot, after reading Captain Baudin’s report of these actions, and striking the table forcibly with his hands—“Oh ! if this young man had been at Finisterre instead of that — Villeneuve !” When Captain Baudin returned to the drawing-room Junot ran to him and embraced him a second time. “You are a brave and loyal young man,” said he ; “I ask your friendship and I offer you mine.” This was not a common phrase with Junot. It was but the second time I had heard him make use of it since my marriage. On the first occasion it was addressed to General Richepanse.

The *Topaze* had suffered so severely that she required to be completely refitted. Lisbon, being a neutral port, seemed admirably adapted for this operation ; but, will it be believed, it was necessary to resort to force to enable the frigate to remain there, whilst a flotilla, composed of six large vessels and several small ones, lay at anchor before the Square of Commerce as long as it was found convenient. Is it surprising that this conduct should provoke revenge ? Is it wonderful that we should take reprisals when we have in our hands overwhelming proofs of the ingratitude of the Portuguese towards the man who devoted himself to the protection of their lives and honour when his own safety was compromised, both as a private individual and one entrusted with an immense responsibility ? Lisbon should not have raised her ungrateful voice so loudly. How base and treacherous has been her ingratitude !

But why should I be surprised at the conduct of the Portuguese ? Have I not seen here, *in France*, one of Junot’s old comrades permit the publication of a work translated from the English, containing revolting falsehoods respecting my husband and Marshal Ney ? . . . This work, which is the production of Colonel Napier, and which found grace in the eyes of the Minister for the War

Department, was presented *to me—to me, the widow of Junot*—as containing *authentic* documents.

I read in it an indecent attack upon the private character of a man whose conduct as a soldier in that admirable affair of the Convention of Cintra not even his enemies could traduce, since the individuals who signed it on the part of England were tried by a court-martial. The fine lines of *Childe Harold* would in themselves suffice for the glory of Junot, even though the original copy of that Convention were not in existence to prove it. Fortunately I possess that original document, and in both languages. It is not inserted in Colonel Napier's work.\*

On receiving intelligence of the career of the *Topaze*, Napoleon immediately raised Captain Baudin to the rank of *Capitaine de Frégate*. In the report which Junot transmitted to Paris the Emperor remarked a circumstance which greatly pleased him; this was that Captain Baudin had adopted at sea the same method which he (Napoleon) employed in making an attack by land—he had taken positions in which he could employ more guns than the enemy, and it is well known that this was one of the Emperor's favourite manœuvres. Baudin remained several months in the port of Lisbon because there was an English cruiser at its entrance which he wished to avoid. He left Lisbon after the unfortunate battle of Trafalgar.

My husband was much attached to Captain Baudin, who is one of those friends that have remained faithful to me. The friendship I cherish for him makes me feel the more indignant at the injustice with which he has been treated. Napoleon, who so well knew how to appreciate talent, and who never conferred distinctions except as the reward of real merit, made Baudin a Rear-Admiral at an age when

\* [This is an oversight of Madame Junot's, as the Convention is given at the end of the first volume of Colonel Napier's History.]

others of his profession scarcely attain the rank of Captain. Three-and-twenty years afterwards he still remained what Napoleon had made him.

While we were at Cintra, Junot one day received a letter in the handwriting of the Emperor, which brought him very important intelligence. I have already mentioned that a new Continental coalition was expected. Of the Powers included in the coalition, Austria was the one whose interests were most in danger. Her States, reduced to half their former extent, were open on all sides. Her federative power was annihilated in Germany without the hope of recovery, and this same power was menaced in Italy, and even in part destroyed.

Accordingly, Austria took alarm, for with her the question was an affair of life or death. Napoleon's coronation at Milan conveyed to Austria the last conviction that her power was for ever annihilated in Italy, and that she had never been beloved there—a fact sufficiently inexplicable to a sovereignty that was adored in its own hereditary States. Be this as it may, Austria was really afraid; she had not yet recovered from the shock of Marengo and Hohenlinden. She found herself, as it were, compressed between the source of the Main and the mouth of the Po. It was thus necessary to assume an imposing attitude or she was lost.

The violation of the Treaty of Luneville was seized upon as an opportunity. It was alleged that by virtue of that treaty Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, Genoa, and Lucca, as well as Parma, had the right of choosing constitutions for themselves, and that it was an infringement of that right to impose laws upon them. Reasoning thus, Austria at length acceded to the treaty concluded between St. Petersburg and England on the 8th of April previous. She immediately entered the field. General Kleinau crossed the Inn and invaded Bavaria.

The Austrian Army, 80,000 strong, was commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand under the tutelage of General Mack, whilst 35,000 men occupied the Tyrol under the command of the Archduke John, thus supporting the left of General Kleinau's army and the right of the Army of Italy. The latter, which was under the immediate command of Prince Charles, was perhaps the most important of all, and consisted of 110,000 excellent troops. This force was advancing in good order upon the Adige. France found herself again threatened on all sides. The South of Europe alone continued faithful to her, and therefore it was of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations between the Courts of France and Lisbon. England made superhuman efforts to stir up a quarrel, and a very trivial occurrence well-nigh enabled her to accomplish her object.

Junot went to visit Captain Baudin on board his frigate, and as soon as he set foot on the deck a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honour of him. It is not allowable to fire guns in a neutral port, and the English affected to be very indignant at this violation of the rule. They appeared much more mortified at it than the Prince Regent of Portugal himself. Finding that they did not obtain what they were pleased to call justice, they made our one-and-twenty guns an excuse for firing two thousand as the signal of mourning on the one side and rejoicing on the other, on the occasion of the Battle of Trafalgar.

This powder cannonade was more insulting to the Princess of Brazil than to us, because she was a Spaniard; but its object was to insult France, and serious consequences would no doubt have ensued had Junot been at that time in Lisbon. Fortunately, he was galloping towards Moravia. His first impulse, which was always violent when the honour of France was concerned, would doubtless have been in-

jurious to the feeble Government of Portugal. M. de Rayneval, who was no less susceptible, but more calm, avoided a rupture, to the great disappointment of the English.

I had been exceedingly ill for several months past, and my medical attendants ordered me to go to a little miserable village called Caldas da Raynha, where there are some tepid springs which are said to possess wonderful medicinal virtues. Though I entertained very little hope of deriving benefit from them, yet I set off, carried on a sort of litter, and arrived at Caldas da Raynha in such a weak state that at first I could take the waters only by spoonfuls. They are warm, sulphuric, and at the same time tonic. My disorder was a nervous affection of the stomach, but so severe that I could not take even a glass of *eau sucré*. The waters produced a wonderful effect upon me, so that at the expiration of a week I was able to walk in the royal quinta, and within a fortnight I ate a partridge for my dinner. However, my convalescence was slow. One day, while I was at Caldas da Raynha, Junot came to bid me farewell. The Emperor had kept his word, and had sent for him as soon as the first cannon was fired. "Be speedy," said Duroc in his letter, "for I have a presentiment that this campaign will not be a long one."

Junot immediately set off to join the Emperor wherever he might be. M. de Talleyrand, who had written to desire Junot to give the post of *chargé d'affaires* to M. de Rayneval, mentioned in his letter that I might if I pleased return to France, as it was known that I was an invalid. Junot stayed but a few hours at Caldas. He returned to Lisbon, where he mounted a post-horse and rode to Bayonne. There he procured a *calèche* which conveyed him to Paris. He stayed there four-and-twenty hours, after which he departed for Germany in a post-chaise, driving with the



utmost speed. He joined Napoleon at Brunn, in Moravia, on the 1st of December.

The Emperor was standing with Berthier at a window looking towards the highroad. It was about half-past nine in the morning, and the weather was thick and foggy. "Whom have we here?" said the Emperor, as he perceived Junot advancing along the road. "It is a post-chaise. We do not expect any news this morning." The chaise advanced rapidly, and the Emperor, who kept his glass pointed at it, at length exclaimed: "It is a general officer. If the thing were possible I should think it was Junot. On what day did you write, Berthier?" Berthier informed him. "Then it cannot be he," continued Napoleon. "He has twelve hundred leagues to travel, and with the utmost possible speed he could not arrive yet."

The aide-de-camp on duty entered and announced General Junot. "*Par Dieu*," said Napoleon, running up to him, "you are the right man for affairs like this! To arrive on the eve of a great battle, after travelling twelve hundred leagues, and to leave an Embassy for the cannon's mouth! To complete the business, you have only to be wounded in to-morrow's battle." "I expect it, Sire, but I hope, then, it will be with the last ball," replied Junot, laughing. "The Russians must let me perform my duty to your Majesty." "Faith," said the Emperor, "it is the only duty that is left for you. You have come too late. Every corps has got a commander, even your brave grenadiers of Arras, and they have a very able one."\* "I know it,"

\* [General Oudinot, afterwards the Marshal Duke of Reggio. Oudinot was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own scars. At Friedland a bullet went through both his cheeks, breaking two molars. "Ces dentistes russes ne savent pas arracher," was his only remark as his wound was being dressed. It was to him that an old soldier, applying for a decoration,

replied Junot, "and I do not regret his appointment, for I know he will lead them to victory. But, Sire, I am too happy in serving as your aide-de-camp, as I did in Italy. It is a happy augury."

The Emperor shook his head, but his air of doubt was not discouraging; he smiled, and his smile always inspired confidence. He walked about the room with a calmness calculated to encourage the most timid. He asked Junot how he had left me, and whether my illness was caused by jealousy of the Princess of Brazil. Junot burst into a fit of laughter. "Is she really so ugly as she is described?" resumed the Emperor. "Is she uglier than her sister of Etruria? Surely that is not possible." "Sire, she is uglier than anything you can possibly imagine." "What, more so than the Queen of Etruria?" "Much, Sire." "And the Prince Regent?" "In the first place, Sire, he is a perfect fool; and as to his personal appearance, your Majesty may judge of that from the description which my wife drew of him in two words, and which I assure you is exceedingly accurate. She observed that the Prince of Brazil was like a bull whose mother had been frightened by an orang-outang." "Did she really say that?" resumed the Emperor, laughing immoderately, "*petite peste*.\* And is it true?" "Perfectly true, Sire."

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began thus: "Marshal, under the Empire I have received two wounds, which are the ornaments of my life, one in the left leg, the other in the campaign of Jena." Oudinot was the most disinterested of men. After Friedland he received with the title of Count a grant of £40,000, and he began to distribute money at such a rate amongst his poor relations that the Emperor remonstrated with him. "You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away," said his Majesty, in allusion to two bullets which still remained in the Marshal's body.—*The Temple Bar Magazine*, August, 1883.]

\* A name by which the Emperor frequently called me in his moments of good humour.

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The Emperor then asked Junot a multitude of questions respecting the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal, and that at a moment when his mind must have been engrossed by thoughts of a different and more important nature. But everything was wonderful in that wonderful man.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Dangerous Passage across the Tagus—Narrow Escape—The Battle of Trafalgar—Celebration of the Event by the English at Lisbon—Villeneuve's Incapacity—Disastrous Results of the Battle—Napoleon's Brilliant Campaign in Germany—Series of Victories—Capitulation of Ulm—Battle of Austerlitz—Enthusiastic Attachment of the Soldiers to Napoleon—Armistice—Napoleon enjoys the Fruits of his Glory—Marriage of Eugène—My Audience at the Court of Lisbon before my Departure—Singular Fire.

AFTER Junot left his diplomatic post to assist in gaining fresh triumphs for the country he so dearly loved, several unfortunate and unlooked-for events occurred. The battle of Trafalgar, that disastrous conflict which extinguished the last gleams of our maritime glory, happened about this time ; I was at Lisbon. I saw the consequences of that event unclouded by the illusion with which flattery sought to conceal the disaster—a disaster so at variance with the glories of Austerlitz.

I was on my way back to Lisbon from Caldas da Raynha after my recovery, and on reaching the Tagus went on board one of the royal *escaleres*, which was prepared for my accommodation. This was on the 21st of October ; the weather, which at first had been exceedingly fine, became all of a sudden overcast, and soon fell to a dead calm. As we had twenty rowers this mattered little, especially as we were

descending the river. But a violent storm presently burst upon us, raging with such increasing fury that we were at length in extreme danger.

For two hours the wind raged furiously, and our yacht was sometimes driven aground so violently that we feared she would go to pieces. Fortunately, my little daughter was not with me, so that I had only my own safety to think of, and that did not so greatly concern me. However, I was then but twenty years of age, and it is hard to die a violent death so early. But, I recollect, I was quite resigned.

A dispute between M. Magnien and M. de Cherval informed me that the former had, contrary to the opinion of the barge-master, insisted on our returning by water. The master became uneasy, and, on my questioning him frankly, admitted the danger we were in. As he was speaking the clouds closed over us with such rapidity that the banks of the river disappeared from our view in an instant. The master ordered the sail to be unfurled, which was no sooner done than a dreadful blast rent it in two. The lurch was so violent at that moment that we were within an ace of being upset.

M. Magnien was perfectly bewildered. He kept traversing the little cabin of the barge, into which the waves forced themselves through the windows, wringing his hands, and reproaching himself for having been the cause of our peril. Presently the master came down to us, looking agitated and pale. "Our oars are broken," said he; "the sail is torn, and I cannot answer for your safety. We are now opposite Saccavin. If you like, I will endeavour to land there." "By all means," cried I, half killed by the pitching of the boat.

All the efforts of our twenty rowers were at first of no avail. The wind blew with such violence that we were

constantly driven back into the middle of the river, covered with the surge, which forced itself over the sides of the yacht. At length, however, the promise of a rich reward, joined to a natural solicitude for their own safety, animated the men, and, after the most laborious exertions, they succeeded. We were brought on shore at about two hundred paces from the landing-place. Four of the boatmen carried me over the shallows, and I was taken to a house at Saccavin, where I was provided with a fire and a change of clothes. I then despatched an express to Lisbon for my carriage, and on that same evening I was seated in the little yellow drawing-room of my hotel in Lisbon, with my daughter on my knee, surrounded by my friends, and perfectly happy. Ah ! how often have I reproached myself for the happiness I enjoyed that evening ! . . . It was the day of the Battle of Trafalgar !

Five days had elapsed since my return. The stormy weather had passed away, and the blue sky of Lisbon again appeared. The autumnal sun, more glowing than that which warms the summer of our climate, now again shone forth in cloudless glory. We had arranged a little excursion in the country with the Lebzelterns, when one morning I was awakened by the firing of guns, which shook the frail walls of our hotel, for the Portuguese, from the apprehension of earthquakes, build their houses very slenderly. The reports followed each other with such rapidity that I knew not what to think of it. I sent to M. de Rayneval, but he had gone out. Indeed, everybody was abroad making inquiries. M. de Rayneval was the only person who had learnt the news, and he had gone immediately to M. d'Araujo.

Intelligence of the Battle of Trafalgar\* had arrived at Lisbon during the night. The port was crowded with

\* Trafalgar is ten leagues south-east of Cadiz.

English vessels, and, without regard to the neutrality of the place, without regard to the Princess of Brazil—who, as Infanta of Spain, had lost by the disaster even more than France—the English vessels immediately began firing in celebration of their victory, just as if they had been in Portsmouth harbour; with their demonstrations of joy signs of grief were mingled. Their victory was dearly won. Nelson was no more!

On his return M. de Rayneval told us the news. He was overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous event, happening as it did at the very moment our arms promised such success—an event, too, which the enemy and the elements combined to follow up with such murderous and general destruction! He described the dreadful conflict to me, for he could not bear to read it over again. It was indeed horrible! “What a wretch must that Admiral be,” thought I. . . . “He has been the cause of this catastrophe, this scene of carnage, this second act and conclusion of the tragedy of Quiberon, this ruin and destruction of our naval power.” The Emperor is reported to have cried out in his sleep, after he heard of the defeat of Villeneuve by Admiral Calder:

“Varus, rends-moi mes légions.”

The brilliant affair of Captain Baudin had not rendered this news less bitter to Napoleon. He had immediately ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be superseded by Admiral Rosilly. Villeneuve had previously fallen into disgrace, for it was he who, at the Battle of the Nile, remained quietly at anchor. He was patronized by Dérès, who always protected the unworthy and never the deserving.

When Dérès was informed of the Emperor's determination, he wrote to Villeneuve to this effect: “I delay the *official announcement* of Rosilly having superseded you. Manage to get under way before it reaches you. Seek the enemy,

and if you should have a successful engagement you will be pardoned. You must risk all to gain all.”\*

On receiving this letter, which informed him of his well-merited disgrace, Villeneuve saw that he must escape dishonour at any risk. In his character of Commander-in-Chief of the combined squadron, he summoned on board his ship all the Spanish commanders, at the head of whom was the brave Gravina, the boast of the Spanish navy. Villeneuve announced to them his intention of proceeding to sea. Gravina objected to the proposition on the ground of its impracticability. Villeneuve replied to him in an abusive strain. “I shall demand satisfaction for this after the battle,” rejoined Gravina. “We must be off, it seems ; may God protect us, for we are going to our destruction !”

Villeneuve was impelled by his evil genius. He was equally deaf to the remonstrances of the officers of the French fleet. The brave and skilful Rear-Admiral Magon, the old friend of my family, in vain enforced Gravina’s arguments. The English fleet, commanded by Admiral Nelson, that enemy of the French, whom he hated as cordially as Hannibal hated the Romans, consisted of twenty-eight vessels, nine of which were three-deckers.† The combined fleet included eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships. It consisted of one vessel of a hundred and thirty guns (the *Santissima-Trinidad*), two of a hundred guns, two of eighty-four, three of eighty, one of sixty-four, and twenty-four others, each of seventy-four guns. What a noble fleet ! In this united force there was power sufficient to crush the English fleet. But, instead of being victorious, ours was destroyed through the most unskilful manœuvres.

\* I knew the officer who carried this despatch. Many months after, by a singular accident, he became acquainted with its contents.

† [Twenty-seven vessels, seven of which were three-deckers, were only present in the action, Lord Nelson having parted with some ships a few days previously.]



The courage and ability of some of our officers, it is true, present examples almost equal to the fabulous achievements recorded by Plutarch of the heroes of antiquity. A storm as dreadful as any which had occurred in the memory of the oldest sailor added its horrors to those of the conflict, and the lightning vied with the flashes of the guns. Our tricoloured flag, alas ! suffered most during those fatal days, for the horrid conflict raged two days and a night. We had five vessels taken ! three sunk during the action ! three blown up ! one (that commanded by Rear-Admiral Magon),\* borne down upon by the enemy and her deck covered with the slain, was blown up by her own crew to escape the disgrace of surrender ! Thus did I lose a friend of my early childhood !

Ten other vessels ran ashore on different parts of the coast. One was wrecked at a distance of thirty-two leagues from Trafalgar, at Cape Saint Vincent, near Lagos ; but she contained only the dead and dying. Only nine vessels re-entered Cadiz. As to the Admiral, it was natural to expect that he must have been killed in the battle, or, at least, that one of the thunderbolts which rent the air on every side must have lighted on his head ! But no, he was taken ; he was made prisoner ! He delivered up his sword amidst the groans of the dying and the wounded, who with their last breath vented imprecations on him as the author of their misfortunes.

The consequences of the Battle of Trafalgar were most dreadful. I was then in the habit of seeing men capable of judging of the extent of the disaster, and who considered it not even balanced by the Emperor's victories. Napoleon was not irritated, but profoundly grieved, at the Battle of Trafalgar.

\* *L'Achille*. Rear-Admiral Magon was determined not to surrender. "I was taken once," he used to say to me, "but it shall be the last time."

While the Straits of Gibraltar were reddened with French blood, Napoleon was leading our eagles to victory on the plains of Ulm. The Grand Army, composed of seven different corps, under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoût, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, and with Murat at the head of the cavalry, and an immense reserve of artillery and cavalry, was advancing with giant strides upon Austria.

Everything had been prepared with such ability that nothing was wanting in the hour of need. Treaties were everywhere signed against France ; yet she, ever great and powerful, smiled at all the projects formed against her, as a giant smiles at the efforts of pigmies. The Kings of Naples, Spain, and some portions of Germany, alone remained faithful to us. All at once, as if by a mandate from Heaven, the French army was set in motion. Its course was marked by the destruction of all that opposed its progress. In the space of one month, after the occupation of Weissembourg, or rather from the 3rd to the 20th of October, 1805, the French army pursued its victorious course as follows :

Whilst Napoleon dismayed Austria and secured his flank from attack on the side of the Tyrol by the rapidity of his movements and the skill of his manœuvres, every day brought us a fresh victory. I shall therefore speak of battles only, without adding the word *victory*, that being always understood. To begin with Werthingen. Murat has frequently been said to have won this battle. This is a mistake ; the glory of it belongs to General Oudinot and the brave grenadiers of Arras. After the Battle of Werthingen came the Battle of Guntzbourg, in which Marshal Ney defeated the Archduke Ferdinand : then the occupation of Augsburg by Marshal Soult : then the occupation of Munich by Bernadotte : then the capture of Memmingen by Soult, who made 4,000 prisoners. These events were succeeded by the famous Battle of Elchingen, at which Marshal Ney

made 3,000 prisoners, and, by taking the bridge of Elchingen, mainly insured the success of the campaign, and especially the capture of the garrison of Ulm.\* Then followed the Battle of Langenau, in which Murat made 3,000 prisoners.

And lastly, on the 20th October, seventeen days after the occupation of Weissembourg, Ulm capitulated, while Mack, the Quarter-Master-General, was within its walls.† The Archduke Ferdinand had escaped with a party of cavalry.

In Ulm were found immense magazines, 30,000 men in garrison, 70 pieces of cannon mounted, 3,000 horses, and 20 generals; these last were allowed their liberty on parole. In these seventeen days Austria lost 55,000 prisoners, and almost the whole of her artillery and baggage. The wreck of her army was obliged to retire behind the Inn, where Napoleon immediately came up with it. The Emperor of Russia had an interview at Berlin with the King of Prussia. In order to render their union the more solemn, the two young Sovereigns swore, on the tomb of the great Frederick, to maintain a fraternal alliance for the extermination of France.

After the brilliant affair of Ulm the French army passed the Inn, and Marshal Lannes took Branau—the very place

\* This important result was as much the consequence of the incapacity of Mack as of the great military talents of Napoleon.

† I was much amused sometimes by the hypocritical compliments I received on the success of the French arms. One day, when the Duc de Cadaval was dining with me, he said, with an air of confidence: "Now I see how it is; come, tell me frankly, *Bonaparte* has bought over Mack, has he not?" I pretended not to understand him. "What do you say, Monsieur le Duc?" inquired I. He looked embarrassed. "I was saying," he stammered out, "that I thought the Emperor Napoleon had bribed General Mack." The idea was so stupid, and at the same time so malicious, that I could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter, which not a little disconcerted my politician. Thus it was that those great events, those splendid achievements of genius, were appreciated in Portugal in the year 1806!

in which, five years after, the Archduchess Maria Louisa consigned herself to the fair hands of the Queen of Naples, to become Empress of France and Napoleon's wife ! Salzburg was next taken by Lannes. In Italy, Masséna sustained, as he always did, the honour of the French arms. Vicenza and Verona fell into our hands. The Archduke Charles, having obtained a momentary advantage at Caldiero, paid for his transient triumph by an immediate retreat upon Palma Nova. Marmont reached Leoben in Styria ; and while the Emperor was entering Vienna the Tagliamento was crossed by our victorious troops.

The Russians, astonished at the rapidity of our triumphs, proposed an armistice. Murat accepted it on condition of its meeting with the Emperor's sanction. Napoleon rejected it, and commanded the French army to pursue its march. Presburg was occupied by Davoût's corps. While these events were proceeding in Austria, the Army of Italy passed the Isonzo and took Gradisca and Udine. Palma Nova, with its numerous magazines, fell in its turn. Marshal Augereau crossed the Black Forest, took Lindau and Bregentz, obliged General Jellachich, with 6,000 men, to capitulate, and made the French masters of all the Vorarlberg. It seemed as if, at the blast of our victorious trumpet, towns opened their gates, ramparts crumbled, and troops laid down their arms.

While his lieutenants were seconding him with the ardent spirit which then animated every man in the army, Napoleon advanced into Moravia. Buxhowden had formed a junction with Kutusow, and the latter General became Commander-in-Chief of the whole Allied Forces. But Napoleon did not allow him time to arrange new plans. He took Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the point of union for all the magazines of the combined army. He then made himself master of Trieste. A corps of 8,000 men, under the com-

mand of the Prince of Rohan, driven from the Tyrol by Ney, endeavoured to reach Venice. They were routed in turn by Regnier, Ney, and Gouvion St. Cyr, and after flying from defeat to defeat, and fighting everywhere against their fellow-countrymen, they terminated their career by a capitulation.

At length, on the 2nd December, the three Emperors appeared at the head of their armies. The Russians numbered 75,000 effective troops; the Austrians 35,000, with a cavalry force far superior to ours. We had but 85,000 men.\* The Battle of Austerlitz is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's fame. On that field, as in Italy, he beat the enemy with an inferior force, and by his superiority of military skill. But even there he was pursued by the envious hatred which finally riveted the chains at Saint Helena. Lannes commanded the left wing of the army, having Suchet under him. Soult led the right wing, Bernadotte the centre, and Davoût commanded a corps of observation. The cavalry was placed under the command of Murat, and twenty-four pieces of light artillery supported Lannes's right. Oudinot formed the reserve with the grenadiers of Arras, and Junot was to support that reserve with six battalions of the Guard.

Napoleon, from an eminence, took a view of the enemy's forces on the morning of the battle. He was accompanied by a young page, afterwards a Colonel in one of our regiments; his name was M. de Galtz de Malvirade. The Emperor rested his glass on the shoulder of the youth, and for seven or eight minutes attentively watched Kutusow ordering the position of his troops. What he saw afforded him the most perfect satisfaction, for he smiled, and his

\* The French army had some time previously been spread through Moravia, and its line being so much extended was in proportion diminished in strength.

countenance wore an expression of perfect serenity. He closed the glass, and observed to Junot, who was standing near him : " It is well ; they are doing exactly what I want."

The Battle of Austerlitz, which commenced at sunrise and did not terminate till nightfall, is a memorable proof of Napoleon's talent and of the courage of his troops. I have no objection to admit that the enemy's folly also contributed to his success. The Battle of Austerlitz was a complete humiliation to the Russians and the Austrians. Junot, who never left the Emperor's side during the whole of the action, has often described to me the conduct of that extraordinary man during those hours when his destiny depended upon defeat or victory.

To render justice to all, it must be allowed that Marshal Soult gave evidence of superior courage and talent. For seven hours he maintained an attack, as suddenly conceived as it was vigorously executed, and to which, according to Junot, the success of the day was mainly owing. I know not whether the *Moniteur* made specific mention of this at the time, but Junot attached considerable importance to it, declaring that it had considerable influence on the result of the battle. The loss of the allies was immense ; 155 pieces of cannon, flags innumerable, whole parks of artillery, and 40,000 men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. At Austerlitz the cuirassiers for the first time were seen to charge batteries.

The night before the battle the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc, and Berthier to put on their cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished. It was eleven o'clock, the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave guards who were afterwards nicknamed the *Grognerds*.\*

\* Grumblers.

It was the 1st of December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for it. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapped up in his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived behind the groups, in which were hearts devoted not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac, the fire of which gleaming full in his face discovered him.

"The Emperor!" exclaimed the whole group. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" responded the next. Along the whole line, in the bivouacs and under the tents, the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" passed from mouth to mouth and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their well-beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and, lighting it, made torches with which they illuminated the gloom of the night, still shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with that heartfelt enthusiasm which neither authority nor corruption can ever repress.

Napoleon was moved. . . . "Enough, my lads! enough of this!" he said. But these proofs of attachment afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and his heart responded to them. "Ah, you seek glory!" exclaimed an old soldier, with mustachios which seemed never to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. "Well, to-morrow the good fellows of the Guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary!" "What are you growling about under those thick mustachios?" said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier, with one of those smiles which in him were so captivating.

The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment

most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features. The Emperor repeated his question. "Faith, General, that is, *Sire*," replied the soldier; "I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians; that is, if you desire it, for discipline before everything. So *Vive l'Empereur !*" and thus fresh shouts conveyed to the Russians their death-warrant, for troops so animated could never be subdued. It was, however, found necessary to order the soldiers to put out their straw torches, for, their cartridge-boxes being filled, an accident might possibly have happened.

The Emperor of Austria, it is well known, came to Napoleon at his bivouac for the purpose of *asking for peace*. M. d'Haugwitz, the Minister of the King of Prussia, was sent to our Emperor. He had, it is said, two letters in his pocket. Junot, who regarded him perhaps with an eye of prejudice, maintained that this fact was not doubtful, because D'Haugwitz searched a long time for the packet which the issue of the battle had rendered the right one, or rather the wrong one, for his master. He made strange grimaces. "In short," said Junot, "I did not like his countenance." It is a fact that on receiving the letter from *his brother* of Prussia, Napoleon smiled, and said very pointedly: "Here is a compliment of which the fortune of war has changed the address." The Battle of Austerlitz not only terminated the campaign of 1805,\* but also put an end to the triple Continental coalition.

At length Napoleon reposed in the full blaze of his glory.

\* At first an armistice only was agreed to; and the first thing demanded was the evacuation of the Austrian States by the Russian troops. They were required to retire by the Krapack Mountains by daily marches, in three columns, and in a way prescribed by the Emperor Napoleon.





JOSEPHINE MAXIMILIANA EUGENIA BEAUHARNAIS,

PRINCESS OF BOLOGNA

(DAUGHTER OF THE VICEROY AND VICE-REINE OF ITALY),

AFTERWARDS

CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

1807—187 .



The drum had ceased to beat, the eagle had closed his wings, and peace prevailed. We enjoyed the climax of our triumph when we saw Napoleon seated upon that throne to which he had been raised by the voice of the nation. After signing the treaty of peace which restored to the Emperor of Austria his States and his subjects, Napoleon proceeded to Munich and married Prince Eugène to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Prince Eugène was a most amiable as well as a very handsome young man. Junot, who was affectionately attached to him, wrote to me at Lisbon all the particulars of his marriage.

This union, I know not why, met with strong opposition on the part of the Queen of Bavaria, who was the step-mother of the Prince Royal and of the Princess Amelia.\* However, the marriage took place, and gave occasion to a succession of very brilliant entertainments, which I did not see, because I was then on my way home from Lisbon to France.

The cause of my long and severe illness was pregnancy ; and as soon as I was able to undertake the journey I determined to return to France. I requested an audience of the Princess of Brazil, who immediately granted it. Perhaps our recent victories in Germany had something to do with this ready acquiescence.

The Princess received me in a cabinet into which none were admitted but her personal favourites. She was surrounded by her young family, and the interesting group gave her almost an air of beauty. One of the Infantas was truly pretty, viz., Doña Isabella, who afterwards married Ferdinand VII. She was then a mere child, but a very engaging creature. The Princess treated me with great courtesy.

\* Junot, who hated imperious women, especially when they conceived they had a *right* to be imperious, nevertheless confessed that the Queen of Bavaria was very handsome.

She even proposed to stand godmother to the expected child. She had mentioned her intention of doing me this honour before, when Junot took his leave of her and the Prince at Mafra. I acknowledged as became me this mark of royal favour.

But I was somewhat more embarrassed with her next offer, which was the Cross of Saint Elizabeth. I replied much in the same manner as Junot had done on a similar occasion. I said that as the Empress Josephine wore no orders herself, the ladies of her Court could not wear any. I added that before the Revolution no distinctive symbols were worn by the ladies in France ; with the exception, perhaps, of Canonesses, and the females of the family of the Grand-Master of Malta, as, for instance, the Noailles and others.

The Princess of Brazil was very lively, but I think very ignorant. She gazed at me with a singular expression while I was speaking to her, and seemed to follow my words one by one as if to catch their sense. "But," said she in a tone of voice which had in it something of bitter-sweet, "I do not think the Empress will refuse to accept the Cross of Saint Elizabeth if I offer it to her. General Junot is the bearer of a letter from the Prince and one from me, in which we beg her acceptance of it. Should she accept it, you can have no reason for not wearing it."

I replied that I had a great wish to wear the Order, which in fact was true. I never had a stronger wish for anything than to possess a decoration. That of Saint Elizabeth was beautiful. It was a white and red ribbon, terminated by an enamelled portrait of the holy aunt of our Saviour. The decoration of Maria-Louisa, which is a white and violet ribbon, is less pretty, especially for a woman. I cannot help remarking, as a singular circumstance, the scruples

which both Junot and I expressed to accept favours which in general are so eagerly sought after. For my part, I wished with all my heart to wear the Order ; but it was different with Junot : he had an objection to the Order of Christ.

My conversation with the Princess was long, and very condescending on her part. She talked to me with a grace which reminded me of her mother. The Empress Josephine seemed to be a particular object of curiosity with both these Princesses. They evidently wished that I should be very communicative on the subject ; but I contrived to maintain that sort of reserve which for more reasons than one became me. I therefore only touched in a general way on the subjects of Malmaison, Saint Cloud, and the social mode of life led by the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Louis, the Prince Eugène, etc.

As I spoke I observed that the countenance of the Princess of Brazil became more and more repulsive ; a malicious expression seemed to overspread her singularly ugly features. She had a narrow and illiberal mind. Ever since the Battle of Trafalgar she had stood in a humiliating situation at her own Court. Her pride had been wounded, and though she could neither give her ill-humour vent nor accuse anybody for her misfortunes, yet she nevertheless longed to do so. I perceived her chagrin, whilst she innocently believed she was all amiability in my eyes. How she detested the Emperor !

Our conversation turned upon French fashions. I said that, with her permission, I would do myself the honour of sending her patterns of every elegant fashion prevailing in Paris, after my arrival there. "And will you not send me anything?" inquired the young Princess when I approached her to take my leave. I understood sufficient Portuguese to comprehend this simple question, and I

replied that I should have the honour of sending her Royal Highness a finer doll than ever Prince Lutin conjured up with his magic rose.

My audience was, as I have stated, a very long one. The weather being bad, the Princess could not go to hunt, and it became therefore necessary to kill time. I stayed with her a full half-hour. A fortnight afterwards, when I was on the point of departing, I had another audience. This was very brief, but still of the same friendly description.

I was on the point of returning to France, and one day previous to my departure, we observed, while sitting at breakfast, a strong smell of fire. We were at a loss to imagine whence it could proceed. There was no chimney in the house, except a small one built by the Duchesse de Montebello in the little drawing-room which I usually occupied, and there was no fire there.

"The smell comes from below," said I to M. de Rayneval, "from your room."

"This is an odd accusation," he replied ; "I have no light, no fire, not even a fireplace."

"If it be not in your room," said I, "it is on the lower story, and we must go and see about it."

We rose from table, much alarmed, for the smell became stronger and stronger every moment. When we came to the corridor, into which M. de Rayneval's room opened, we distinguished the smell of burning paper. We entered the apartments of M. de Magnien, M. de Cherval, and M. Legoy, but could perceive nothing.

At length we heard M. de Rayneval call out "Fire !" His writing-table was all in flames. The cause of this combustion is so extraordinary that, if M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were not both living, I should not venture to mention it, lest I should be accused of relating impossibilities.

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On M. de Rayneval's writing-table stood a glass jug filled with water. This jug, which was perfectly clear, and contained very limpid water, had produced the effect of a lens. The rays from the jug ignited the paper on which they fell. It will be asked how this was possible. It is not in my power to tell. I merely state the fact, and leave it to more scientific persons to explain the phenomenon.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Fête* on board the *Topaze*—Superb Appearance of the Frigate—Festivities—Sham Fight—Gaiety of the Nuncio—Sacrifices to Bacchus—His Humane Interference on Behalf of an Old Fortune-teller—My Arrival at Madrid—Gloomy Events at Madrid—Mysterious Death of the Princess of the Asturias—Suspicion of Poison—Alameda—Departure for Paris—Escape of a French Prisoner from England—His Statements reported to the Emperor—My Return to Paris—Visit to the Empress—Her Breakfasts—Stephanie de Beauharnais, her Niece—Audience with Madame Mère—Receipt of an Unexpected Salary.

I WAS now on the point of leaving Lisbon to return to Paris; but Captain Baudin, who was still in the Tagus, where he had repaired his frigate, wished to give me an entertainment before I left. Every person connected with the Diplomatic Corps, and maintaining friendly relations with us, was invited to meet me, besides many Portuguese of distinction. The Captain had invited M. d'Araujo; but in his rank of Minister for Foreign Affairs he could not be present at an entertainment given in the port of Lisbon, and at which the health of the Emperor Napoleon would, of course, be drunk with enthusiasm. This was at all events the real reason of his declining the invitation; the pretended reason was the arrival of some despatches.



The person who contributed most largely to the amusement of the company was Monsignore Galeppi, the Papal Nuncio. He wore what in Italy is called a country costume, that is, a sort of greatcoat of violet-coloured taffeta, trimmed with gold lace ; and, as we were not on *terra firma*, he conceived himself privileged to behave as he pleased.

I reached the quay of the Square of Commerce [Praça do Commercio] at eleven o'clock. There I found the Captain's gig, with twelve rowers dressed in white trousers and blue jackets. I was accompanied by M. de Rayneval, my daughter, who was then four years old, her governess, and M. Magnien. On reaching the *Topaze*, which lay at anchor off the quay of Soudres, I was received by the Captain and his officers. The Spanish Ambassador and the Nuncio were already arrived, and the gallant Captain conducted us over his vessel.

To me this was a curious and a novel sight. The Captain's cabin was so elegantly fitted up that it might have served as the boudoir of a Parisian lady. It was wainscoted with Brazil and other woods, remarkable both for their rarity and fine odour, and every part of the furniture was in the most perfect taste. A magnificent *déjeuner* was prepared for the company. Captain Baudin managed everything with that courtesy which enhances the value of a reception. I have uniformly remarked that officers of the navy and army are ever more attentive than other gentlemen when in the company of ladies. A fine band played while we sat at breakfast ; but presently our ears were greeted with a different sort of harmony. Several toasts were drunk ; first, the Pope, then the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of Brazil, and lastly the King of Holland. Each toast was succeeded by loud hurrahs, and the firing of five-and-twenty guns. The

noise was so terrific that I almost fancied myself in the infernal regions. My ears, however, soon grew familiar with it, and it even pleased me.

But this uproar was nothing to that which followed. As I had often wished to be enabled to form a good idea of a naval battle, Captain Baudin got up a sham-fight for my amusement, and it was so admirably managed that the illusion was for a moment terrific ; the frigate, in consequence of the damage she had sustained in her late engagements, had required to be newly masted ; the yards and topmasts were up ; but not being completely rigged it was easy to make them fall as if broken by the enemy's balls. Almost all the population of Lisbon had assembled at the water-side to view the spectacle. We thus had our revenge that day, and the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*" compensated for the hurrahs that had been given for the Battle of Trafalgar.

The Nuncio contributed very largely to the amusement of the day. Monsignore Galeppi was at first a little stunned by the guns which were fired in honour of the toasts. The Pope's health was the first toast, and the Nuncio did full honour to it by drinking off three glasses of madeira, probably to fortify his nerves. Then he drank port for the Emperor's health, Carcavello for the King of Spain's, Oyeras for the Prince of Brazil's, and so on, until from health to health he came to mine. This was the *coup de grace* ; the Nuncio's head began to betray symptoms not strictly apostolical. The frigate, though at anchor, nevertheless had that slight rocking which is always perceptible in a vessel when lying in rough water like the Tagus.

To behold Monsignore Galeppi, that pink of finesse, that leader of the Machiavelian science of the Vatican, in the situation above alluded to, was a sight never to be forgotten. In plain terms, Monsignore Galeppi was completely *tipsy* ;

he laughed, looked round with his little eyes, and betrayed confidences which greatly scandalized his official *attaché*, the Auditeur. The latter behaved with all due propriety, but as to the Nuncio, his tongue ran on beyond all bounds.

"These dogs of English must all be annihilated," he exclaimed, filling up a bumper of wine; "they are a set of infidels. *Vive* his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon, Emperor of France, and King of Italy!" He handed a glass of madeira to me that I might drink the toast; I excused myself, being a rigid water-drinker, but he nevertheless extended his violet taffeta sleeve, exclaiming: "*Vive sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon!*" Then, with his husky voice, he attempted to sing.

He was a most original character; but, nevertheless, a very intelligent man, and free from priestly superstition when he could act according to the dictates of his own understanding.

A curious circumstance occurred while I was in Lisbon, which, thanks to Junot and Galeppi, was attended by no serious consequence. An old woman named Juana, who associated with her more regular calling of orange and pilchard selling that of a fortune-teller, was applied to by a drunken German soldier, Fritz Klumpt, for the exercise of her divining skill. He had mortally wounded a rival in a fit of jealousy, and, apprehensive of the consequences, was anxious to consult his fate, thinking that by *being apprized of it beforehand* he might avert condign punishment by running away.

The woman, perceiving his state of intoxication, deferred the consideration of his case until the following day. A crowd having collected, the soldier became greatly excited.

"But I say that you *shall* tell me," exclaimed Fritz in a

passion ; "and though you should be in league with the devil himself, I will have satisfaction of you both."

On hearing the name of the devil, every Portuguese in the group of bystanders crossed himself three times at least. Fear was stronger than curiosity, and the group now retreated from the two interlocutors. Fritz advanced to Juana for the purpose of forcing her into the wretched hovel in which she cooked her pilchards and delivered her oracles.

"Touch me not," she exclaimed, "touch me not, or I say again you shall *repent* it."

Fritz replied only by an oath, and staggered forward. The old woman stretched out her arm to defend herself, and she no sooner touched the soldier than he fell at her feet as if struck by a thunderbolt.

On seeing this the bystanders were for a moment petrified with terror. Juana herself was dismayed at what she had done. Fritz was raised up, but he showed no sign of life, and it was not until he had been bled, and after a lapse of two hours, that he at length opened his eyes. On coming to himself he declared that on attempting to seize the old woman he saw the devil at her side, who felled him with a club. This was too good a *bonne-bouche* to escape the attention of the monks.

Through their bribery, and probably their threats, the soldier persisted in the truth of his statement, and the unfortunate beldame was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was luckily rescued from further molestation by Junot, who was cordially assisted by Galeppi in the business, though he was somewhat afraid his interference should be known at Rome. To crown the absurdity, the soldier became a monk of one of the most austere convents in Lisbon.

On my departure from Lisbon I proceeded to Madrid, where I took up my residence at my old abode, Alphonso

Pignatelli's pretty little house. Ill-boding events were passing at this juncture within the Palace of the Kings of Castile. Much has been said of the enmity borne by the Prince of the Asturias to Manuel Godoy. That enmity, if it had its origin in the ill-treatment to which the Prince of the Peace insolently subjected the son of the King, as well as a Princess whose amiability rendered her admired and beloved; if, I repeat, the enmity was grounded on this, it was entirely justifiable. Kings and Princes are but mortals, and are, like other men, influenced by human passions.

The Princess of the Asturias was on her deathbed, expiring amidst tortures so frightful that, being one day at the Sitio, I could no longer endure the sound of her piercing shrieks. I was much attached to the Princess, and should have liked to have paid a visit to her at this moment, but all my efforts to obtain permission were ineffectual. During my long sojourn at Madrid I frequently solicited leave to make this visit, not only from respect to the Princess, but because I wished to see the Prince of the Asturias, whom I was sure of finding at his wife's bedside, which he never quitted day or night.

I had, in fact, received from Paris some secret instructions, in which I was desired to do something which unfortunately I was unable to effect. This occasioned my protracted stay at Madrid, a circumstance which some persons have thought proper to attribute to my love of pleasure. This, indeed, would have more naturally hurried me back to Paris. The fact is, that reasons which I cannot divulge, but which were of the highest importance, with reference to the situation of the Royal Family of Spain, detained me at Madrid.

Strange reports were circulated respecting the illness of the Princess of the Asturias. The affair was enveloped in mystery; but in confidential conversation the terrible word

*poison* was hinted by persons attached to the Queen. It was related that one day a courier, about to depart for Naples, was arrested and his despatches examined; they contained letters from the Princess of the Asturias to her mother. The unfortunate Princess complained of the more than humiliating treatment which both she and the Prince of the Asturias received from the Prince of the Peace; and the letter concluded with affecting regrets for her removal from her native country, and apprehensions respecting her future fate.

The Queen smiled maliciously on perusing those touching complaints of a broken heart. "What shall we do?" said she to an individual who was her counsellor, for as to Charles IV. he was a mere cipher. "Send off the letter," was the reply, "and then we shall see the answer: that will suggest to us what we had best do." The answer arrived but too speedily. The reports then in circulation stated that it arrived on the 10th of August, 1805, and five days after, viz., on St. Louis's Day, the resolution which had been adopted was put into execution.

Such were the reports current among the very highest ranks of society in Madrid; in short, it was whispered fearfully that the Princess of the Asturias had been *poisoned*, and that this crime had been resolved upon in consequence of a line in the answer of the Queen of Naples. "My daughter," wrote the Queen; "I can scarcely conceive how you endure what you described to me. . . . There is no throne that can be worth being purchased so dearly. . . . Rather leave Spain and come back to me. But if you cannot resolve to leave Ferdinand, from whom you derive the little share of happiness you enjoy in that country, then, my daughter, learn to be not a weak woman, but a great and courageous Princess. Recollect the words of Catherine II.: '*It is better to kill the devil than to let the devil kill us!*'"

This last sentence, it is said, instigated the murder ; such, at least, was the general report. Since the accession of Ferdinand VII. I have heard that the apothecary who administered the poison voluntarily confessed his guilt ; but for this I cannot vouch, as I was not at that time in Spain. However, that the Princess was poisoned was universally believed to be a fact.

The Prince of the Asturias was in such a state of despair that it is supposed he would have put an end to his existence. He scarcely ever left the bedside of the Princess, whose sufferings might well have moved her bitterest enemy. For the memory of the Princess of the Asturias I cherish the respect due to those talents and virtues which, had she lived, would have imparted conspicuous lustre to the throne of Spain. Her death might be regarded as a great misfortune to France. There can be no doubt that the affairs of the Peninsula would have been treated very differently at Bayonne had the Princess been there.

I remained in Madrid until the beginning of February. I frequently visited the amiable Comtesse d'Ega, the wife of the Portuguese Ambassador at Madrid, who gave very agreeable music-parties. The Duchesse d'Ossuna, too, gave a charming *fête* in honour of me at the Alameda, her country-house near Madrid. When King Joseph was in Spain I cannot imagine why he did not choose the Alameda as his residence instead of giving it to General Belliard. I would rather have lived there than in the Escorial.

I now received a letter from Junot, dated Vienna, in which he informed me that the Emperor had given him a mission to Italy, but that I was to return to Paris to enter upon my duty in the service of Madame Mère.

At the hotel at which I lodged at Bordeaux, on my homeward journey to Paris, I met a lady who had been formerly acquainted with my mother, coming from her estate, the

Château de Pierre-Fonds, to embrace her son, who had miraculously escaped from an English prison. He was an ensign, and had been taken at Trafalgar. At first he had been well treated, I believe, because he was a freemason, and whatever the fraternity could offer he had in abundance. Then came the most rigorous orders, and the poor prisoner was closely confined, but as he had not given his *parole* he escaped under three different disguises. Here, at length, he was in France, joyfully treading his native soil, embracing his mother, and swearing eternal hatred to England, of which, however, he spoke as formidable and deserving of respect.

"The number of vessels in commission," said he (it was in 1806), "amount to seven hundred and forty, of which one hundred and thirty are of the line, twenty from fifty to sixty guns, and above one hundred and forty frigates; and all these thoroughly rigged, fitted for sea, and manned with the full complement of able and well-disciplined seamen." When I repeated to the Emperor, who had for many days after my return put numerous questions to me relative to the minutest particulars of my journey, this history of the young heir of Pierre-Fonds and the remarks he made, the Emperor inquired his name and address, and two months afterwards I learned by letter from his mother that her son had been promoted. "Probably," she added, "to indemnify him for the evils of his captivity. I cannot otherwise understand to what he owes his good-fortune." I mention this fact because it proves the Emperor's attention to the smallest details, and also his kindly disposition.

I re-entered Paris on Shrove Tuesday, which was the anniversary of my departure; and, oh, how joyfully! France, my country—how proud was I then of thy name! I was a Frenchwoman, and the wife of one of my country's bravest soldiers.

The next day I wrote to Madame de Fontanges, lady of



honour to Madame Mère, to inquire when I should have the honour of presenting myself to her Imperial Highness to pay my respects and take possession of my office as lady-in-waiting. The same evening Madame de Fontanges replied that her Imperial Highness would receive me after Mass on the following Sunday. On Friday morning I received a visit from a lady in no elevated situation in the Empress's household, who asked amongst other things whether I intended to wait till I had seen Madame before I paid my duty at the Tuileries. To this I replied that my notions of Court etiquette compelled me to do so.

But after my visitor's departure I began to surmise that the interview was not wholly of her own proposition; and knowing the terms of mother and daughter-in-law upon which these ladies lived, I determined that the minutiae of etiquette—of which, excepting the Empress herself, not one female of the Imperial Family had the most distant notion—should not become a cause of offence, and immediately wrote to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to know when I might offer my duty to her Majesty.

She replied at once that by the Empress's command she was directed to invite me to breakfast the following morning, and to desire that I would bring with me her god-daughter, my little Josephine. My maternal pride was delighted with this goodness, for Josephine was a charming child, with large curls, as soft as silk, falling upon her rosy cheek, and all the graces and delicacy of infancy in her figure and manners. I took much more pains with her toilet than my own, and at half-past ten repaired with my child to the Tuileries.

The breakfasts of the Empress Josephine were a very interesting portion of the domestic arrangements of the Tuileries. They were in a wholly peculiar style, of which no other Court offered any similar example, and the Empress

knew how to invest them with fascination. Four or five persons usually composed these parties ; the Empress seldom invited any but females, and her invitations were usually verbal. Something beyond the mere intention of obliging her certainly urged the Emperor to permit these familiar meetings in the very interior of the Palace, and even, as it were, under his presidency.

Already the unlucky system of fusion was in operation, and these breakfasts were extremely serviceable in forwarding it. Many ladies were invited to them who as yet did not make their appearance in the great circles at Court, nor even at the theatres, but who at a later period flourished in the "*Almanach Impérial*," wholly at their own desire, and in consequence of repeated letters written to the Grand Chamberlain. At the time, however, of which I am writing, they would only appear to associate with Madame de Beauharnais as with one of their own class. A particular circumstance has impressed upon my mind the recollection of the breakfast I am now speaking of.

On entering the great yellow salon which follows that of Francis I., I met a young person whose grace, freshness, and charming countenance struck me with surprise. She advanced to me with a smile, though she did not know me, and, stooping down to put herself on a level with Josephine, exclaimed : "Oh, what a charming little creature ! Will you come to me, my angel ?" Then, taking her in her arms, she ran with her to the other end of the salon. Josephine, who was by no means unsociable, was very well pleased with this sort of reception, and replying to it in kind, a perfect intimacy was established between them in a very few minutes. I had not time to ask Madame d'Arberg who this very pleasing young person was, when the Empress entered the room from her private apartment.

She received me in her kindest and most amiable manner,

and everyone knows how much she excelled in the art of captivation when so disposed. She embraced me, and in the most gracious tone assured me of the satisfaction she felt at my return. "And where," said she, "is my god-daughter? Have you not brought her to see me?" Josephine, my daughter, encouraged by her godmother's condescension, and quite unconscious of any restraints of etiquette, ran forward at the first word. "Ah!" said she, "I perceive Stephanie has already undertaken to entertain Josephine," and then added in a lower tone: "You do not know my niece; look at her, and tell me if she is not charming?"

Without fear of being suspected of Court flattery, I replied that the Empress had good reason to think so; for, in fact, I have met with very few women to be compared for grace and beauty with what Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais was at that period. No woman could wish for greater advantages of person and manners than she possessed; at once pretty and engaging, she attracted the admiration of the men, and by her gracious attentions silenced the envy of the women. She was daughter to the Senator M. de Beauharnais, cousin to the Empress's first husband, and was affianced to the Hereditary Prince of Baden. Her intended, whom I saw a few days afterwards, did not appear to me deserving of her—at least, in personal attraction.

The Empress spoke at some length upon the subject of my journey to Portugal, and asked me a multitude of questions concerning the Queen of Spain and the Princess of Brazil. I could not help thinking, as I answered her, of the curiosity these Princesses had expressed respecting the Empress, and repeated only the agreeable remarks the Queen of Spain had made about her. I was impenetrable upon the rest of her Majesty's conversation—which had been, in fact, more curious than amiable—and prided

myself on the skilful commencement I was making in diplomacy.

The Empress then spoke of Madame. "I am very sorry that the Emperor did not place you in my household instead of that of my mother-in-law," said she. "You will certainly find that house very disagreeable. Everyone about it is as old as if they had been determined to supply it from the Court of Louis XV. So young and gay as you are, how will you be able to accommodate yourself to such a species of mausoleum?" Flattering as were these words, and gracious as was the Empress's manner, I knew very well that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether I belonged to Madame's household or not.

I made no reply to her remarks on the style of Madame's establishment—which it was too much the custom to ridicule at Court, and, as it always appeared to me, without any sufficient cause—but merely answered the Empress that Madame had been kind to me from my infancy, and that I was assured she would extend to my youth that indulgence of which no doubt I should stand in need, though I trusted my conduct would always be irreproachable. I felt what I said, for I looked upon Madame as a second mother. I can never forget that when mine was dying, she and the Queen of Spain, then Madame Joseph Bonaparte, came to me in the belief that I was an orphan, and a tribute of gratitude is due to those from whom I received so much kindness.

On Sunday the 25th of February I proceeded to the Hôtel of Madame in the Rue Saint Dominique, now the Hôtel of the Minister of War. Madame Mère had not been elevated to the dignity of a Princess of the Imperial Family so early as her daughters and her daughters-in-law, as I have previously observed, on account of her attachment to her proscribed son Lucien. Happily for himself, the Emperor

reverted to sentiments more worthy of his greatness, and Madame was recalled from Rome and placed in the rank which belonged to her as mother of the Emperor.

At the period of my return from Portugal she had been some time in possession of her title and fortune, and it is but justice to say that she sustained the one as a worthy and noble matron, and honourably employed the other in the mode for which it was destined. Her income then amounted to 500,000 francs, one-fifth of which was swallowed up by the appointments of her Court of honour.\*

On my arrival I was presented to her by name, by Madame de Fontanges. Madame Mère, advancing from the fireside, where she had been standing, approached me, saying: "You need not introduce Madame Junot to me; she is a child of mine, and I love her as much as my own daughter: I hope everything will be done to render her situation in the household of an old woman agreeable to her, for it is a dull post for so young a person." It was agreed that I should come into waiting the following Sunday. Upon this I took leave, and Madame proceeded to dine with the Emperor, the regular arrangement for every

\* Certain journalists have liberally assigned millions to Madame Mère. The only period when her income amounted to a million francs per annum was when the King of Westphalia was at Cassel in 1807. All she afterwards possessed was perhaps only what she had saved out of that million, and that during five years. During the subsequent misfortunes of the Bonaparte family, if she denied herself those indulgences which are so essential in old age, it was to secure the means of assisting her children, for whom she had made the greatest sacrifices. The conduct of Madame Mère entitled her to honour and respect, and should at least have screened her from false and unjust calumnies. It is natural that journals of a certain class should assign illusory wealth to the Bonaparte family to excuse the Bourbons for not having fulfilled any of the treaties they entered into with that family; for having detained their property, the Crown diamonds, which were purchased with the Emperor's money; and for having turned on the wide world as exiles those whom they had reduced to beggary.

Sunday unless superseded by some very important engagement.

The next morning at ten o'clock M. Rollier, Steward of the Household to Madame, was announced. On receiving my appointment it had never occurred to me to inquire whether any income was attached to my place, and when M. Rollier informed me that he was come to bring me an entire year's salary, I would have positively refused it had he not assured me that my doing so would offend Madame; upon this, though the sum was pretty large, I accepted it. I relate this trait, insignificant as it may seem, because it is directly opposed to the character ascribed to Madame. If she had been the miser—the word must be spoken out—which some persons have been pleased to represent her, she would have found here a very convenient opportunity of saving 6,000 francs, to which I should certainly never have thought myself entitled.

## CHAPTER XV.

Portrait of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte—Her Retired Life—Coolness between her and Napoleon—Her Household—The Maréchale Davoût—Madame de Fontanges—Madame de Fleurieu—Madame de Saint Pern—Madame de Bressieux—Madame Dupuis—Mademoiselle Delaunay—Comte de la Ville—M. de Beaumont—M. and Madame de Brissac—Deafness of the Latter—Absurd Scene with the Emperor—M. Decazes—Prince of Baden—The Court Quadrille—The Lost Shawl—Festive Scenes encouraged by Napoleon—Naples occupied by the French—Death of Tronchet—Naval Disasters—Capitulation of Rochambeau, and Massacre of the French at Saint Domingo—General Lallemand and his Wife—My Interview with Napoleon—Junot writes to me to join him at Parma.

OF all the anecdotes which have been written of the Emperor's family, none are so ridiculously false as those which concern Madame Mère.\* I not only knew her during the period I belonged to her Household, but long before, and may therefore be permitted to offer a correct portrait of her. Among the important figures who surrounded the Emperor, his mother ought to be known as she truly was.

At the time Madame was named *Madame Mère* she

\* I know not whether before his death Sir Walter Scott was undeceived as to his delusion of having written a history of Napoleon; but if he died in that opinion, it only proves that the most sensible minds may have strange aberrations.

might be about fifty three or fifty-four years of age ; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth ; all her daughters (except Madame Bacciochi) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been. Her stature was that most agreeable in women, about five feet one inch ; but as she grew older her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty : the forefinger did not bend in consequence of an ill-performed operation—the nerve had been cut ; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period her teeth were still perfect, and, like all the Bonapartes, her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small and very black, but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children.

Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and position. She made, in short, a more respectable appearance than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her arose from her timidity and her want of fluency in the French language ; she felt really nervous in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment ; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her.

This was observable on the day that Madame de Chevreuse was presented to her in quality of Lady of the Palace—an office, by the way, which she had been per-





MADAME MÈRE.

MARIA LETITIA BONAPARTE, NÉE RAMOLINO,

MOTHER OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

1750 - 1836.



suaded to accept against her inclination. Without knowing her connections and the sentiments professed by them, Madame detected in a moment the lurking dislike, if not even hatred, that this lady bore to all the Bonaparte family. The subsequent conduct of Madame de Chevreuse, which was punished, perhaps too severely, by her exile, proved the penetration of Madame Lætitia. Madame led a very retired life; if it was wrong, the fault was not her own. The Emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude to putting herself in contact either with the Empress or with any of the persons who surrounded the Emperor. The Ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duc de Gaëta.\* But she possessed no influence, and the frequenters of a Court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle.

I was affectionately attached to Madame, and my feelings revolted against such treatment. I spoke of it sometimes to Duroc and Junot, and told them I was convinced that Madame suffered much from the neglected situation in which her son permitted her to remain. Duroc defended the Emperor, and referred to the circumstance of the quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, in which Madame took the part of the latter. Junot was of my opinion, and always treated Madame with the utmost respect.

Madame, on receiving the title of Imperial Highness, quitted the Hôtel she had shared with her brother Cardinal Fesch in the Rue du Mont Blanc, to take possession of the

\* Gaudin.

Hôtel de Brienne in the Rue Saint Dominique. This Hôtel had belonged to Lucien, who had furnished it sumptuously; so that Madame had at once a mansion suitable to her new dignity.\*

The Maréchale Davoût formed a member of the Court of Madame Mère. But her pretensions were more ambitious, and she was disappointed in not having been named a Lady of Honour to the Empress. She professed ill-health, and gave in her resignation before my arrival at Paris. As this little Court will naturally often appear in connection with these Memoirs, I shall give the names, with a slight sketch of the individuals composing it.

We were four Ladies in Waiting, one Lady of Honour, and a Reader; two Chamberlains, two Equerries, one chief Equerry, a Chief Almoner, and a Secretary. Madame de Fontanges, whom the Emperor had created a Baroness, because it was his will that all persons attached to the different Households should be titled, was the Lady of Honour. She was handsome and inoffensive, young, but without fortune: a Creole, I believe, and carrying in her person and in her actions that tropical listlessness which is never entirely without its charm. She had not been presented at Court before the Revolution, and was utterly ignorant of its etiquette. The nomination of this lady was the result of a mistake on the part of the Emperor: he intended to appoint the Marquise de Fontanges, a most amiable person.

The four ladies in attendance (after the retirement of the Maréchale Davoût) were Madame Soult; Madame de Fleurieu, wife of the Minister of Marine under Louis XVI.;

\* It is still the same; and I sometimes think that Madame la Maréchale Soult cannot totally abjure all recollections of the Empire, in this very house, where she has so often attended to take her turn in the service of Madame Mère.—*Note by Madame Junot.*

Madame de Saint Pern ; and myself. There was but one among us all who might be said to be completely in her place. Madame de Fleurieu seemed born to be the companion of an elderly Princess, for she seemed never to have been young herself. She had never been handsome, nor even pretty, and she possessed all the characteristics of a plain and virtuous woman.

I have seldom seen any person so directly the reverse of pleasing as Madame de Fleurieu ; dancing with as melancholy an air as if she was begging at Saint Roche, and holding out her petticoat at the extent of her two arms, offering a good representation of an espalier-tree. Having no pretension to grace, she aspired to be considered a *bel-esprit*. She had, however, two serious faults : the one was the mania, or rather the monomania, of etiquette—a pretension which had dazzled the Emperor, who never imagined that anyone could persist in talking for ever upon a particular subject without being perfectly well versed in it. Her second great fault was that of being an eternal talker ; a spout of lukewarm water, always open and always running ; the recollection of it is terrible even at this distance of time. To sum up, however, I should say with Brantôme : *She was a very respectable and very virtuous lady.*

To know Madame Saint Pern was to love her. She was not pretty, but her figure and address were striking. Her character was charming. A Corsican by birth, and as unhappy as exile and domestic sorrows could make any human being, she supported her misfortunes with affecting resignation.

Madame de Bressieux, the successor of Madame Saint Pern, is the Mademoiselle Colombier of whom Napoleon speaks in the Memorial of Saint Helena. I had heard from Napoleon himself that in his very early youth, while he was at Valence, there had existed a project of marrying him to

Mademoiselle Colombier ; I had in consequence a strong desire to see her. I found her witty, agreeable, mild, and amiable. Without being decidedly pretty, she was very pleasing ; extremely well formed, and her address remarkably engaging. I easily understood that the Emperor might have gathered cherries with her at six o'clock in the morning without any improper thought, and confining himself entirely to harmless chat. One peculiarity which struck me the first time I saw her was the interest with which she watched the Emperor's smallest movement, her eyes following him with an attention which seemed to emanate from the soul.

Madame Dupuis, our supernumerary, as we were in the habit of calling her, was singular without being amusing. Her countenance suited her mind ; her figure might have been good, and she had beautiful black hair ; yet with these advantages, and with a pretty hand and foot, two requisites even more indispensable, in my opinion, to a pretty woman than fine eyes—with all these it never came into anyone's head to maintain that Madame Dupuis was handsome. She was as good-natured as Creole indolence would permit her to be, and we know about how far that good-nature extends ; but she was wearisome to excess.

Mademoiselle Delaunay, the reader, was an amiable and charming person, remarkable for her highly-cultivated talents. She was an excellent musician, vocal and instrumental, and painted in miniature so well that Madame employed her to paint all the portraits of herself which she gave as presents.

It will be seen by these sketches that something might be made of the Ladies of Madame's Household ; but for the gentlemen, a more extraordinary choice of attendants upon a person of her taste and habits could scarcely have been made, with the exception of my excellent friend the Comte

de la Ville, formerly belonging to the Household of the King of Sardinia ; he alone suited Madame. He united a thorough goodness of feeling with the most finished politeness of the courtier ; he knew precisely the rank to allot to each individual, and the consistent arrangements of etiquette ; points of which our Lady of Honour was as ignorant as the rest of the Household, who, excepting M. de Beaumont, knew as much of these matters as if they had fallen asleep in the days of the patriarch Jacob, and awoke again under the dynasty of Clovis.

M. de Brissac, M. d'Esterno, General d'Estrées, and M. de Beaumont, found their duties in Madame's Household of a most wearisome nature, and threw back upon the circle their own *ennui*. I should not, however, class M. de Beaumont with the rest ; if he was himself *ennuyé*, he certainly did not contribute to weary others, for he was very witty, and beyond measure amusing and full of mimicry. I was always delighted to meet him, because we enjoyed those hearty laughs together which are so exhilarating. He was brother to M. de Beaumont, Chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, but no relation of General Beaumont, aide-de-camp to Murat.

M. de Brissac, though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable, and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the Household, it is impossible to pass her over, as she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party, with M. Clement de Ris, M. Casabianca, M. Chollet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of animated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's salon looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock till eleven or even midnight. Madame de Brissac, with all her wit, for she had much, played with these old-fashioned perukes

with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman ; she had never been pretty, her height being about four feet and a half, and her figure not quite straight ; notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age ; and for this very good reason, she was as much in love with her husband as a woman is supposed to be in the springtide of life.

M. de Brissac had, however, been false to her. While still a child he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin—another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her. “Then how did you become his wife?” said I to her one day, when she was relating to me the history of her love for M. de Brissac. “Only because I waited patiently, and the other died,” she replied, with an air of triumphant simplicity and an almost comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget.

She was extremely deaf, and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her, and what she ought to answer. She was told that the Emperor almost always inquired what department the persons came from, how old they were, and how many children they might have. Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her.

The day of presentation arrived ; Madame de Brissac made her three courtesies to the Emperor, who, having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her : “Is your husband brother to the Duc de Brissac who was killed on the 2nd of September ? and did he not inherit his estates ?”



“Seine and Oise, sire,” was the answer, and though an odd one, not so very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued : “I believe you have no children?” “Fifty-two, sire,” said she, with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon by this time was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and, without further observation, continued his tour of the circle. With all her eccentricities she was a kind friend, a good mother, and an excellent woman.

Besides the gentlemen I have already mentioned as belonging to the Household, there were M. de Quelen, brother to the Archbishop of Paris, equerry, the Bishop of —, Chief Almoner, M. de Guen, secretary. The latter died soon after, and was replaced by M. Decazes, afterwards the Minister of Louis XVIII. ; he was then called the sweet-pea of the Court. He had married Mademoiselle Muraire, but had become a widower.

Nothing surprised me so much on my return to Paris as the increase of that rage for place and favour which had begun to manifest itself before my departure, but which was now in its highest paroxysm. The tablets of the Grand Chamberlain, of the Master of the Ceremonies, and Marshal Duroc, were daily filled with requisitions—nay, pressing petitions for appointments, from persons who, at a later period, found it convenient to deny all connection with the Imperial Court.

The Hereditary Prince of Baden had arrived at Paris. He was the most disagreeable personage I had ever seen ; he had the pouting air of a child in disgrace ; but his humours were not followed by the clear sunshine of childhood. The first time I saw him I could not forbear casting

my eyes upon the charming young person\* who was about to become his property ; she seemed to me more than usually lovely. She appeared in smiles at the *fêtes* given in celebration of her sacrifice, but her smile was melancholy—how could it have been otherwise ?

Among the *fêtes* which this first royal marriage in the Emperor's family produced, was one distinguished from the rest by the introduction of a perfect novelty ; this was a quadrille—the first which had been seen at Paris since the Revolution. The idea of this truly royal amusement originated with the Princess Caroline, who had lately received the title of Grand Duchess of Cleves and Berg. The costume was a long time under consideration, and, as generally happens when twenty different advisers are consulted, an intolerably ugly one was adopted.† The Emperor did not like Louis XIV., but he was determined that his new Court should be constructed after the model of that monarch's. After my return from Portugal I gathered from the conversation of the Emperor his determination to render his Court the most brilliant in Europe. He ques-

\* Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress.

† The performers in this memorable quadrille were to be distinguished by four different colours—white, green, red, and blue. The white ladies were to be adorned with diamonds ; the red, with rubies ; the green, with emeralds ; the blue, with sapphires and turquoises. The costume was to be Spanish ; the robe of white crape slashed with satin, of the colour of the quadrille, and the slashings trimmed with silver llama. The head-dress was to be a *toque* of black velvet with two white plumes.

The equipment of the gentlemen was perfectly absurd. A coat of white velvet, made in what fashion I cannot describe, surmounted by a scarf the colour of the quadrille, tied in a bow at the side ; and for head-dress a *toque* of black velvet similar to ours. It was a long time before I could look with a serious face upon any one of the gentlemen of our set. Then the style in which this quadrille was danced was itself worth remembering : it was directed by Despréaux, my former dancing-master, and took place in the Gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries.

tioned me concerning the Courts of Spain and Portugal, and seemed to take pleasure in dwelling upon the miserable condition of those sovereigns in the midst of their jewels and etiquette.

A Piedmontese lady, wife of the Comte de Saint Martin, belonged to the Household of the Princess Caroline. She was lively, witty, and agreeable, with one of those warm hearts which imperiously demand our friendship in return for the affection they frankly offer ; and as she felt strongly, she expressed openly and without disguise her sentiments and opinions.

The Princess Caroline had given her a very handsome shawl of white cashmere, particularly rare and valuable on account of some extremely beautiful parrots which ornamented the border. The Comtesse de Saint Martin, accordingly, was very proud of her shawl. The rehearsal took place in the morning, and as the bright sun of the spring brilliantly illuminated this noble gallery, we always went very elegantly dressed to this meeting. Madame de Saint Martin then as was natural, went in her shawl ; and as it was also natural to take it off in dancing, she laid it down on one of the benches, as the other ladies did theirs. One day, the rehearsal being over, we were about to leave the gallery, when Madame de Saint Martin's shawl was nowhere to be found. She sought for it, inquired for it, became angry, but all in vain ; the shawl was absolutely lost. Madame de Saint Martin's lamentations were incessant ; she would not get into her carriage till she had inquired of all the servants of the palace, and offered a great reward for the recovery of her property. But the rehearsal concluded, the quadrille was danced, and the shawl was not forthcoming. Madame de Saint Martin was in despair, especially as the dancers were not alone in the gallery, for there were often many spectators present, and it was not easy to discover what persons had

been there. It remained, then, decided that Madame de Saint Martin had been *robbed*, for she would use no other term. One evening, at a ball given by the Minister of Marine, she came to me and said in a tone of great agitation: "Dear Madame Junot, you know how much I have been distressed by the loss of my shawl."

This I knew, indeed, perfectly well, for she had never spoken to me since her loss, but the shawl was the first subject, something else next, and the shawl always in conclusion. "Well, I have found it!"

"I congratulate you; but where is it?"

"On the shoulders most probably of the person who stole it; and as you knew my shawl, which I have shown you twenty times, I am come to beg you to identify it."

"But pray be careful," said I, "that you make no mistake; nothing can be more similar than one white cashmere to another."

Here the Comtesse de Saint Martin started with something like indignation, exclaiming: "You do not mean that my parrots are like everybody else's?"

The parrots convinced me, but I still entreated her not to attack the lady she suspected before all the company. "And why not?" "It would be wrong; give me leave to manage the affair."

With much difficulty I persuaded her to stand back for a few minutes, while I opened the business to the young lady, who was at the room door, about to leave the ball. I approached her, and said in a low voice and with as much politeness as it was possible to throw into a speech of this nature, that I believed a mistake had arisen, and that having probably lost a shawl of her own, she had by some accident become possessed of one belonging to Madame de Saint Martin in its stead. All this modesty was perhaps ill-timed, for the young lady, looking at me with an air of

sufficient impertinence, answered : "That so long as Madame de Saint Martin had been deafening everyone with lamentations over the loss of her shawl, she might have had time to discover that hers, though perhaps resembling it, was her own." The lady's mother, who was in conversation with another person, turned round on hearing her daughter's elevated voice. And Madame de Saint Martin, who had also heard that *she deafened everyone with her lamentations*, came forward to plead her own cause, which I was not sorry for. "This shawl is mine," said she imperatively, laying her hand upon it as she spoke, while the other endeavoured with a blow of her fist to make her leave her hold. I was fearful that a battle was about to commence, and, anxious to prevent exposure, I addressed myself to Madame de Saint Martin.

"It is easy," said I, "to settle this discussion in a moment. This lady will have the goodness to say how she became possessed of this shawl, which so much resembles yours ; and you will no longer insist upon obtaining it, as in that case you would be in the wrong."

I felt convinced that the young woman would not be able to state where she purchased the shawl, but I must confess that her impertinence astonished me.

"It does not please me, madame," said she, looking haughtily at me, "to inform you where I purchased my shawl. This affair is becoming too ridiculous, and I am surprised you should have taken any part in it."

I was sorry for the young person ; had she been innocent, such an accusation would have caused her much uneasiness, but not all this irritation ; guilt is the cause of anger. I cast a supplicating look on Madame de Saint Martin ; in her place I should have given up a hundred shawls. She came to me, and, pressing my hand, said :

"You are right, this scene must be terminated ;" then

turning to the young lady, she continued, "You persist, then, in asserting that this shawl is yours?"

The other replied with a bitter smile, and drew the shawl closer upon her shoulders, as if in bravado. Many persons whom the singularity of the discussion had attracted seemed unwilling to disperse without seeing the close of the adventure. The Countess proceeded in a loud voice :

"If, madame, this shawl belongs to you, you will perhaps be able to explain why my name, *Christine*, is embroidered in red silk in the narrow border. Madame Junot will have the goodness to prove the fact."

The young woman became pale as death, and I shall never forget the distressed look she cast upon me, as with a trembling hand she put the shawl into mine. I received it with equal agitation, and sought for the name of *Christine*, hoping it had been removed, but the increasing paleness of the guilty party showed that this was improbable, and accordingly I found it almost immediately. Madame de Saint Martin looked up with an air of triumph, but the distress of the poor girl affected her, and her conduct proved the goodness of her heart. "Well," said she, "this is one of those accidents which often happen. I will send you your shawl to-morrow." Then, turning to the young lady's father, who, having been detained in an adjoining room, joined us at this moment, wondering at his daughter's uncovered shoulders : "It is only an exchange of shawls," said she, as she threw the one she had been wearing round her ; "you will return it to me to-morrow ; we have both been mistaken, that is all." "There," said she, as we returned to the ball-room, "is a pretty adventure."

I entreated her, for the sake of the young woman's mother, who was much esteemed in society, to say as little as possible respecting it : and Madame de Saint Martin, who behaved admirably throughout, gave me her promise, and

kept it. The unavoidable rumour was so slight and vague that the truth was known only to the Countess, myself, and a few other persons who were present at the explanation.

A nearly similar adventure happened at about the same period to Madame Hamelin at a ball. She stood up to dance a country dance, and left upon her seat a very handsome black shawl; on her return the shawl was gone, but she saw it upon the shoulders of a very well-known lady who was promenading the ball-room. She went to her.

"Madame, I beg your pardon, but you have taken up my shawl."

"Madame, I assure you you are mistaken."

"By no means. I can prove it to be mine, for it has thirteen palms, a very uncommon number: perhaps you will do me the favour to count them."

"It is unnecessary, because my shawl has thirteen palms."

"But, madame," said Madame Hamelin, "in coming here this evening I had the misfortune to tear it, and should know it by the rent."

"That is very singular," replied the other, "for mine has also its rent, which is precisely the reason of its being mine, as it enabled me to purchase it much cheaper than I otherwise could have done."

It was not easy to continue a dispute with a person so determined to pursue Basil's maxim, that what is worth taking is worth keeping, and Madame Hamelin lost her shawl, with no other consolation than the poor revenge of relating the story; but a woman capable of such an action is past blushing.

Dancing was the order of the day in the spring of 1806: it was the Emperor's will that his Court should be brilliant, and he knew that it could only be so through the medium of entertainments and pleasure. These forms of pleasure did not, it is true, accord with his taste: he would have

preferred a gallop of ten leagues to a *fête*. In taking violent exercise he could give the reins to important thoughts, whilst at a ball he was obliged to converse with men and women in set phrases, to prove that their Sovereign interested himself in their affairs. But Napoleon, while he disliked this noisy kind of life, saw the necessity of it, and he was not the man to sacrifice a powerful interest to his personal convenience or inclination.

Europe was now the theatre of important political events. The Kingdom of Naples had just been taken possession of by one of our armies, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Masséna with him, whose two lieutenants were Gouvion Saint Cyr and Regnier. Much has been said about this occupation of the Kingdom of Naples, but it is not one of those arbitrary acts for which Napoleon can fairly be blamed. By the treaty of the 21st of September, 1805, the King of Naples engaged to remain neutral in the war with Austria. What happened? Ferdinand IV. forgot his pledged word, or rather remembered only to betray it.

We are very tolerant to-day, but, in the times I am writing of, matters were different; to either insult or injury the cannon was our answer. "The House of Naples has ceased to reign," said the Emperor in opening the Legislative Body in the year 1806; "it has irreparably forfeited its crown. The peninsula of Italy is reunited to the Great Empire. As Supreme Chief I have guaranteed the sovereigns and the constitutions which govern its different divisions. It is pleasing to me to declare here that my people have done their duty. In the heart of Moravia I have never ceased to receive testimonies of their love and enthusiasm. Frenchmen! this love is much more glorious even than the extent of your powers and riches!"

About this period died that distinguished advocate



Tronchet, who so nobly undertook the defence of Louis XVI. The King, when on his trial, demanded the assistance of Target and Tronchet ; the former declined, probably from conscientious scruples. Tronchet, though infirm, and almost a septuagenarian, accepted the noble commission. He was a man of great talent and probity. Napoleon, an acute judge of merit, sought his assistance, notwithstanding his great age (eighty-seven), in the compilation of the Civil Code.

This year, 1806, seemed to be as fatal to our navy as it had been favourable to our continental successes. I had been witness of the satisfaction with which Napoleon received the news of the victory of Algeiras ; an accident made me also the witness of his grief on learning the capture of Admiral Linois by the English on his return from India. He commanded a single ship of the line, and one frigate ; the enemy had not only a superior force, but an entire squadron.

The Emperor's agitation in the first moment of hearing the news must have been terrible ; his countenance was greatly changed when he came, soon after, into the Empress's apartment, where we then were, and his emotion was even then violent ; a frightful oath escaped him. The Empress Josephine said a few words to him in a low voice ; he answered, still passionately, and I heard the words : " Poor Magon ! " He recovered himself soon, and spoke of Admiral Linois in the most flattering terms, and such as this distinguished sailor merits.

Alas ! the battle which took place some weeks previously to this latter affair, between the English Admiral Duckworth and the French Rear-Admiral Leissègues in the Bay of Saint Domingo, was the death-blow to our navy. It is true that it was our constant misfortune to encounter forces numerically superior. Thus, in the instance of the battle of Saint

Domingo, we were, as usual, in the minority ;\* the English had seven ships of the line, two frigates, and two sloops, and their whole squadron mounted five hundred and eighteen guns ; our force consisted only of five ships of the line, two frigates, and one corvette, mounting in the aggregate four hundred and twenty-six guns. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, with a fury exceeding all conception. A cousin of mine, then in the Imperial Navy, and serving in the corvette, assured me that all the knowledge we had of the disasters of Trafalgar could give no idea of the horror of this battle. At length, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of our seamen, three French vessels were taken, and two others burned after being wrecked.

Some time after these disastrous tidings others arrived from Saint Domingo of a character suited to their author, Dessalines. This bloodthirsty tiger had sometime previously announced his atrocious projects in the proclamation† which he issued on taking possession of the island after the unfortunate capitulation of General Rochambeau—a capitulation to which the General was necessitated by the yellow fever which mowed down his troops, a burning climate, and the most sanguinary of wars ; but, above all, by the total want of confidence which had resulted from the inexcusable artifices of General Leclerc, who had rendered the whites most obnoxious to the natives of the island.

I have already spoken of General Lallemand as a valued

\* [The English reader will make allowance for Madame Junot's nationality in thus attempting to palliate the naval disasters of the French ; in making the above assertion she forgets that in the battle of Trafalgar she has herself admitted the combined French and Spanish fleet to consist of five ships more than the British.]

† This sanguinary appeal to the revengeful feelings of the Haytiens was couched in very subtle terms. Under the pretext of upholding *Liberty* and *Independence*, it advocated, too successfully, a war of extermination. See vol. ii., page 341.

friend of my husband and myself. He went to America in 1802, where he distinguished himself ; but he displeased the General-in-Chief, who did not like such men as Lallemant, and he returned to Europe almost in disgrace. One day he entered my drawing-room, accompanied by an exceedingly beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, and possessed that graceful pliancy of form for which the Creoles are remarkable. She had light-brown hair and soft blue eyes, a set of teeth as white as pearls, and an expression of countenance, the charm of which everyone will acknowledge who has seen Madame Lallemant.

Even on my first acquaintance with her I formed a high opinion of her understanding ; but subsequent circumstances proved her to possess a mind of a most elevated order. She had come to France accompanied by her mother, the beautiful Madame de Lartigues, whose vast fortune enabled her to rival the splendour of the most wealthy Parisians. Her property in Saint Domingo produced five hundred thousand livres per annum. All this property was lost in one day. She vainly endeavoured to recover some wrecks of it when the French army was at the Cape [François] ; but nothing was restored to her.

Junot was at Parma, and I was frequently receiving letters from him, in which he desired me to inquire of the Emperor whether I should not join him. It was an innocent *ruse*, which I very well understood, to learn whether he was likely to remain there long. But Napoleon was not a man to give an answer if it did not suit him. I consulted the Princess Caroline, who recommended me to speak to the Emperor upon the subject the first time I should chance to meet him. “ But take care,” added she, “ not to ask an audience for this purpose.”

She was right. At the first word I said to the Emperor upon the subject of my journey he asked with a sort of

pique whether Junot had appointed me his Ambassador to him, and whether my letters of credence were perfectly regular. I took special care not to answer that I had Junot's instructions to ask an audience ; but I said that of my own desire I took the liberty of asking him if I might not join my husband, and carry him his children, whom he had not seen for above six months.

I must here again remark how much Napoleon valued whatever tended to promote the internal repose and concord of families. To touch this chord was the sure means of securing his attention. He turned towards me, and slowly taking a pinch of snuff, as he always did when an idea was not disagreeable to him, he said with a half smile : " It is you, then, who wish to join Junot ! This is well, and would be better still if you had boys to take him, but you give him nothing but girls." He made me a gracious nod, and withdrew smiling. I wrote this little conversation to Junot, and his answer was a pressing desire for me to commence my journey forthwith. He wrote to me that the palace of the Dukes of Parma was admirably prepared for my reception ; and, indeed, I might well be tempted to act the petty sovereign, from all he told me, not only of the palace, but of his own situation there.

Junot wrote to me again to expedite my journey. He was getting weary of Parma, and was impatient to see me and the children once more. But just then I could not set out. My two daughters were both ill. The excellent M. Desgenettes, who attended them, cured them speedily, but not so effectually as to enable them, young as they were, to undertake a journey of four hundred leagues. I therefore wrote to Junot that I should set out about the end of May.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Junot's Success as Governor of Parma—Machinations of the Jesuits—Their Suppression in Italy—Junot's Kind Offices to the Princess of Parma—Treaty with Prussia—Creation of Sovereigns in Napoleon's Family—The Emperor's Conversation on the Subject of my Journey to Parma—The Empress's Jealousy—Person and Character of the Princess Caroline—The Chamberlain, M. d'Aligre—His Firmness in refusing the Emperor's Wish to marry his Daughter to Caulaincourt—Character of the Princess Pauline—Her Great Beauty—The Emperor's Brothers—Louis created King of Holland—Reception of the Dutch Deputation—Character of Joseph and his Wife—Talleyrand created Prince of Benevento—My Journey Countermanded—Conversation with the Emperor on the Subject—Junot's Arrival at Paris.

JUNOT had done wonders in his expedition to Parma, or rather to the Apennines. The insurgents were severely punished; it was necessary, though they were not perhaps the most guilty parties. But the people were, in that instance as usual, the instruments employed by others, often against their own interests. Austerlitz was recent, and the Court of Rome also bore in mind the small result of its ultramontane journey. On Junot's arrival at Parma he found there a college of Jesuits directing the education of several students from various parts of Italy.

Among them was a young man from Bastia, in Corsica, who was recommended to Junot's notice by Generals

Casabianca and Sebastiani. Junot, in consequence, visited him at the college, spoke to the superior, and requested him to send the young man to dine with him every Sunday. The superior observed that it was against the rules for any scholar to go out alone ; upon which Junot politely invited him to accompany his pupil. The following Sunday the young Corsican came, according to appointment, attended by his confessor—a man of an austere countenance and manner, who seemed to be held in great awe by his companion. The student was thoughtful and melancholy ; he scarcely answered the questions put to him, and ate little. He was pale and thin, and seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. In vain the aides-de-camp endeavoured to lure him out of his silence ; he persevered during the whole time of dinner, and broke it only when Junot addressed him. This moody reserve was increased in his subsequent visit.

At length Junot was informed that he was taken ill ; he sent his physician to see the youth, but the reverend Fathers politely declined the offer. It soon became evident that some foul play was going on : whenever Junot called to see the young Corsican, the superior of the college contrived to find some obstacle. These subterfuges were at length unavailing ; Junot peremptorily demanded to see the youth. A horrible spectacle presented itself—the poor fellow, reduced to a skeleton, and in a high state of fever and delirium, was confined in a dark chamber, scarcely provided with common necessities. At the sight of Junot he burst into a fit of frenzy, uttering incoherently words of a threatening import to the Emperor. These expressions were accompanied by gestures indicating an attempt to commit assassination.

Junot left the chamber with an oppressed heart. He walked on some time in silence, then turning to the two

monks who were following him, with hanging heads, and no doubt cogitating upon the colour they could best give to this adventure, he addressed them in a tone which admitted no reply : "Fathers, you will please to prepare a portable bed, that the patient may be instantly removed from this house. Obey me promptly, for I intend myself to assist in his removal."

He directed Colonel Grandsaigne to return to the young man, and himself promenaded the court of the College till everything was prepared, refusing to re-enter the house. In a few minutes the young Corsican appeared upon a mattress borne by four hussars ; he seemed momentarily calm, but on seeing Junot would have thrown himself upon him, had not the soldiers withheld him. He was conveyed to the citadel, whither Junot followed him, and committed him to the care of the soldiers.

"My friends," said he, "here is a poor fellow attacked perhaps by a mortal illness ; but it is possible that care and assiduity may yet save him. I confide him to you ; and will divide twenty-five louis among you, if he recover."

Some days afterwards the four chief monks of the College came to the Government House. They had learnt that the young Corsican continued delirious, and they believed themselves safe ; their own people, however, had not all been equally silent.

"Fathers," said Junot, "I know all the enormity of your conduct ; I yesterday obtained information of crimes, by which the name of man, which you bear, should not have been stained. This morning I have sent off a courier to France, with despatches addressed directly to the Emperor. Prepare for an order to quit Parma immediately."

They wished to refute the accusation against them.

"Silence !" said Junot ; "I know all that has been said

and done. Go! and ask pardon of God, if you are capable of repentance."

It appeared from undoubted evidence that the Superior of the College was disposed to revenge the affront which many of the clergy conceived the Holy Father to have suffered from the Emperor, in not having obtained the restitution to the tiara of the three legations ceded at Tolentino; and in his journey beyond the Alps this man had cast his eyes upon the young Corsican who had been recommended to Junot, as an agent for his purpose. The witnesses deposed that he had been deprived of sleep, forced to watch whole nights at the foot of the cross in the church, alone, and with no other light than that of the tabernacle; and to pass whole days without food. It was thus they were treating him at the time of Junot's arrival at Parma.

It was proved that the unhappy youth, whom the fanaticism of these monks had designed to become the messenger of death, had been tortured by them to put him in a condition to commit a crime which they represented to him as a virtue, which would procure him a crown of glory, and that his weak nature could not resist all the means which had been employed.

The result of this investigation was that Junot received orders from the Emperor to banish the Jesuits from the states of Parma, and Piacenza in particular, and to forbid their being received in any part of the Kingdom of Italy. Their unfortunate victim died some weeks after without recovering his reason. The two physicians to whose skill Junot had committed him declared that the springs of life had been exhausted in the terrible trials his young imagination had been called upon to sustain.

While Junot was at Parma he was not employed only in punishing, but in performing acts of mercy and justice,



on behalf of the Emperor. His predecessor, Moreau de Saint Méry, thought it did not become a son of the Revolution to give any consideration to the fate of the Princess of Parma, daughter of the last Duke, and nothing suitable to her rank and name had been assigned to her. Junot wrote immediately to the Emperor that the Princess of Parma was entitled to a certain establishment which she did not enjoy, and asked his orders upon the subject. The establishment was instantly granted.

Meanwhile the King of Prussia had signed a treaty ratifying, with some trifling modifications, the provisional Convention of Vienna, and had issued a proclamation, thanking France for having abandoned to him the Electorate of Hanover as an indemnity for Anspach, Cleves, Bareuth, and Neufchatel ; this latter was afterwards raised to a Principality and given to Berthier. But all this Napoleon knew to be a forced demonstration ; he understood the real feelings of those kings who afterwards owed their crowns to him, and whose connection with him, beginning in perfidy, ended in ingratitude.

Alas ! at this moment a mania for royalty possessed his soul. His brothers and sisters became Kings and Queens. Madame Murat was called Grand Duchess of Berg ; and Joseph Bonaparte was taken from his peaceful and domestic pursuits to reign over the ancient Parthenope. "Leave me to be King of Mortefontaine," said he to his brother ; "I am much happier in that domain, the boundary of which, it is true, I can see, but where I know myself to be diffusing happiness." His wife experienced the same regret on quitting her home ; but Napoleon had spoken, and it was necessary to obey. He had said : "The House of Naples had ceased to reign, and a new King is given to the Two Sicilies."

The Princess Eliza was the first of his family whom Napoleon preferred to the supreme dignity. He conferred

on her the Republic of Lucca, which he erected into a Principality. When the Princess Caroline saw her eldest sister wearing a Sovereign crown, she also must have her ivory forehead similarly decorated. She was made Grand Duchess of Berg; but whether it was that there was no Duc de Nemours in her Duchy, or whether it was that one of her subjects, daughter of a shoemaker at Dusseldorf, but a very great lady notwithstanding at the Imperial Court, had spoken to her on terms of too much equality, she did not much like the lot that had fallen to her, and pleaded hard for a little kingdom.

Then came the turn of the Princess Pauline. The Emperor had actual warfare to sustain on her account. At length she was created Duchess of Guastalla. It was no great thing, to be sure, but even a molehill seemed too much for her to govern. If there had been kingdoms in the air, as in the time of the sylphs, she might have been enveloped in a pink and blue cloud, nicely perfumed, and sent to reign in those fortunate regions where the sceptre of government is a sprig of flowers. This, however, did not suit her; her tears and her pretty airs amused her brother for some time; but as it was not in his nature to be patient, he became angry at last.

The Princess Eliza discovered that Lucca and Piombino were miserable Principalities. She complained; the Princess Caroline complained; the Princess Pauline complained—it was a chorus of grievances. “Ah, *cà !*” said the Emperor; “what does all this mean? Will these ladies never be content? One would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late King our father!”

One day I had accompanied Madame to Saint Cloud, whither she went to dine with the Princess Borghèse, who then occupied the ground-floor of the palace; the Emperor came there in the evening, and, on seeing me, said laugh-

ingly : "Well, Madame Junot ! so you are not gone yet ?" "Sire, I am waiting till my daughters are perfectly recovered, and shall then immediately commence my journey."

"Do you know," said Madame, "that you ought to leave me my ladies ; here is Madame Junot, who has been absent from her duties for a twelvemonth, and you are going to send her to Italy !" "It is not I who send her—it is her own pleasure to go ; ask her yourself ;" and looking at me with a smile, he made me a significant sign. In such moments as these his countenance was charming. "Well, why do you not say that it is yourself who are positively determined to go to Parma?" "But, Sire, I cannot say what is not true. I have not the smallest inclination to go thither."

He burst into a fit of laughter—a very rare thing with him ; for though his smile was becoming, he scarcely ever laughed aloud, if at all. "And why is it not your pleasure to go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was pinched until it almost bled. "A good wife should always follow her husband ; it is the Gospel law." "Sire, your Majesty will permit me to say that the Gospel has nothing to do with this case ; that I am not a good wife in this particular ; and—that perhaps I might be a supernumerary at Parma."

"Ah ! ah ! these gossips have been putting mischief into your head ! Why do you listen to them ? Besides, the hen should be silent in the presence of the cock : if Junot amuses himself at Parma, what is that to you ? Wives must not torment their husbands, or they may make them worse." This he said, not looking at me, but with his eyes turned covertly towards the Empress, who, like a woman of sense, seemed not to understand him. Scenes of jealousy were becoming frequent ; and, to say the truth, not without some cause.

I had opened not only my eyes, but my ears, to what the Emperor had said. I then knew nothing of what I afterwards learned ; but the expression of my countenance as I looked at the Emperor had probably something in it extremely comic, for he again did me the honour of laughing at me.

“Well, there you are quite stupefied about a trifle—a trifle which you wives make a great concern when you know it, and which is of no consequence whatever when you do not. Now, shall I tell you all what you ought to say on such occasions? Do you wish to know?” “I listen, Sire.” “Just nothing ! but if, like the rest of your sex, you cannot be silent—if you must speak, let it be to approve.” “Indeed !” cried Madame. “Shocking !” said the Princess Borghèse. “I should like to see Prince Camille expecting me to approve such proceedings !” And she turned round upon her sofa, arranging the folds of her shawl.

The Empress said nothing ; but she had tears in her eyes, and I am sure that a single word would have made her weep, which the Emperor did not like. The tears of a woman made a profound impression upon him, and this was why he dreaded them so much. The man who could not, without emotion, hear the sound of the evening bells—and it is well known that he would frequently stop in his walk in the park of Malmaison to listen to the church bells of Reuil or Bougival—the man who often avowed the particular charm he found in seeing a delicate girl dressed in white and wandering among the trees, must needs have naturally possessed a susceptible heart ; and no doubt he concealed his feelings under a rude and dry exterior till this rind became a part of his character.

The Court was now very attentive to all the Emperor’s proceedings. At the time of the coronation he was in love, as I then stated, and the love was real. During my absence

some trouble had arisen about it. The Empress had been annoyed by the conduct of the favourite lady, who, in consequence, had received a recommendation to retire to a watering-place.

The Emperor, while making this concession, was out of humour about it, as the Empress had occasion to feel when any new cause of jealousy arose, which, as report said, was pretty frequently during the journey to Italy on account of the coronation; for the Emperor, though his heart had been really touched in one instance, never denied himself any gratification of the kind, and his wanderings were somewhat various.

Already the departure of the Princess Louis was whispered, and, although she was about to occupy a throne, her absence could not but be regretted in a Court of which she was the life. She reminded me of Henrietta of England. Not so the Princess Caroline; of all the family she was perhaps the only one who had not learnt to become a Princess; she could not leave off the satirical giggle and sneering of the schoolgirl, while her manners were undignified, and her walk the most ungraceful possible.

But in self-sufficiency she was perfectly the Sovereign lady; she spoke of herself and of her person with the highest consideration, and with a contemptuous ridicule of others, which imposed upon unthinking people. Her decisions upon all points were as inexhaustible as they were injudicious. With an incomparable freshness, and that profusion of lilies and roses which were enchanting when she shaded them with a fringe of embroidered tulle lined with pink satin, half enveloped in English point, and tied with ribbons of the same colour, as fresh and charming as her own complexion; with all this her beauty did not please. Her eyes were small; her hair, which in her infancy had been almost white, was now neither light nor dark; and

her unfortunate sneer showed her teeth too much, because, though white, they had not the regularity of a string of pearls like those of the Emperor and the Princess Pauline.

Her mind remained in its natural state, without any cultivation or instruction, and she never employed herself except in scrawling at random some pencil strokes upon white paper, which her flatterers called drawing ; as a child she had vivacity and an engaging manner ; and as she began to grow into youth just as her brother, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, was drawing worshippers to the star of his family, she had her full share of flatterers ; and as some philosophy is required to weed out from the minds of children the seeds of vice and evil habits, hers flourished at their leisure, in spite of the tuition of Madame Campan, with whom she was boarded for two years. Madame Campan, though a woman of very superior merits, had the great fault of never contradicting the daughters of rich and powerful families who were confided to her.

At this period the Court became materially diminished by the departure of the Princesses and the two brothers of the Emperor ; and the Princess Borghèse being always an invalid, and occupied solely with the care of her health, though not a very elegant amusement, it was on the Princess Caroline alone, or the Grand Duchess of Berg, as she chose to be called, that all the hopes of fashionable gaiety rested. She then occupied the beautiful palace of the Elysée, where she began to receive the Court *en princesse*, notwithstanding her satirical vein, to which people were becoming accustomed.

M. d'Aligre was Chamberlain to the Princess. I have remarked that the Emperor had a sort of preference for, without however liking, the Faubourg Saint Germain ; and whoever was of consideration there he was desirous of attaching to the new Government. The project of *fusion*,



JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE GENET,  
MADAME CAMPAN,

FIRST LADY IN WAITING TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE,  
AFTERWARDS PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY AT ÉCOLEN.

1752—1822.





of which he was incessantly talking, was not to be accomplished by such means. How could he suppose that persons whose opinions, as he well knew, differed in all points from his system, should become attached to him by such insignificant bribery?

M. d'Aligre, for example, possessor of a rental of 400,000 livres, was not likely to be much enchanted with the office of carrying the Princess Caroline's white slippers in his pocket, while he was in a condition to act the petty sovereign in his own domain. The Emperor had another object in summoning M. d'Aligre to Court; he proposed to marry his daughter to General Caulaincourt; and M. d'Aligre's noble conduct in this affair amply redeemed the white slippers. The Emperor first had his desire or rather his will notified to him, and finding that the business did not advance, summoned him to his cabinet.

Napoleon at this particular period was not only absolute master of all that surrounded him, but exercised a sort of fascination which made every eye fall under the eagle glance of his. But M. d'Aligre was a father, and justly looked upon the paternal authority as the highest of the two then in conflict. He refused his daughter to M. de Caulaincourt. The reason was a terrible one, but he had courage enough to speak it out, and the marriage did not take place. The Emperor was very much dissatisfied with this resistance, and if Duroc had not opposed the plan he would have taken the young lady out of her father's hands, and commanded the nomination of a family council, conjointly with the Imperial Attorney-General, to dispose of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aligre, since her father, for reasons which reflected on the honour of the Government, refused a match in all other respects suitable.

The Emperor sometimes, in his first impressions, gave way to terrible explosions of passion; and so eccentric and

unjust would his actions be under their influence, that his most faithful servants could not better display their attachment than by taking upon themselves to suspend proceedings commanded in a moment of passion. The most curious part of the business is that Caulaincourt was at this moment passionately in love with a beautiful woman, whose love was vastly more precious to him than Mademoiselle d'Aligre.

Although the Emperor was angry that his authority was compromised between M. d'Aligre and him, M. de Caulaincourt was perfectly determined not to accept the hand which the Emperor was desirous of covering with the bridal glove. How many times during the years which the Empire lasted have I seen unions, formed under such auspices, become the fruitful sources of misfortune and discord !

The Princess Pauline was a mimic, which, however, was not at all becoming to her. She would quiz a brown complexion, though it was neither generous nor in good taste, because her own was very fair. Another raillery to which she often condescended, and which had not common sense, particularly in an Imperial Princess, was mimicking the style of walking of all her female acquaintances. Thus, at the rehearsals of the quadrille, she had a full view of every new-comer from her station at the upper end of the gallery, and made her satirical remarks upon each.

The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family, while their countenances were so similar, was very extraordinary. Their heads possessed the same type, the same features, the same eyes, the same expression (always excepting the Emperor); beyond this nothing could be more unlike.

The Princess Borghèse was an elegant nymph. Her statue, by Canova, *moulded from herself*, is that of an

enchanted being. It has been asserted that the artist corrected defects in the leg and bust. I have seen the legs of the Princess, as I believe all have who were moderately intimate with her, and I have observed no such defects; indeed, the perfection of their make may be inferred from her walk. It was slow, because she was indisposed, but the grace of her movement showed that the members were happily formed. How finely her head was inclined, and how beautifully it turned upon her shoulders! The only imperfection of her person was that the ear wanted its curl.

The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill made; her bones were square and prominent, and her arms and legs seemed tacked to her body as if by chance. The Princess Caroline required a body at least two inches taller to be in proportion to her head. Her shoulders were certainly fat and fair, but so round and high that her throat was lost in them; and the motion of her head—that motion so graceful in a woman, and above all so important in a Princess—became altogether disagreeable and almost vulgar. Her hands were white and mottled, and of that transparent fairness which has something ideal in it, and reminds one of what we may have dreamed of the inhabitants of the air. Nevertheless, I preferred the hand of the Queen Hortense.

The brothers were equally dissimilar. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and the King of Holland, were all three perfectly well made, though small, while the persons of the Prince of Canino and the King of Westphalia were as much in contrast with them and with each other as their sisters. The King of Westphalia's head and shoulders resembled the Princess Caroline's, and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There was one point of general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame Mère, in which all her eight

children might be recognized, not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each.

Prince Louis Bonaparte was recognized as King of Holland on the 5th of June of this year. Holland sent her Ambassadors on the occasion; the court was at Saint Cloud, where the Emperor received the deputation with great delight.\* I believe he was more fond of Prince Louis than any of his brothers, except Joseph, and his affection for the Princess Louis and her children was paternal. So fine a kingdom as that of Holland was a noble proof of attachment to offer to his brother and sister-in-law. He expected implicit obedience, and considered that his family should find their happiness in it. But he found in his brothers an obstinate resistance to his authority, founded upon honour and their consciences. The conduct of Louis in Holland is worthy of the highest eulogium; Holland still remembers it with gratitude.

I have not yet delineated the domestic circle of Joseph, then King of Naples; one who, as senior, would have been the head of the Bonaparte family if the great man had not displaced him. Joseph Bonaparte, like all his brothers, was born in Corsica, but spoke French with less of a foreign accent than any Corsican I ever knew. You would seldom see a better countenance; it was that of the Princess Borghèse, with masculine strength and expression, and possessing a mild and intelligent smile.

Entering upon life at a period when disorder was trium-

\* Napoleon presented his nephew, the young Prince Louis, to the deputation, and desired the child to show his regard to his future subjects. A prince of five years of age would naturally suppose that he could offer no better proof of his respect for his visitors than the recitation of his last task; he accordingly repeated for their edification the fable of *The Frogs asking Jupiter for a King*. So, at least, it was said at the time. Napoleon was greatly incensed at the jest; he did not like this sort of trifling with power.



LOUIS BONAPARTE,  
KING OF HOLLAND,  
CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, COMTE DE ST. LEU.

1778—1846.



phant, and servility and impudence were alike the road to power, his first actions gave hopes of a disposition of humanity and beneficence which the subsequent course of his life fully confirmed. He was well-read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England, and his studies, always seriously pursued, were continued much beyond the term prescribed by custom. He loved poetry and the belles-lettres, and took pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. It has been said that his character was weak and false. He had goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment.

These qualities, except the latter, could only be mischievous to him in a country over which he was called to govern by the aid of force and constraint. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain, was nevertheless admirable. The situation of Napoleon's brothers had always been painful as soon as they were placed upon a throne: he wished to make them sovereigns, but expected from them the submission of prefects. King Joseph left France with great regret; he entreated his brother not to force a crown upon him; he preferred "to reign at Mortefontaine." He was a good father; even a good husband, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary; and a constant friend.

By the indigent inhabitants of Paris the name of the Princess Joseph, Queen of Spain, was held in great respect; all such as were existing when she lived at Paris, and who reside there still, will not fail to remember the virtues of this angel of benevolence. Without being handsome she was charming; she amply made amends for the want of beauty by being virtuous, charitable, and amiable. Queen Julia, as she was called to distinguish her from the Queen of Charles IV., was conscious of the importance of the art of commanding; but rejecting all adventitious aids, she based it upon genuine modesty and dignity of sentiment.

She disliked show, whether in her actions or her dress. Always simply attired, she wore jewels only when necessary for the proper display of her rank.

The Emperor held her in high esteem, and was affectionately attached to her. Her husband venerated and loved her dearly. He had a somewhat chequered life, it is true, as a man of pleasure ; but his natural goodness of heart always preserved him from exposures which might have given pain to his wife. He loved her as a friend and as the mother of his daughters. The Queen Julia's departure for Naples was a great grief to Madame Mère, who, since the death of Madame Lucien, loved her more than any of her other daughters-in-law.

Madame did not love the Empress Josephine ; though, to say the truth, the conduct of the Empress towards her had, since the coronation, been everything she could desire. Whether her own good fortune made her more affectionate towards her relatives, or whether the Emperor had commanded it, it is certain that a great improvement was then perceptible in the Empress's attentions to Madame.

Some time before Junot's return we had a foretaste of the Emperor's projects of nobility, not only by the creation of some orders of chivalry, but also by the almost feudal investiture of M. de Talleyrand. It was in the month of June, 1806, that this man, whom Napoleon then believed devoted to himself and his dynasty,\* was created by him Prince of Benevento.

I was one evening employed in giving orders for my departure, and about to commence my journey in two days, when General Bertrand, the aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was announced. As he had not previously visited me I was

\* *All* our Governments have had good cause to be well pleased with him.



rather surprised to see him. This surprise was increased when he informed me it was the Emperor's command that I should abandon my journey to Parma ; at the same time he expressed his own opinion that this measure boded no harm.

As my daughter Josephine, though recovered, was still only convalescent, I was rejoiced not to be obliged to expose her to the fatigue of so long a journey. It was the 7th of July, and the heat was oppressive.

My departure being indefinitely delayed, I resumed my duties, and took my turn the following week in waiting upon Madame. I accompanied her on Sunday to the family dinner at the Tuileries. We dined at a table at which the Empress's Lady of Honour presided, and afterwards repaired to the Emperor's salon in waiting. On this day the Emperor sent for me into the cabinet where the Princesses were. He was standing before the chimney, though there was no fire, and was observing my courtesies of ceremony with an air of mockery, almost provoking.

"Well, Madame Junot, people always improve by travelling ; how gracefully you courtesy now ! Does she not, Josephine ?" and he turned towards the Empress. "Is she not elegant ? No longer a little girl, but Madame l'Ambassadrice ! Madame——," and he looked at me with an expression so sly, and almost subtle, that I blushed, without knowing why. "Well ! what would you like to be called ? I suppose you know that there are not many names worthy to supersede that of Madame l'Ambassadrice ?"

In pronouncing these words he raised his voice ; but he was evidently in high good-humour. Never, perhaps, had I seen him so disposed to chat gaily. He still looked at me, and I smiled. He no doubt understood me, for he immediately said : "Oh ! I know very well that you wish to learn

why you are not upon your travels ; is it not so ?” “ It is true, Sire ; and I even wish to ask your Majesty whether we poor women are also subject to military discipline ? Because, otherwise——” [I cannot describe the suddenness of his interruption. His look and his words were like lightning ; all his gaiety of humour seemed to have disappeared in a second.] “ Well ! what would you do then ?” “ I should set out, Sire,” I replied very tranquilly, for he never intimidated me to the extent of being unable to answer him. His good-humour returned immediately. “ Faith, I have a great inclination to let you,” said he, laughing ; “ but no, stay at home and take care of your children ; they are ill, says the *Signora Letizia* ; the Empress avers that my god-daughter is the prettiest little girl in Paris ; now I deny that she is prettier than my niece, Lætitia.”

“ You have not told me whether you are satisfied with Madame Junot, *Signora Letizia*. And are you very glad to be placed about my mother ?” added he, addressing me. For answer, I took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my mother. The excellent woman drew me towards her and embraced me. “ She is a good child,” said she, “ and I shall take pains to prevent her being wearied in my service.” “ Yes, yes,” said the Emperor, pinching my ear ; “ but be careful in particular that she does not go to sleep in overlooking your *eternal reversis*, and in gazing till she is blind upon that picture of David’s, which, however, is a speaking lesson to those who shed their blood in battles ; it reminds us that all Sovereigns are ungrateful.”\*

I was thunderstruck ! I had said these very words only two evenings before in a party of four persons only, whom I

\* Belisarius, purchased by Lucien, and left by him in the salon of the Hôtel de Brienne.

will not name. But I have always remarked that the Emperor never took offence unless he had the leisure, inclination, and opportunity to punish. At that time my words had no ill effect upon him ; he only said, with a serious and very affectionate expression of manner : " They are not all so." Madame, who was not always quite mistress of what was passing, owing to the difficulty of following the conversation in the French tongue, understood, from the expressive countenance of her son, that something remarkable had been said, and she took up the conversation.

" Ah !" said she, " Junot has no reason to fear being forgotten by us ! I shall remember to the end of my life the day when he came weeping and kissing my hands to tell me that you were in prison. He wished to deliver you or to die with you. Oh, from that day I took him to my heart as a sixth son." " Yes," said the Emperor, " Junot is a faithful and loyal friend, and a brave fellow ! Adieu, Madame Junot, adieu ;" and making a farewell salute with his hand, he smiled affectionately on me as he withdrew to his private cabinet. In opening the door he stopped again, and, looking at me as I courtesied to him, he added : " But this Court of Lisbon has made you quite a Court lady : do you know that, Madame Junot ?"

This scene made me reflect upon what several of my friends had been saying for some days past. It was whispered that Junot was appointed Governor of Paris ; reports of war were also heard ; but at this time all political news was so doubtful and so cautiously hinted, that nothing could be received as authentic till it was no longer a secret from anyone. It was also said that the movements in Paris would have made no noise during the campaign if Junot had been at the head of its military government.

The Emperor's confidence in his courage was equal to

that which he reposed in his fidelity, and in fact such a choice would accord well with a probable military absence of the Emperor, when it was important that the place should be filled not only by a person devoted to him, but by one whose character, being also well known to the Parisians, would form a mutual guarantee to them and to Napoleon. A few days after this conversation I had gone to spend the evening with a friend, when a message was brought me announcing Junot's arrival. As it was very fine, and I had sent away my carriage, I immediately set out on foot to return home.

In the Rue de Choiseul I met my husband, who, impatient to see me, had put himself into the carriage which was coming to fetch me. He asked me if I had any notions which could lead him to guess the course he ought to take, as he was totally ignorant of the cause of his recall. I told him the few words that General Bertrand had said upon the subject, and we agreed that there could be nothing alarming in it. The next day Junot went to the Tuileries, and the Emperor received him with the most cordial kindness.

"Ah !" said he on his return home, as he had already said at Arras, "gladly would I give my life for that man." The Emperor, however, had said nothing ; he had merely given him a gracious and affectionate welcome, and had infused into the interview the amicable confidence which marked the happy days of the Army of Italy. Many reports were afloat at the time, and every one had his own conjectures. Prince Louis had been recognized King of Holland ; he was therefore no longer Governor of Paris ; a sort of overture on this subject was made to Junot by the Princess Caroline ; upon which he remarked to me, "Of all the favours the Emperor could grant me, to be Governor of Paris would be the highest point of my ambition."

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But still the Emperor said nothing. He treated Junot with the greatest kindness, but not one word escaped as to the reason of his being recalled from Parma, where he was still wanted. The Emperor, however, never saw him without closely questioning him about this insignificant corner of Italy.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Junot appointed Governor of Paris—Gift from the City of Paris—  
 Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine—Gianni, the *Improvvisatore*—  
 An Excursion on Donkeys—Journey with Madame de Brissac  
 —Russian Correspondence indiscreetly avowed—M. Millin—  
 Death of Mr. Fox—Napoleon's Protection of the Jews—Mar-  
 mont's Victory in Illyria—The Emperor leaves Paris—Napo-  
 leon and Henry IV.—Double Character of Bonaparte—Camba-  
 cères.

At length the mystery of Junot's arrival was explained in a manner most triumphant to himself, gratifying to his friends, and heaping confusion on his enemies and detractors. He was reappointed Governor of Paris on July 19, 1806 ; the Emperor, on announcing this preferment to him, took him kindly by the hand and addressed him in these remarkable words : " Junot, you are Governor of Paris, which I wish to make the first city in the world. I have nominated you to this important post because I know you, and I know that under your administration my good Parisians will be treated as your children. They love and esteem you, and will, I am sure, be pleased to see the man to whom, on parting with him, they presented a sword bearing so striking an inscription as that which is engraved on its blade. My friend, you must deserve another such mark of their esteem."

The Emperor made a correct estimate of the satisfaction the city of Paris would experience in learning the appointment of Junot. As soon as it was known, the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, at the head of the twelve Mayors came to see him and express their joy upon the occasion. I shall never forget the emotion with which Junot, coming to my apartment after this visit of the Prefect and Mayors, took me in his arms and shed an abundance of tears upon my shoulders. "Ah," said he, "what a blessing it is to weep for joy! What happiness have I just experienced in finding the little good I have been the means of doing rewarded by the attachment and esteem of my fellow-citizens."

A peculiarity marked the appointment of Junot to the government of Paris. It issued immediately from the cabinet of the Emperor, without the intervention of any of the Ministers. It proceeded, therefore, from the office of the Secretary of State, as do the nominations of the Ministers. This is the copy of the original :

"EXTRACT FROM THE MINISTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE.

"At the Palais of Saint Cloud, 19th July, 1806.

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy,

"We have decreed, and do decree, as follows :

"The General of Division Junot, Grand Officer of the Empire, Colonel General of the Hussars, is nominated Governor of Paris.

"(*Signed*)                      NAPOLEON.

"By the Emperor, the Secretary of State,

"HUGUES B. MARET.

"The Minister of War,

"MARSHAL BERTHIER.

"*By Duplicate.*

"The Inspector-in-Chief of the Reviews, Secretary-General,

"DENNÉE."

Such was the form of my husband's appointment. That which followed it ten days afterwards, as a new proof of the Emperor's confidence, came in the ordinary routine through the office of the Minister of War. It was the command of the First Military Division, being the only instance of this command being united to the government of Paris. The first division then extended beyond Orleans, I believe even to Blois or Tours.

Some days after the appointment of Junot a lady of my acquaintance made me a morning visit when Junot was from home. She told me that the city of Paris, desirous of expressing its satisfaction, and perhaps also of thanking me personally for what I had done in the winter of 1803, begged me to say whether I should prefer as a present a necklace of pearls or of diamonds.

"My choice is easily made," replied I. "I will accept neither the one nor the other."

"Why? Do not refuse before you have seen Junot. Consult him."

"If it will give you any satisfaction I will; but I warn you that you will meet with a more peremptory refusal from him than from me; it is doubtful if he would not be offended."

It turned out as I had predicted. On Junot's return the affair was mentioned to him. His first answer was an expression of anger, the next a direct refusal. It was no longer the sword, with its simple and affecting inscription, that was in question.

Frochot, who had been the instigator of the presentation, was vexed. "Well," said he, "we will say no more about it. Madame Junot will accept a breakfast service of porcelain and some flowers for her *fête*, on which day we intend to felicitate her. Neither she nor the General can refuse them."



We must indeed have been very bad-tempered to do so. It was an interchange of marks of attachment. The Municipal Council knew that Junot distributed through my hands more than 20,000 francs in the year in alms, and the gratitude of the city was expressed through its organ.

On the 10th of August then, Saint Laurence's Day, the Prefect of the Seine (M. Frochot) came, at the head of the twelve Mayors, at noon precisely, to congratulate me on my *fête*. It was one of those moments of my life in which I have been the most deeply affected. I know not how I replied to Frochot's witty compliment; I remember only my emotion. He presented me with a basket, three feet and a half in diameter, filled with artificial flowers, most admirably executed. The immense mass it contained may be easily imagined. On each side of the basket was placed a flower-pot, the one containing an orange-tree, the other a pomegranate-tree.

"You have permitted us to offer you some flowers," said M. Frochot, "and though this is the season when it is easy to procure fresh ones, we have preferred giving you these, that the pledge of our homage may be the more lasting."

M. Frochot added that the breakfast service, which the city of Paris proposed presenting to me, was to have the city arms upon each piece, and required therefore a longer time in preparation; "but we hope," said he, "that it will be ready under a month."

"Well, *Madame la Gouvernense*," said the Emperor to me, when I went on Saint Napoleon's Day to pay my court to him, "so you enact the petty sovereign."

I was dismayed, for after the pleasure I had experienced in the attention of Frochot and the twelve Mayors, it would have been very distressing to me if the Emperor had taken it amiss; but on looking up, I perceived that his counten-

ance was illuminated with that amiable and charming smile it was so delightful to contemplate.

“It is right, quite right ; I perfectly approve of that which is honourable being honoured. Junot holds the first place about me, after Berthier ; do you know that, *Madame la Gouverneuse* ?”

This was the appellation by which he almost always called me. From the period of my return from Portugal, the Emperor was always very kind to me, and was continually saying something agreeable. Thus in the present instance he seemed perfectly well pleased with this proceeding of the Mayors, which was repeated on the 1st of January following, and subsequently on every New Year’s Day and 10th of August, and always with the Emperor’s approbation.

I received in the month of August a letter from Madame de Fontanges, desiring me to join Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine, where she was passing the summer. It was not my turn to be in waiting, but Madame de Saint Pern had been taken extremely ill at Pont, and according to appearance it would be long before she would be able to resume her attendance. I left Junot to be, in his turn, nurse to his daughters, for I would not take them with me, though Madame had offered me an apartment large enough to accommodate them ; but I had heard observations upon this subject, and I knew that children are very troublesome to strangers.

Besides, Junot had given himself a sprain, which would confine him to the sofa for the greater part of the time I should be with Madame, and I left him without fears either for him or for them. Madame Campan had procured me a young governess, an English Catholic, uniting, said Madame Campan, all the qualities desirable in an instructress, but I was not to see her, or to take her into my house, till the month of October. I therefore left my daughters under the

care of Junot and of Fanchette, the nurse, and took with me only a *femme-de-chambre* and a valet.

I cannot tell how such a *château* as that of Pont-sur-Seine came to be purchased for the mother of the Sovereign of France. The building is handsome, undoubtedly ; but a fine heap of freestone does not of itself constitute an agreeable residence. It is near Brienne, that Brienne where the Emperor passed the first years of his youth. Was it for the purpose of enabling her to return the attentions which Madame de Brienne had lavished upon the young Napoleon that Madame was placed there? I know not ; but if so, the purpose was ill answered. Madame de Brienne was a petty Sovereign in her demesne, the beauty of which was truly royal. Her harsh and disagreeable countenance was in accordance with her demi-royal air and uncourteous manners.

Madame visited her the first and second years of her residence at Pont, and was received with great magnificence ; but however well pleased she might appear to be while there, Madame always returned discontented from these visits. I thought I could guess the cause : the remembrance of former times, when Napoleon obtained an exhibition at Brienne, and when M. Bonaparte the father wrote to the Minister of War to request a continuation of that exhibition for one of his younger sons, probably rose as a barrier against any familiarity between Madame and Madame de Brienne.

The days were passed at Pont in a monotonous and dull routine, which might have been thought wearisome to a person of my age. But I may observe here that I have never in my life been subject to the inroads of *ennui*. We rose when it suited us, and breakfasted at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say, at noon, when all the society of the *château* assembled. These personages were M. and Madame

de Brissac, M. Guieu the secretary, the Comte de la Ville, General Casabianca, and M. Campi, the latter a man of capacity and honesty, a Republican of the old stock, and of almost Spartan austerity of manners; he drank nothing but water, and ate no animal food. Besides these were the Baronne de Fontanges and Mademoiselle Delaunay the reader, an agreeable inmate, whose talents were invaluable in this retreat, where we were almost lost to the world.

A piece of good fortune, which I was very far from expecting, befell us in the arrival of Gianni. I had heard of him as the cleverest *improvisatore* of Italy, and was very desirous of meeting him. The poet was prodigiously ugly. He was four feet high, with an enormous bust, swelling into a hump behind and a hump before; arms that would have enabled him to tie his shoes without stooping; and a face that was no contradiction to all this deformity.

Another person who came at the same time contributed much to the pleasure of our society by his extreme kindness and politeness; this was Cardinal Fesch. I have seldom met with a more amiable and inoffensive man, or one more desirous of doing good. The Emperor was unjust in not acknowledging the integrity of his motives in his defence of his rights. But whatever occurred at a later period, at Pont he was a charming auxiliary in finding agreeable occupation for hours that might have proved tedious.

After breakfast needlework was introduced, and sometimes, in very hot weather, Madame played at cards. Then we dispersed to our own apartments, or went to make visits. Then came the toilet and dinner-time; and afterwards, in the long summer evenings, a ride in open carriages on the banks of the Seine or in the woods towards the Paraclete. This ancient abbey, which the names of Heloise and Abelard have rendered so celebrated, was at this time the property

of a man whose manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, had not much in common with his predecessors ; this was the author and actor Monvel.

Gianni, inspired by the memory of Heloise, proposed an excursion to the Paraclete ; the assent was general. But as the distance was somewhat considerable it was necessary to contrive how it should be traversed. "On donkeys," said Gianni. It was agreed ; and "Yes, on donkeys," was repeated in chorus. All the cabbage-carriers of the neighbourhood were put in requisition, and on the appointed day twenty donkeys, in most miserable plight, were assembled in the court of the *château*. I do not remember whether Madame de Brissac was of the party, but I shall never forget Gianni's hunch protruding between the ears of his ass.

Madame was in an open carriage. It was a lovely day, and we set out on our peregrination in high spirits. My donkey, however, was not in the same case ; he had been accustomed, I suppose, to carry manure to the kitchen garden, for no other road could he be persuaded to take, and made a most desperate resistance to all attempts at putting him in motion on the highway. At last the quarrel became so vehement that we parted company, the glory of the day being all on his side.\* Gianni was twenty paces from me ; and the provoking man, instead of dismounting to my assistance, kept his seat upon his ass, looking at me a few seconds as I lay upon the ground, and exclaimed :

"Laura d'un asino in giù caddè  
Perchè per gli asini LAURO non è."

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\* "Well, *Madame la Gouverneuse*, so you let yourself be thrown by an ass?" said the Emperor, the first time I went to the Tuileries after my return. As he would not have taken the trouble of making particular inquiries into what concerned me personally, it was evident from this remark that he knew all the daily occurrences within his mother's family.

We know that Petrarch often used the name of Laura for *alloro*, or *lauro*.

“Ho perduto il verde Lauro  
Ch’er’ al mio fianco alta colonna.”

Though almost stunned by the fall, I could not forbear laughing at this grotesque personage versifying from his ass, which, much better behaved than mine, did not stir a foot during the improvisation. I was, however, dreadfully shaken, and the traitor beast had bruised me all over. Madame, on reaching the theatre of my discomfiture, would not permit me to mount again, and I was bled, for my head had fallen upon a stone. She was all maternal kindness to me in this instance, as in every other, or at least if—which very rarely happened—she was otherwise, it was always my own fault.

At the expiration of my month’s service I requested permission to return to Junot; my house required my presence. Since my husband had been Governor of Paris he had but once received company, and then without the proper ceremonial; it was necessary I should preside. Madame understood all this admirably; and I set out the next day, taking with me Madame de Brissac, who, for the first time in her life, resolved upon a separation of a few days from her husband.

On arriving at Paris I heard an important piece of news—Madame made a rule that politics should never be spoken at Pont—it was that Russia had refused to ratify the preliminaries of peace signed at Paris on the 20th of July. I was at that time in the habit of receiving frequent letters from Russia. The Emperor, who knew all that was passing to an extent that I can scarcely understand, even now that I am acquainted with the wires which moved all his machines, sometimes asked me, jestingly, whether I had news from Petersburg or Moscow.

“Will your Majesty permit me to tell you the very

expressions of a letter received from Moscow only the day before yesterday?" "Certainly." "The Russians profess, Sire, that if the Emperor Alexander would only lead them to the Vistula they would be in Paris in two months." The Emperor, looking at me with an expression to which it is impossible to do justice, said slowly: "Have you really received a letter from Russia in which they write anything so absurd? You must be in correspondence with fools." "By no means, Sire. The writer of the sentence I have had the honour to repeat to your Majesty is the Count Novosilzoff, correspondent of the Institute of France, and one of the most scientific men in Europe."

The next day General Duroc called, and asked me why I had made such a report to the Emperor. "Because such a letter has really arrived from Russia." "I suppose so, but certainly not to you, for I am quite sure you are not troubling yourself with politics, which would be tiresome to you and very displeasing to the Emperor."

"Political letters would be certainly tiresome to me; though, if I liked politics, I really do not see why my Russian correspondents should not write on that subject as well about balls and *fêtes*. But to comfort you I will tell you that this alarming letter, though it did really come from Moscow, was not addressed to me, but to my friend Millin. You know I have often spoken of this correspondence, partly scientific and partly political; I have read the letter, however, and the words are such as I have described." The result of my indiscretion was an inquiry extremely disagreeable to my poor friend Millin. A multitude of explanations were required of him which distressed him exceedingly, for he was one of the most discreet and peaceable of men, and he feared that his friends in Moscow would be uneasy. I confessed my fault, and he forgave me the more readily as I was a favourite of his.

Many changes took place soon after my return to Paris from Pont. A great event had just changed the face of affairs in Europe—Mr. Fox was dead.

As Prime Minister after the death of his rival, Mr. Pitt, he opened negotiations which proved his desire to re-establish amicable relations between France and England. His death broke them off, and the spirit of Mr. Pitt returned to the guidance of the British Cabinet. This was a great crisis for Europe.

It was at this moment that a fact of little importance in itself showed the extent of Napoleon's views, and of the measures by which he was likely to promote them. The principal Rabbins of the Jewish people had held a meeting in the preceding July for the purpose of deciding upon the demands they should address to the Emperor; and they determined to request the admission of their whole nation to a free participation of civil and religious rights, with certain modifications. A great Sanhedrim was convoked, and Napoleon took under his especial protection this people, who, rejected by all other nations, were thus receiving from generation to generation the punishment of their crimes.

The Emperor displayed his skilful policy in thus granting them his support; he knew that in Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia, troops of this race were congregated, whose hearts, oppressed by persecution and misfortune, would open with ecstasy to an honourable future, and would salute with the name of Messiah the man who should offer it them. And these expectations were fulfilled. All the numerous disciples of the Law of Moses in Russia, Germany, and in Poland especially, became devoted to him, body and soul, and he thus possessed auxiliaries in quarters of which the most interested parties had no suspicion.

The horizon became daily more cloudy. One evening Junot returned from Saint Cloud with a serious expression



of countenance. He had been invited to hunt with the Emperor ; but the time they might have been killing rabbits had been spent in discussion upon the most effectual method of destroying men. Illyria was at the moment the theatre of combats.

General Marmont had gained a victory near Ragusa over a corps of revolted Montenegrins, who had been joined, it was said, by some Russians. War was inevitable, and honourable as was his charge at Paris, Junot was inconsolable, because it would prevent his accompanying the Emperor in the approaching campaign.

The Emperor's departure was so sudden, particularly to persons who were not in the secrets of Government, that a general surprise was manifest, and in the south some discontent. The Emperor insisted on the strictest discipline being observed by the army on its march through the northern departments, which consequently were gainers by this prodigious passage of troops ; but depopulation and increased taxation were the effects through which the war was felt in the south. All the letters which I received from Languedoc and Gascony complained loudly. Bordeaux especially, which had so lately hoped for a happy termination of the negotiations with England, saw itself thrown back into a state of stagnation which was destructive to its interests.

On the 25th of September Junot was invited to dine at Saint Cloud with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor was to set out in the night ; he had observed the grief which Junot experienced in not being permitted to accompany him, and, to do him justice, he was all kindness to his old friend. The Sovereign resumed the manners which had formerly so much charmed Junot in the companion of his walks in the *Jardin des Plantes*. Junot was affected, for it always seemed to inspire him with new life when the Emperor

spoke to his heart. He told me his feelings on the following morning, saying : "It was Sully and Henry IV." "Except," replied I, laughing, "that you are not quite so reasonable as the Minister of the good King, and——" "And what?" "And though the Emperor is a greater man than Henry IV., it is by no means certain that he is as good." "It is very extraordinary," said Junot angrily, "that you, my wife, should advance so absurd an opinion, and that to me."

In the absence of the Emperor, his orders were to be transmitted to the Governor of Paris through the Arch-chancellor.

Cambacérès was now the second person in the Empire, excepting the Princes of the Imperial Family. Much has been said of him, because in France we must always laugh at the possessors of power, if we dare. The Emperor was moulded in too vast dimensions for ridicule; never even was a jest hazarded upon the preposterous points of his shoes; his look had the fascination of terror, and sometimes, when he deigned to smile, of enchantment, which banished all disposition to laughter.

With Cambacérès we were more on a level, and our satirical spirit took its revenge. But we were wrong: Cambacérès was not only a man of remarkable talent, a fact which will not be disputed, but he was perfectly and graciously agreeable, and most formally polite.

The Emperor did not like certain easy habits in which he indulged, notwithstanding his solemn bows; and undoubtedly the contrast between his promenades in the Palais-Royal, his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, his inter-course with Mademoiselle Cuizot, and his magisterial demeanour at his levees in the Hôtel d'Elbœuf, and afterwards in the Rue Saint Dominique, were enough to make the Emperor angry and everyone else merry at his expense.

But the Arch-Chancellor was equally deaf to remonstrance and ridicule ; he walked not less gravely in the Palais-Royal, and indulged no less frequently in his saturnine laugh behind the wire network of his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which he hired by the year. Still, he was invariably kind, and scrupulously obliging to everyone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The *Château* of Raincy—A Surprise—Prussian Irresolution—Prince Louis of Prussia—Magical Influence of Napoleon over his Officers—Battle of Jena—Flight of the Prussians—Letters from Headquarters—Fall of Lübeck and Magdeburg—The Emperor Alexander—Reorganization of the National Guard—The Berlin Decree of Blockade—Murat enters Warsaw.

I HAD always longed for a country residence. Junot, it is true, had given me Bièvre, but this house had become of very little use since his appointment as Governor of Paris. It was too far distant, and much too small besides for our family, numerous not only by the increasing number of our children, but by the colony of relations it was Junot's hospitality to lodge. He said to me one morning: "You must dine at Raincy to-day; Ouvrard has given me leave to kill some deer there, and I wish you to hunt with me in a calash."

It was in the beginning of October; the weather was charming and the chase fortunate. I looked with delight upon the beautiful groves of Raincy. The *château*, notwithstanding the vandalism which had destroyed three-quarters of it, was still a noble piece of architecture, seated in the midst of fresh verdure, and surrounded by its pretty Russian cottage, its hunting-box, its clock-house, and its stabling; I admired the pretty village at the extremity of its fine alley of

poplars, the orangery, and all the other objects which beautify the park. But within the house I found still greater cause for admiration. M. Ouvrard had made it a palace of enchantment. The bathroom was charming. It contained two basins of vast dimensions, each formed of a single block of gray and black granite. Four pillars of the same material, and three curtains of white satin, enclosed each basin as in a cabinet. The floor was in large squares of black, white, and yellow marble; the chimney was of vert-antique, and the walls of stucco perfectly finished; round them stood an immense circular sofa of green velvet. The ceiling represented mythological subjects admirably executed. A valuable lamp was suspended from the centre. On entering this superb room, I could not forbear exclaiming: "What happiness it must be to possess such a place as this!"

Junot looked at me with a smile, and, taking my hand, led me to the salon, an immense apartment divided into three by pillars, between which stand statues holding candelabras. One extremity is the billiard, the other the music room; the centre is the reception-room. This was formerly the bedroom of the Duc d'Orleans, and forms one of the front wings, its three sides looking upon the home park, reserved for the use of the family, and from which the deer are excluded. The character of this portion of the park is simple and beautiful; a large lawn is terminated by the river, bordered by an orangery and summer-house; on each side of this lawn a grove diverges from the house as far as the eye can reach, the part on the right composed of lilacs, that on the left of acacias. The view from the window was enchanting.

"How do you like this *château* and park?" said Junot. "Oh! it is a fairyland." "And if by a stroke of the wand you were to become mistress of it, what would you say?"

"I cannot tell, for that is sure not to happen." "Do you wish that it should?"

I coloured at the mere thought that it might be, and looked at him with an expression which probably pleased him, for he took me in his arms and said: "It is yours."

There are certainly hours of bitterness in life, and no one has had more experience of them than myself; but there are also moments, fugitive in duration, but indelibly engraven on the mind, which are equal to an eternity of happiness.

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The first Continental coalition, in which this time Austria dared not join, was now avowed. For nine years the Cabinet of Berlin had been professing neutrality, submission, and loyalty, in perpetual contrast with its warlike preparations; but the rapid advance of a Power at once martial, fortunate, and victorious, increased the terrors of King Frederick William to such a degree that he determined to take refuge under the protection of Russia. Nothing could be more painful than the alternations of hope and deception which agitated Prussia during Napoleon's first war with Russia. "Attention!" she cried; then "Present!" and she was on the point of giving the word "Fire!" but suddenly came the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and M. de Haugwitz was sent to Napoleon's bivouac with the King of Prussia's congratulations.\*

Then followed the Treaty of Presburg and the Confederation of the Rhine; and Prussia contrived a counter-confederation of the North of Germany, or rather the North of Europe, in which Russia and Prussia were to form an embankment against the approaching torrent. A beautiful Queen put on armour; and a young man, who, but for insensate profligacy and the debasing influence of ardent

\* Drafted in duplicate, to be presented to either of the victorious monarchs, as the occasion might need.

liquors, would have been a striking character, promised the Prussian army victory and conquest ;\* for with defence only in their mouths, the four Powers of the North, to which Sweden had united herself since a Frenchman directed her arms,† have always dreamed of carrying the sword into France, to consummate the division of our fine provinces.

\* Prince Louis of Prussia, who exercised so great an influence over the events of 1805, and by their consequences over those of 1807, was not only well formed and very handsome—a qualification always much esteemed in a royal personage—but he was the most agreeable Prince in Europe. His education was excellent, but unfortunately it had fallen upon a period which rendered it nearly useless ; maxims and precepts slid over the mind of a man of Prince Louis's age amongst the confusion occasioned by the overthrow of the established principles of morality, religion, and virtue ; and the only good notion which he saved from the wreck was the resolution of becoming a well-informed man ; to be a man of virtue did not seem absolutely necessary, and, as he was a Prince, his governors and instructors took care not to compel him to anything against his inclinations. It was his pleasure, however, to learn, and of all that a man can be reasonably expected to know, the most abstract sciences, the most varied accomplishments, he chose to become master, and succeeded. I have seen letters of his, written in French, which would have been no discredit to a Hamilton or a Sévigné. The Prince was not a Republican—that would have been a proof of sound reasoning and acute anticipation—but a furious demagogue. He was not naturally evil disposed, but he was imprudent, and imprudence leads to injustice and all kinds of excess. His capacity, however, was indisputable, and his talents so varied and great that the first artists in Europe were not willing to compete with him. Dussek himself assured me that the Prince surpassed him in improvisation ; and that only a few days before the fatal Battle of Saalfeld, at a country-house in company with the Baronne de Lichtenau, to whom the Prince was greatly attached, and it is even believed married, he heard him play in a style superior to any other performer he had ever heard. The Prince was opposed to the division of Suchet at Saalfeld, the result of which engagement, so glorious to us, so fatal to the Prussians, was the untimely death of the unfortunate Prince, and the capture of one thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon.

† Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo.

How powerful was the magic which Napoleon then exercised over those officers who had been long about his person ! Amongst them I reckon Duroc,\* Junot,† Bessières,‡ Rapp, Lannes,§ Lemarois, Arrighi,|| Lacuée, Savary,¶ Eugène,\*\* Caffarelli, and I may add Berthier†† and Marmont,‡‡ one of whom, notwithstanding all that is said, I believe to be innocent, the other only erring ; but whatever may be thought of their after-conduct, they were at the time now under review amongst the faithful followers of the Emperor. The almost fantastic sway which Napoleon held over some of these men dates from a period far anterior to that of his splendour. Junot loved him to the extent of handing over to him, as I have before stated, the means sent by his family for his subsistence, and would willingly have given him his blood.

The campaign of 1806 is among those which have immortalized the Emperor's genius. His successes of later years were more disputed, and his forces were in greater number, but the Battle of Jéna was one of his most glorious days. It is singular that the Prussians have always called this battle after the village of Auerstadt, on the right of the Saale, between Naumberg and Dornberg. That was held by Marshal Davoût with thirty thousand men, opposed by fifty thousand men of King Frederick William, with his beautiful Amazon Queen. The victory, long disputed by Kalkreuth and Blucher, who, animated by the presence of the King, fought with admirable courage, was decided by the immovable firmness and resolution of Davoût in this perilous position. What I saw upon

\* Duke of Friuli.

† Duke of Istria.

‡ Duke of Padua.

\*\* Viceroy of Italy.

† Duke of Abrantès.

§ Duke of Montebello.

¶ Duke of Rovigo.

†† Prince of Wagram.

‡‡ Duke of Ragusa.



the maps and plans, on which Junot traced the march of the army—not according to the bulletins, but by the letters of his friends, many of which I still possess—proves beyond all doubt that the real glory of this day belongs to Marshal Davoût. The Emperor's head is encircled by laurels enough to enable him to spare some leaves to his lieutenants.

These letters also speak in significant terms of the tardy march of the corps of General Bernadotte, which arrived very late on the Emperor's left at Jéna.\* From this period all who surrounded the Emperor felt convinced that Bernadotte did not like the Sovereign whom the 18th Brumaire had imposed upon him. It was long thought that his antipathy was to the Crown; but he has since proved that it was to the man he objected. He was the cause of infinite mischief to the Emperor.

We daily received news from Headquarters, and I have before me at this moment many letters speaking of the extraordinary race of the two armies. The King of Prussia fled with such rapidity that Marshal Kalkreuth, who escorted him, was obliged to stop, thus giving time to Soult to come up with and pursue him to Magdeburg. A cousin of mine, who was young, well mounted, and desirous of distinguishing himself, was on the point of taking the King, who escaped at a gallop. We had scarcely had time to read the details of this astonishing battle and pursuit, when the news of the capitulation of Erfurth arrived. "You cannot figure to yourself," says a letter of Berthier, "the extent of this defeat; it is like magic, or, to speak in the words of Scripture, *The hand of the Lord overthrew them.*" Berthier was very regular in his letters to Junot; and two days seldom elapsed without bringing us news of the Emperor,

\* In recalling this fact I referred to the notes I possess in Junot's handwriting, and there find the same opinions expressed.

and of the seven divisions\* he was leading to Berlin with the same facility as he would have marched them to the Bois de Boulogne. Every day was marked by new victories, and every courier brought us details which will appear fabulous to our grandchildren.

But of all these details, that of the taking of Lübeck seemed the most interesting. In this town, dismantled as it was, Blucher (who might have stopped at Magdeburg, or, even after passing that strong fortress, might have chosen either Custring or Stettin) determined to make a last stand. Overtaken by Marshal Soult, Bernadotte, and the cavalry of Murat, Blucher and his pursuers almost entered the town together. An obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place in the streets. But we were victorious, and the ultimate result of this combat threw into our hands the Commander-in-Chief Blucher, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, twelve Generals, about twelve thousand men and four thousand horses, with their baggage, artillery, and ammunition. It is singular, but it is a positive fact, that Bernadotte owes the Crown of Sweden to this affair. Amongst the prisoners he took at Lübeck were some Swedes, whom he treated with so much kindness and courtesy that, on their return home, they loudly extolled his generosity. At a future time this was remembered, and the Swedes, about to elect a successor to their King, demanded Bernadotte.

This marvellous campaign was completed in twenty-eight days by Marshal Ney's capture of Magdeburg, in which an almost impregnable fortress, twenty-two thousand men, seven hundred cannon, and immense magazines of all kinds, fell into our hands, while Ney had but eleven thousand men to surround and take the town! It seems to be a dream. Disappointed of his share in the campaign,

\* These were commanded by Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Ney, Lannes, Davoût, Augereau, and Soult. Murat was at the head of the cavalry.

Junot nevertheless followed the movements of the troops each day on large charts which he kept spread out before him in the library at Raincy. As each bulletin arrived he altered the position of the respective combatants, which were shown by divers coloured flags which were pinned on to the charts—so that he was able thus to follow every move of the Emperor. I find a note in Junot's handwriting :

“Davout commenced the victory at Auerstadt ; Ney has consummated it at Magdeburg ; this campaign must be looked upon as a single battle, in unity of time ; unity of place only is wanting to make it so. But it seems to me that this affair is also of infinite importance in the effect it will have upon the allies of Prussia, and upon the remains of her army. Ney, in taking Magdeburg with eleven thousand men, has performed the finest feat of arms which has illustrated this campaign.”

This note was written at the time on the margin of a letter of Berthier's upon this event. It shows that Junot foresaw the great moral advantage which our rapid victory would give us over the Russians, who with the utmost haste could not arrive in the field in time to assist their Prussian friends ;\* and on the 9th of November our troops entered Posen, exactly one month after the opening of the campaign. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 francs on Prussia and her allies. I know that we have repaid this with cent. per cent. interest ; but whatever advantage Prussia might take of subsequent events, she cannot destroy our glory in this campaign.

Junot had, about this time, a great labour in hand—namely, to carry into effect the Imperial Decree given at Berlin for the reorganization of the National Guard, those battalions of volunteers originally created by enthusiasm,

\* The Emperor Alexander is a remarkable personage in the history of Napoleon. Was he deceived ? Did he deceive ? This is an important question, and one upon which the eyes of future generations will be fixed.

and from whose ranks have sprung so many names renowned in history.

The famous decree, dated Berlin 21st November, 1806, for putting Great Britain into a state of blockade, was also brought to us at this time. It was the Continental System springing into life—the condemnation of England. Napoleon had discovered her vulnerable point, and his lance had penetrated to her heart.

“The British Isles are declared in a state of blockade by France ; all commerce and communication with them are prohibited. All subjects of Great Britain found in any country whatsoever under the authority of France shall be made prisoners of war : all trade in articles of English merchandise is forbidden, and all English merchandise, of whatever species, is declared good prize.”

Notwithstanding my admiration for the Emperor, this is an act that I cannot approve of. Such terms are inexcusable. In these decrees the Hanseatic Towns which contained depots of British merchandise, tripled in value by the war, were treated as already in our power. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and no sooner entered the town than he gave orders to the inhabitants to declare, under the most rigorous penalties, what merchandise they had in their custody belonging to Englishmen, and even what balance sums might be owing. Bremen and Lübeck submitted to the same law.

Murat entered Warsaw. Brave even to that chivalrous valour which is the distinctive character of the Poles, he pleased this bold and susceptible people, ever ready to follow with ardour a young Prince who would throw himself upon the enemy's batteries with the same ease and unconcern that he would enter a ballroom. It was upon the entrance of our troops into Warsaw that Russia declared herself.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Letter from the Emperor—English Manufactures prohibited—Prosperity of France—Pleasures of Paris—The Princess of Hatzfeld—Napoleon's Magnanimity—Arrest of Dupuy—Junot's Devotion to his Friend—Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely—Napoleon's Rudeness to her.

WHILE I was staying at Raincy, I received one day a letter from my husband in Paris, which ran as follows :

“I had this morning a letter in the Emperor's own handwriting, dated Berlin. I wept in reading it, and I still weep in writing to you. The friendship of such a man is sufficient of itself to give a heart to a man devoid of feeling. I have often opened mine to you in expressing the pain I have experienced from a word, a reproach, sometimes a little hard, sometimes unjust ; but the letter I have just received is enough to efface for ever the remembrance of any pain he may have caused me. He speaks to me with the degree of confidence which I feel to be justly my due. To die for such a man is no more than my duty ; it is the duty my sons will learn from me.”

The letter which the Emperor wrote to Junot with his own hand throughout was dated Berlin, 23rd November, 1806. It speaks to Junot of the importance which the Emperor attached to the entire establishment of the Continental System, and at Paris especially.

“Let your wives,” he writes, “drink Swiss tea—it is as good as that from the East ; and *chicorée* coffee is as wholesome as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example

in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Staël, with political disquisitions. Let them take care that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture ; tell this to Madame Junot : if the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it ? This is a question of life or death to France and England ; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, upon your zeal and attachment. The Arch-Chancellor will communicate my orders to you."

This letter, which is very long, is perhaps the only one the Emperor wrote in that style, which those who did not know him intimately would think eccentric enough, but which was perfectly in keeping with the character of a mind occupied at once with ideas of the most contrasted littleness and greatness. The cutting short the consumption of sugar and coffee, together with that of all colonial produce, must not, however, be reckoned amongst his petty ideas. They were brought to us from England, and the existence of England is altogether factitious ; like her island, it is exposed to the winds and storms of an adverse ocean ; her life, her blood, is in India. The projected invasions of England were absurd—her heart is in India ; nor is it very probable that Napoleon ever meditated a serious attack upon the British territory except in India.

To cut off her exports and imports, then, was the sure way to cause her death. Her commerce with South America and Southern Europe had been already reduced by our alliances, voluntary on the part of Spain, though almost compulsory on that of Portugal ; but the willingness or unwillingness of these kingdoms was little to the purpose ; the object was the same, and it was equally obtained. Meanwhile, our manufactures of silk, cloth, linen, cambric, woad, madder, and red-beet for sugar, our industry in all

its branches, prospered notwithstanding the war. We had money and content. From 1805 to 1812 the lowest peasants of France and the first officer of the Emperor were equally at their ease, equally happy in their respective stations. Then came the moment when no doubt we should have stopped.

The state of happiness which France then enjoyed is not to be described. The departure of some thousand conscripts, inflamed by the desire of conquest and of seeing their names in a bulletin of the Grand Army, can only be described as a grievance to the State by men of very perverse minds. I am not defending a later period, but at that of which we are now speaking France was happy, calm, proud, and full of hope.

While our eagles flapped their wings over foreign capitals, the pleasures of winter were resuming their sway in that of France. The Empress Josephine, after having accompanied the Emperor to Mayence, had returned to Paris and held her Court at the Tuileries; the Grand-Duchess of Berg opened her Palace, the Elysée; the Arch-Chancellor received company in state at his Hôtel; and all the Ministers opened their houses. Junot, as Governor of Paris, was also called upon to give *fêtes* and to receive the Empress.

The incident of the Princess of Hatzfeld just then attracted the attention of all Europe. The Empress had heard from Duroc some curious particulars respecting it. She had also received a letter from the Emperor, which she brought to show Junot. Since the Emperor's departure Josephine's kindness for Junot had prodigiously increased, with what motive I shall soon explain. Duroc's letter had been written to the Empress by the Emperor's order, as the first lines announced; the Emperor had also written himself—only a few words, but they were very remarkable.

Duroc had played the second part in the drama of the

Princess of Hatzfeld, and his conduct had been admirable. The Prince of Hatzfeld, it was known, had remained at Berlin after the departure of the King and Queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of his importance, if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin, should be strictly watched. It was therefore rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the King, in which he gave an account of all that was passing at Berlin, and also of the movements, number, and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the Prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814, we were not in the same measure subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken.

The Emperor, on reading this letter of the Prince of Hatzfeld, flew into one of those fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sun. He instantly gave orders that a military commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it, and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news, his poor wife, almost out of her wits, suddenly remembered that Marshal Duroc, on his different journeys to Berlin, had always been hospitably received and entertained by the Prince and herself. She quitted her house in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learned that the Emperor was at Charlottenberg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit, and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress.

He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the Princess could not see the Emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able, knowing the danger her husband stood in, but he also knew the Emperor: he knew that in similar circumstances his heart was capable of great



and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an act of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. "You shall see the Emperor," said he to the Princess; "rely upon me."

The Emperor had been to a grand review of his Guard; they were out of humour because they had had no share in the victory of Jéna, and the Emperor, unwilling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been much touched by the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld; since his interview with her he had seen two of her husband's judges, and had learnt that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience of the Emperor, and followed him into his closet.

"You are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt, is it not so? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting."

Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the Princess herself; he obtained permission to introduce her, and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife, on being brought into the presence of the man who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately, and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively, and could only repeat, as it were mechanically: "Ah, Sire, my husband is innocent!"

The Emperor made no answer, but went to his *écritoire*, and taking from it the Prince's letter, held it towards his wife in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst

into tears, and striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation : " Oh yes, it is his writing ! "

The Emperor was affected, it appears, by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him, thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it, but, advancing to the Princess, put the fatal letter into her hands, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favour : " Make what use you please of this paper, which is the only evidence against your husband ; when it no longer exists I shall have no power to condemn him ; " and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney.

The letter was instantly burned, and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the Prince. I know not whether he continued grateful, but I hope so, for the sake of humanity.

I have since learned from Duroc how much the Emperor was affected by the candour of the Princess of Hatzfeld. Her profound grief and reliance upon his mercy had penetrated to his heart. He had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger, perhaps, than may be believed.

This affair of the burnt paper reminds me of another which took place in Egypt, and in which Junot was concerned. I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the Colonel of that famous Thirty-second Regiment of which Bonaparte said : " I was quite easy, for the Thirty-second was there. ' On his arrival in Egypt, Dupuy received a commission, the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the Commander-in-Chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up and

submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, and a court-martial was appointed. Dupuy was a man of romantic honour. On hearing the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, he said to Junot: "I love nobody here but you—I might lose you by a stroke of one of these Mamelukes' sabres. My resolution is taken—I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial before a court-martial."

Junot listened without answering, but he knit his brow, and proceeded to ask an audience of the Commander-in-Chief. "General," said he, in a voice of great emotion, "you believe me on my word of honour, do you not?" General Bonaparte looked at him with amazement, but immediately replied: "I believe in your honour as in my own—but why do you ask me?" "Why, I not only give you my word of honour, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is innocent." "Affairs of this nature do not concern you," said Bonaparte angrily. "Ah! this affair does not concern me," exclaimed Junot loudly, "when my brother-in-arms says to me: 'Brother, I shall kill myself if they bring me before a court-martial!'" The Commander-in-Chief fixed his eyes upon him on hearing these strange words. Junot repeated his request, but with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the Commander-in-Chief. Whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill-humour which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot's request for permission to bring poor Dupuy to him that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct. "Let him explain himself to his judges," said Bonaparte; "the affair is not in my hands."

Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquired

into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the Commander-in-Chief, and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter. "I have forbidden your meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow." "No, General, he will not be tried to-morrow." "Not be tried! why not? I ask," replied Bonaparte. "For the very simple reason that the reporting Captain will want documents to support his charge, and I defy him to produce a single one."

Bonaparte went to his *écriture* and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned towards Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it was now his own fate that was in question. "It is I, General," said he, "who have taken the papers relating to my friend's affair—I have burned them. If you choose to take my head in exchange, here it is! I value it less than the honour of a friend—of an innocent friend." The Commander-in-Chief stood silently looking at Junot, who, without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. "You will remain for a week under arrest," said Bonaparte at length; "you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant."

Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugène came to him from the Commander-in-Chief on an affair of little consequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest, and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such very small consequence as to have escaped his memory. Eugène replied that he should request his stepfather to release him,

because, having a breakfast-party the next day, Junot's absence would be very unpleasant to him; but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening, however, Eugène came again to inform him that he was released, and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his son-in-law to him purposely to take advantage of his mediation.

Amongst the persons now figuring in the Imperial Court was one deserving of notice here, and with whom I was very intimately acquainted, Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, of whose husband I have spoken in a former volume. Madame Regnault was well born and beautiful; she had a perfect model of a fine Grecian head, with its exquisite outline and correct proportions. Her glossy black and naturally waving hair never required the aid of the curling-irons. Her teeth were white and regular. Her figure was symmetrical, and she never had recourse to the corset, even when she wore a Court dress; her hand and arm, foot and leg, were small and perfectly formed; in short, she was in all respects, at the time I am speaking of, a beautiful woman. She was also extremely well informed, had read much, and was very witty, but so modest that you must have known her long to become acquainted with these qualities.

In the last moments of her unfortunate husband's life her conduct was beyond praise. Regnault's muscular strength was prodigious when in a state of health; but under the influence of that malady of the brain which brought him to the grave it was terrible, and made it very dangerous to approach him. His wife, without any fear, or rather without showing any, watched him like the most attentive nurse. In this miserable state she wandered with him through Brussels, Mons, Antwerp, wherever the unfortunate exile could obtain the slight favour of some

hours' rest for her dying husband. A mutual friend, alas ! also proscribed, met her in this painful pilgrimage, and has related to me traits of Madame Regnault which must have obtained for her the friendship of anyone who had not felt it for her already.

The Emperor, who, notwithstanding his immense genius, had always a weak side which chained him to humanity, was liable to imbibe prejudices against particular women. Madame Regnault was one of those who had the misfortune, and it really was one, not to please him. Everyone knows the manner in which his Court circle was formed ; the triple row of ladies, behind whom were ranged also a triple row of gentlemen, all listening with as much curiosity as the females to hear the speeches, polite or impolite, which the Emperor should address to them.

It is easy now to speak as we please upon this subject, and to affect courage when the battle is over ; but I will affirm that when on a Court-day the Emperor appeared at the door, which was in the angle of the Throne-room, with a cloudy brow, everyone was afraid ; first the ladies, then the gentlemen ; and last, but not least, that group assembled in the deep window to the left—that group, generally complete with the single exception of England, covered with jewels and orders, and trembling before the little man who entered with a quick step, dressed simply in the uniform of a Colonel of Chasseurs. I have known women, and I have a right to place myself among the number, who preserved in his presence an independence of manner which pleased him better than silly fear or base flattery. When he made an unpleasant speech to a lady, and it was repelled with respect and yet with spirit, he never returned to the charge. For myself, when I have offended him, he has often passed me at two or three successive Court circles without speaking, but he never said a word which could wound my feelings.

I have heard him do so to others, and once in particular to Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely.

It was at a ball given by the Grand-Duchess of Berg at Neuilly. The Emperor was out of humour, and was going the tour of the circle somewhat rudely : I believe he did not even trouble himself to know to what lady he was speaking till he stopped opposite Madame Regnault, examining her dress, which was charming. A petticoat of white crape trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses ; and not a head-dress worn that night had so beautiful an effect as the lovely roses which Madame Regnault had embedded in the soft velvet of her glossy black hair. If to this elegant attire the recollection of her fine features and exquisite figure is added, and to that the age of twenty-eight years, it must be conceded that no idea but of beauty and interest would be likely to arise from the contemplation of her person.

But all this graceful simplicity seemed to increase Napoleon's ill-humour, and a bitter smile played on his lips as he said to her, in his clear and sonorous, though solemn, bass voice : "Do you know, Madame Regnault, that you are ageing terribly?" The first effect of this speech was painful to Madame Regnault's feelings. To be thus pointed out to the attention of a thousand persons, of whom at least a hundred females were delighted to catch the mortifying words, was a heavy tax upon a lady's philosophy ; but a moment's reflection enabled her to give proof of her good sense and spirit.

Looking upon the Emperor with an amiable smile, she replied in a voice distinct enough to be heard by all persons around : "What your Majesty has done me the honour to observe might have been painful to hear had I been old enough to be frightened by it."

The respect and fear which the Emperor inspired could

not restrain the low murmur of approbation which ran round the circle. Napoleon possessed tact to an extent which can hardly be conceived by those who did not know him personally. He looked at Madame Regnault and said nothing ; but soon afterwards, passing us again—I was standing close beside her—he addressed himself to me with a sort of malicious smile, but with an inflection of voice almost gracious, and said : “Well, Madame Junot, do you not dance? Are you *too old* to dance?” Notwithstanding this prejudice of the Emperor against her, Madame Regnault was always faithful in her attachment to him, which became worship when misfortune reached him.



## CHAPTER XX.

*Fêtes* given by the Ministers in the Winter of 1807—The Grand-Duchess of Berg—Danger of loving Princesses—Death of Junot's Mother—Letter to Junot from the Emperor—The Army in Cantonments—Murat and his Plumes—Intrigues respecting the Succession to the Imperial Throne—Josephine and the Grand-Duchess—The Battle of Eylau—Lannes *versus* Murat—Bitter Altercation—An Unwilling Conspirator—Murat and the Empire—M. de Flahault—The Battle of Ostrolenka—The Great Sanhedrim.

DURING the winter of 1807 all the Ministers gave *fêtes*. The Grand-Duchess was the Queen of them all, because the absence of the Queen Hortense, and the age of the Empress, who no longer danced, left the field open to her. She was at this time very fresh, and indeed very pretty. She dressed very elegantly, opened all the balls with the Governor of Paris, played whist with the Governor of Paris, rode on horseback with the Governor of Paris, received the Governor of Paris alone in preference to all other persons, till the poor Governor of Paris, who certainly was not an angel, and whose head, and even heart, though always attached to me and his children, was not insensible to the impressions of the moment, could no more resist these seductions perpetually attacking him than the Christian knights could resist the temptations of the palace of Armida.

He fell in love, passionately in love, with the Grand-Duchess of Berg; not that she returned his love—she has

assured me that she did not, and I am bound to believe her. The results, however, of this mischievous affair were the misfortunes and death of Junot. How dangerous it is to love Princesses ! witness M. de Canouville, to whom it cost his head ; M. de F——, who was exiled ; M. the Duc d'Abrantès, exiled also ; for the Viceroyalty of Portugal, as it was called, was but a gilded exile. It is true the predicament was sufficiently embarrassing, for M. de Septeuil lost one of his legs because he could not love the Princess Borghèse. Truly the love of such great ladies is not all ease and delight.

A great misfortune now fell upon our family in the loss of my mother-in-law. To understand Junot's distress upon this occasion it would be necessary to know how much he loved her. To save him many painful hours I had concealed her danger from him, and the stroke consequently came upon him with the shock of an unexpected calamity. Junot loved his mother with so much tenderness that nothing could relieve the weight of grief with which her death oppressed him.

During the days which followed he was ill ; but determined to attend the funeral. My mother-in-law was buried at Livry, a small village of which M. Arthur Dillon was Mayor, and the Curé was a particular friend of ours. I knew Junot's excessive sensibility, and I dreaded some accident. In fact, at the moment when the holy water was thrown upon the corpse, he fell down in a swoon, from which he was very slowly restored. For a long time he refused to receive company, and it was only the necessity of fulfilling his duties that induced him to go out. He never afterwards spoke of his mother without tears in his eyes.

The Emperor wrote to him upon the occasion a very friendly letter, full of such words as are sure to go direct to

the aching heart when they are used by such a man as Napoleon ; and this letter was written wholly by his own hand, although seventeen lines long. It is remarkable that in this letter the Emperor *tutoyait* Junot, and spoke to him as in the days of Toulon or Italy. It concluded with a curious sentence.

My father-in-law was keeper of the forests and waters in the department of the Côte-d'Or. The grief he felt at the separation from the companion of his life unfitted him for business ; he felt a distaste for everything, and would not retain his employment ; he wrote to his son to this effect, and at the same time requested him to solicit from the Emperor the permission to resign it in favour of his son-in-law, M. Maldan. Junot, in writing to the Emperor, submitted to him his father's petition, saying that he was so overwhelmed with grief by the death of his wife as to be unable to fulfil the duties of his situation. The Emperor's answer, as I have said, was in a strain of friendship and of the truest kindness ; but on the subject of M. Junot's petition he wrote :

"I do not see why your father should wish to resign his employment ; when I have seen him I have always supposed him a man of energy and strength of mind. What is there in common between his office and his wife ? If he is at a loss for a wife to receive company according to his duties, let him marry again." I own that this inevitably leads to the conclusion that Napoleon was not sentimental ; nor was he. The objects that engrossed his thoughts were too vast to leave room in them for the ideas of ordinary life. He refused the transfer of the place at that time, but granted it some months afterwards. The Emperor's letter was dated from Warsaw.

It often happens that we commit blunders ourselves which we should think it impossible for another person to

fall into. On the evening after Junot had received this letter he went to the Tuileries to pay his court to the Empress. She had already learned from the Arch-Chancellor, who told her all the news that would bear telling, that Junot had received a letter from the Emperor.

Junot, thinking to interest the Empress in his father's wishes, spoke of his grief and his desire to retire ; he then repeated the Emperor's answer, and gave it word for word, not in jest, for he was much hurt by it, but in perfect innocence of saying anything that could at all affect the Empress. Nor was it till she made him repeat the whole sentence that he began to discover that this indifference to women and wives was likely to prove painful to the Empress ; and that, in fact, she was deeply wounded by it. She was not, however, the less kind and gracious to him, but spoke with great interest of the situation of his father.

The severity of the season had determined the Emperor to allow his troops some rest. After the battles of Pultusk and Golymin he closed the active campaign, and, as Berthier said, put his army into cantonments. This army, increased by the contingents of Holland and the Rhine, was now immense ; our confidence in it was unbounded, and the women of France proved it by a tranquil security which certainly did not arise from indifference to the fate of their sons, their brothers, and their friends, but from their trust in the man who led them to the enemy. With him it was impossible not to conquer.

The repose of the army was not, however, long. The Emperor left Warsaw on the 1st of February. I have now a letter before me which states that the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and that the thermometer had fallen six or seven degrees below zero. The passage of the Vistula had become, in consequence, more difficult, the ice having broken up the bridges. Murat, with his ever-brilliant valour,

led the van, and pushed his outposts very near to the Russian army. At Hoff he came up with them, and his cavalry made the finest charge that had ever been made by an army in actual battle.

This boiling courage, united to coolness of forethought in action and a real military talent, might well procure pardon for the absurdity of his toilet. All the world knows his little riding-cloak *à la polonaise*, his *schapskis*, his *schakos*, his *colbaks*, and whole collection of the most ridiculous military head-dresses that it was possible to find or invent. But what is not so well known is the value of the plumage that ornamented all these fine caps. The Princess Caroline told me herself that, perfectly astonished at the multitude of feathers sent for by the Grand-Duke, she had made inquiries as to their price, and had learned that plumes to the amount of 27,000 francs had been delivered in the space of four months. The white plume of Henri Quatre is a proof that the French may be led to victory at less expense than this.

A mysterious circumstance occurred at this period, but was unknown to the Emperor (if, indeed, he ever was fully informed of it, which I doubt) till after his return from Tilsit.

Although a faint rumour began to be heard about this time of the Emperor's chagrin at not having children, a chagrin which he certainly felt, and which was sometimes manifest to his private friends, the power of the Empress over him was solidly established; it was not only the power of habit, but of an essentially gentle and pleasing influence, which, to a man like the Emperor, always agitated by the immensity of his thoughts, was an Eden to which he retired for repose.

Nothing, then, at this time appeared to trouble the conjugal peace of the Empress Josephine; but there were other causes of anxiety which would intrude when the

Emperor was exposed to the dangers of war. Prince Eugène, her son, was beloved by all who surrounded Napoleon, and very justly, for he was brave, affable, a friend to the soldier, and possessed of all the qualities which could be desired in a son of the Emperor. The Empress knew this, and was often on the point of sounding the Emperor on the great subject of adoption.

But it was necessary that one person should be won over, and this was Junot. The Empress, without further delay, determined to enter directly upon the business, when the Emperor opened the new campaign; accordingly, two days before the Battle of Eylau, Junot was invited to breakfast with the Empress, and the strangest conversation imaginable passed between them. They were not on bad terms, but a marked coldness and distance had always existed between them. Junot was respectful, as it was his duty to be towards the Empress, but I believe she would always have done him mischief with the Emperor.

The memoirs of M. de Bourrienne have explained to me the cause of her malice against Junot. I know that the coldness of Josephine was painful to Junot. It was therefore with surprise and pleasure that he received her overtures of unbounded confidence—a change which he owed to his command over so great a number of troops, that had any unfortunate news arrived he was in a situation which would enable him to decide any irresolution on the part of the people, and to impose whom he pleased upon them, with more facility than could the Prætorian Guards or the Janissaries.

The Empress began by assuring Junot that she had been greatly instrumental in his appointment to the government of Paris. It has also been asserted to me that she had strongly requested this favour for a man who had not a single requisite for a General, or even a soldier. Junot also

knew how much of this to believe, but he said nothing. He could sometimes be prudent. This profession of the Empress set him at ease, however, and he was all gratitude.

The Empress entered upon the delicate subject she had so much at heart, and, to do her justice, she managed it very cleverly. She represented that the Emperor was as liable as the meanest soldier of his army to the stroke of a cannon-ball or other mortal wound. What, then, would become of France? was it to fall back into the anarchy of the Directory? This was no longer admissible.

"But, madame," said Junot, "it seems to me the case foreseen by your Majesty has been foreseen also by the Emperor and the Senate. King Joseph would supply the Emperor's place, King Louis would succeed, and in his default the two sons of King Louis, and even in the last resort Prince Jerome." "Ah!" said Josephine, "do not hold the French nation so unjustly cheap as to suppose they would accept such a Prince as Jerome Bonaparte for their sovereign." "But, madame, without defending Prince Jerome, who is little more than a child, I would remind your Majesty of your grandson, who in the order of succession would occupy the throne of France." "And do you believe that France, still bleeding from her intestine wounds, would run the risk of incurring new ones under a Regency? I believe, on the contrary, that my grandsons would meet with great opposition, but that my son Eugène would find none."

Speaking afterwards of this semi-political interview, Junot told me that at the name of Prince Eugène, who was really much beloved in the army, and who was entitled to call himself Eugène Napoleon, he hesitated a moment before he answered. At length, considering that this was but an ordinary conversation, he replied, with becoming reserve, in such a manner as not to compromise himself even by an

indiscreet word. The conversation was long ; it was three o'clock before it closed, and it had commenced at one.

But there was in Paris an ambition much more active, because the Imperial Crown with which it sought to encircle the brow of a husband would also adorn that of the wife. Murat had a great name in the army. Undoubtedly Lannes, Macdonald, Oudinot, and numerous other Generals, deserved as well of the country, but Murat, as the Emperor's brother-in-law, came before the army and the people under peculiar advantages.

His wife, the most dexterous person in creation, was sensible of the value of their position, and did not hesitate an instant to accept its inconveniences for the sake of the prospects it offered. But as she could not go direct to the Governor of Paris, and say, "If the Emperor should fall in battle, would you make my husband King?" she said such things as were intended to ensure that when the decisive moment should arrive he could refuse her nothing. It was one of the most detestable combinations I have ever known!

About the middle of January the Minister of Marine gave a ball. An immense crowd was assembled at it. I have been told that as many as fourteen hundred persons were invited. This ball was distinguished by having taken place on the very day of the Battle of Eylau. Alas! how many young women who quitted it, fatigued and satiated with pleasure, learned, eight days afterwards, that it had been to them a day for mourning and woe. The Russians were in great force in this battle, which was one of the most murderous that ever took place. I have heard accounts of it that make one shudder. The victory was long in dispute, and a glorious charge of the cavalry of the Guard finally decided it.

It is difficult to judge of the events of this memorable



battle as they actually occurred ; but a real intention to discover the truth in the contradictory evidence which is offered will throw light upon facts. The most painful result of the investigation is the conviction that the Emperor's statement is false. The bulletin relates the affair so greatly to our advantage that it makes our loss only 1,900 killed and 5,000 wounded. The Prussians, according to Ruschel, raise our loss to 30,000 killed and 12,000 wounded, and state their own at 7,900 killed and 12,000 wounded. Here, then, according to this account, has a single day witnessed the last agonies of 38,000 human beings, violently sent before the tribunal of their Creator, and the groans of 24,000 more struggling upon the same field of blood !

A dispute arose between Murat on the one part, and Lannes and Augereau, each claiming the merit of this victory. The Emperor's bulletin represents Murat's courage as having been the cause of fortune's decision in favour of the French arms ; while the reports of a thousand officers, who had no friendship to flatter and no revenge to gratify, assert that the Grand-Duke of Berg was not engaged with his cavalry till the concluding act of this bloody tragedy.

Augereau was coarse, absolutely vulgar. I am distressed to be obliged to connect this word with the name of a Marshal of the Empire, nevertheless it is a melancholy fact. But Marshal Lannes was so different a character, that to see these two names conjoined is a still greater source of regret. Lannes asserted and maintained that Murat was engaged only at the close of the action. The crown of laurel that encircled Lannes' head might easily spare a few of its leaves without missing them ; but he declared that he would not permit a single one to be torn from it. Some-time afterwards, during the repose of the troops, a scene occurred between Lannes and the Emperor, so extremely disagreeable to Napoleon that the brave and loyal soldier at

length discovered he had gone too far. The words were strong, as was the emotion which dictated them.

“That brother-in-law of yours is a sham, with his pantomime dress and his plumes like a dancing dog. You are making game of me, I think. He is brave, you say—and what Frenchman is not brave? In France we point our finger at anyone who is not. Augereau and I have done our duty, and we refuse the honour of this day to your brother-in-law, to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Prince Murat. Oh! how this makes one shrug one’s shoulders! he, too, must catch this mania for royalty, forsooth! Is it to stitch his mantle to yours that you steal our glory from Augereau and me? You have but to speak, and we submit; but we have enough and to spare. I can afford to be generous.”

This conversation was reported to me by an ear-witness, who was then and always about the Emperor. The scene was so much the more violent as the Emperor replied in the dry tone of command, and with all the displeasure of an offended Sovereign; while Lannes, alive only to his anger and the injustice that had been done him, perpetually repeated with a disdainful smile, which was itself sufficient to complete the exasperation of the Emperor: “So you would give him our glory? well, take it, we shall still have enough.” “Yes,” exclaimed Napoleon, unable any longer to contain himself—“yes, I shall distribute the glory as it suits me; for, understand, it is *I*, and *I only*, who give you your glory and your success.”

Lannes became pale, almost faint with anger, and, leaning upon the shoulder of Duroc, who had just come in, alarmed by the increasing noise of this quarrel, said in a voice trembling with emotion: “And so because you have marched through blood over this field of execution, you think yourself a great man for your Battle of Eylau!—and

your plumed cock of a brother-in-law comes to crow over us. This cannot be; I will have my share. Then this boasted victory; what is it? Is it those twelve thousand dead bodies still shrouded in the snow, and fallen there for you, to preserve to you that field of battle, the ensanguined object of your wishes, now a field of infernal horrors, where one sees the French uniform on mutilated corpses—and you deny me, me, Lannes, the justice which is due to me?”

This dialogue was overheard by several persons, but not so distinctly as I have transcribed it. It was after the return of the army that a mutual friend of Lannes and ourselves related to me the whole scene. The Emperor was calm in appearance while it lasted, but it produced a terrible effect upon him, notwithstanding his attachment to Lannes.

The latter had the imprudence to mention Augereau in the explosion of his passion. He was less covered with glory than Lannes, though he displayed great bravery when he was in Italy. He was audacious, and had a coarseness of expression repugnant even to the common soldiers. They like to find in the officer who commands them a bearing and manners different from their own; and Napoleon was so strongly impressed with this opinion, that he considered it one of the first attributes of a good commander.

“The soldier,” he would say, “does not much respect physical strength, or even extraordinary courage, provided his leader is not a coward; but what he expects from him—what, indeed, fixes his confidence—is the certainty that his General, his Colonel, his Captain, the officer, in short, under whose orders he marches, is wise and skilful enough to foresee and provide against any accident which might occur.”

I have frequently heard the Emperor express this opinion, once in reference to Augereau, occasioned by an adventure

between Junot and the rough-mannered General, at a ball given by Prince Kourakin when Russian Ambassador at the Imperial Court ; and though I am not fond of anticipating, I cannot forbear giving it here, while we are upon the subject of Augereau.

I was dancing then at the Ambassador's ball, and Junot was waiting the close of the country-dance to go home. He was naturally a great sleeper, but he never at any time said to me : *I am going home : you may follow.* His attention was invariable, and even my mother never waited with more complaisance, till it was my pleasure to leave a ball-room, though it might be five o'clock in the morning. He sometimes gaped, to be sure : but I could not be ill-tempered enough to be angry with that.

This night of Prince Kourakin's ball he was gaping as he watched the motions of our young heads crowned with flowers, which, sleepy as he was, he would willingly have seen exchanged for nightcaps, but, as usual, acting his part of husband to admiration, when Augereau, by no means in so patient a mood, approached him and, opening an enormous mouth from ear to ear, called out :

"Well, comrade ! what are you doing here ? How long do you propose to wait for the *bourgeoise* ?"

Junot, accustomed to the jargon of his brother-in-arms, as Augereau called all the Generals who had fought with him in Italy, and therefore not surprised at his eloquence, answered him quietly, but suppressing a yawn (which may be done politely) :

"My wife is dancing ; I hope she will not engage herself again, though, in fact, it is not late."

He drew out his watch, and found that it was not yet one o'clock.

"The devil !" said Augereau, looking at it ; "you have a dashing ticker there : but you were always a dandy. I

remember in the Army of Italy you were always gilded as fine as a tankard ; and then you never would smoke. Not but that I have learnt to be very elegant myself ; look at me."

Junot had hitherto been content to hear him, and now for the first time looked at his dress. He found that his brother-in-arms had some right to boast of his finery, for he had put himself into full Court costume according to the latest order ; but he had left its embellishments wholly to the taste of his tailor, and the cross-legged artist, desiring nothing better than full latitude for his trimmings, had so covered the Marshal's blue velvet coat and white satin breeches with gold lace, that between the rich display of bad taste upon his ignoble figure, and the sergeant-like precision of his hair-dressing, with his enormous powdered and pomatumed queue, the vulgarity of his appearance and manners contrasted so oddly with a manifest intention to be elegant that Junot could not restrain a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" said Augereau, with an air of astonishment ; for he thought nothing could be better imagined than his dress, though he found some of its finery very inconvenient, and wore his fine clothes with very much the air of a peasant in his Sunday suit.

Junot replied that he could not help laughing to see so stanch a Republican attired so magnificently.

"And why not?" said Augereau ; "other times, other manners, as the proverb says. We must do at Court as the courtiers do : besides, when one has one's own purposes to serve, attending the Court is no such bad game, after all." Then he pulled down his ruffles, set himself in a military attitude, and stuck out his right foot with an air of proud satisfaction, as if he had been at the head of a brigade of infantry. He cast an eye of self-complacency upon his ill-shaped leg and its silk stocking with embroidered clocks,

his white satin breeches and gold-laced garters ; making, evidently, a favourable comparison of all this finery with the simplicity of Junot's uniform frock, as Colonel-General, of sky blue with scarlet facings embroidered with gold. But his sleepy fit overcame his vanity. His wife was still waltzing, I believe, but am not sure, with M. de Saint Aldegonde. Tired of waiting, he cried out to *la Maréchale*, with the voice of a Stentor : "Come here !" then putting or rather throwing her shawl over her shoulders, and pushing her before him, he called out : "Forward, march !"

We frequently visited the Empress in the course of this winter in which the Emperor was braving the frosts of Poland. She suffered much uneasiness, and was very desirous that Junot should more openly pronounce in favour of Prince Eugène. She told him so one day in so undisguised a manner that on his return from the Tuileries Junot could not forbear communicating his feelings to me.

"They will certainly give me," said he, "against my will, the appearance of being a conspirator. What can I do under such circumstances ? I see no possibility of coming to any resolution, except in the case of a catastrophe I cannot so much as think of. And even in the event of such a calamity befalling France, we have the King of Naples, then Prince Louis and his children. I shall never depart from the line of succession traced out by the Emperor himself." "And Murat ?" said I, looking attentively at him ; for my own observations had already revealed to me the projects of the Grand-Duchess of Berg. But Junot was not then so far involved in them as he afterwards became.

"Murat !" said he ; "Murat Emperor of the French ! what can you be thinking of ? Why not as well give the Crown to Masséna, Lannes, or Oudinot ? If bravery is what we want, the Generals of the army are all as brave as the blades of their swords ; and Murat, though as valiant

as those I have mentioned and many others, is in no respect superior to them. On the contrary, his pride and boasting make him disliked in the army. His last folly of the uniform for his Staff has given the finishing stroke to his unpopularity."

Junot was right ; Murat was much less popular in the ranks than Prince Eugène, whose simplicity of manners and goodness of disposition were appreciated by all, from the Marshal to the private soldier. In the affair of the uniform Murat had exhibited great want of judgment. He wished to compel his aides-de-camp to wear a uniform which was, in fact, his livery : amaranth, white, and gold. At a subsequent period, at Naples, he had the advantage, for he was King ; but in Poland several officers of his Staff, at the head of whom was M. de Flahault, revolted against a measure extremely disagreeable and repulsive to them.

M. de Flahault, a handsome youth, notwithstanding the assertions of the Emperor to the contrary, could not endure him ; M. de Flahault, who sang like a troubadour of good King René's time, was willing enough to be a troubadour altogether, and wear the colours of the Grand-Duchess of Berg ; but he would not wear these same colours in the fashion his General would impose them ; and the affair gave rise to a sort of insurrectionary movement in the Grand-Ducal Staff, the result of which was that M. de Flahault ceased to wear the colours either of the Grand-Duke or Grand-Duchess of Berg, and was transferred to the handsome Staff of the Prince of Neufchatel.

During the discussion of these matters, affairs of quite a different nature arose ; Suchet and Oudinot gave battle to General Essen at Ostrolenka. An officer wounded in this engagement writes that the day was one of the most sanguinary of the whole campaign. Its success is attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of Suchet, and the intrepidity

of Oudinot. I was shown the position of the two armies on the table of Junot's cabinet, by the little black and red marks placed to represent the Russians and French ; for as to the Prussians, they had been scattered before the winds, and were no longer in question.

The present also was a remarkable crisis in the political history of the Jews. The great Sanhedrim, which had assembled in February, terminated its sittings on the 8th or 9th of March ; and the result of its conferences was sufficiently important to occupy some portion of our attention. These ancient people, whose strange destiny it has been to wander for fifteen centuries under the weight of the Divine anathema, were now offered a habitation, and in acknowledgment of the asylum and protection afforded them, voluntarily submitted to the laws of the land which received them. Polygamy was abolished, with a clause the wisdom of which I could not but admire. The Sanhedrim declared that the obligations of their law were twofold, religious and political ; and while the former were absolute, the latter, intended for the internal regulation of the Hebrew nation in Palestine, could no longer be applicable to a people destitute alike of country and of civil policy.



## CHAPTER XXI.

The Empress and Patience—Napoleon's Illegible Letter—Extraordinary Visit of the Princess Borghèse—Her Chamberlain—Household of the Princess—Madame de Champagny—Madame de Barral—Marquise de Brehan—Mademoiselle Millot—Proposed Representation of *The Barber of Seville*—M. de Longchamps—Mademoiselle Mars—Royal Actresses—Court Scandal.

THE Empress, it is well known, was fond of the game of patience. Every evening the packs of cards were placed upon the table, and patience proceeded, while that of the spectators was sorely tried. As her love for the Emperor was sincere, and her solicitude, I am persuaded, was as great for the individual as for the Sovereign whose crown she shared, she had recourse to every means of tranquilizing her anxiety; and as cards proved amongst the readiest, they were continually resorted to. One evening when I was with her, having exhausted her favourite game in every variety of form, the Empress wondered whether a courier would arrive that night: it was nine o'clock. "I cannot make up my mind," said she, "to retire to rest till I am satisfied whether there will be any tidings for me to-night."

She recommenced the game of patience, and before it was half accomplished was certain she would succeed, which accordingly she did: and scarcely was the last card placed

on the last pack, when the Arch-Chancellor entered, with his usual solemn pace, and delivered to her Majesty a letter from the Emperor—a letter the more agreeable to her as it announced that the army would repose, during the month of March, in cantonments between the Vistula and the Passargue. This last particular is impressed on my mind by the circumstance of an entire line of the Emperor's letter containing the names of the two rivers being utterly unintelligible to the Empress. It was handed to us to decipher if we could, but with equal ill-success ; for my own part, I could as easily have read the inscription on Cleopatra's needle. At length Junot arrived, and as he was even more accustomed to Napoleon's handwriting than the Empress herself, the incomprehensible line was made over to him, and he read it.

“ Really,” said the Empress, “ it is very fortunate for me that you took it into your head to fetch Madame Junot, otherwise we should have seen nothing of you, and I should have remained in ignorance that the army was stationed between the Vistula and the Passargue.”

This was mildly spoken, but Josephine was visibly hurt that Junot paid her no other attention than was due to the Empress. She laughingly whispered a few words in his ear ; upon which Junot coloured and looked round to see whether I was listening or observing, and replied in a tone which made it apparent that he was piqued in his turn.

I was poorly at this time, without positively knowing the cause of my malady ; I guessed it with indescribable joy, for it seemed to give hopes of a boy after my five girls. In consequence, however, of this slight indisposition, I kept my bed somewhat later of a morning, and had not risen from it on the day following the incident of the letter, when I heard several voices in my salon, and suddenly my bed-

room door was thrown wide open, and the Princess Borghèse was announced.

"Well, my little Laurette, so you are ill? I can easily believe it. You are vexed: hey? Come, tell me all about it." And, jumping on my bed, she established herself on my feet quite to her satisfaction, and regardless of any inconvenience she might cause me. I rang for some pillows, that I might sit up and offer my duty as a Lady of the Court, instead of thus remaining in my nightcap in presence of so august a personage; but she would not suffer it, and we had the strangest conversation possible.

"So, so, Laurette, tell me why you have not given me a *fête* at your country-house of Raincy?" "Because, as your Imperial Highness can scarcely bear the motion of a carriage, I did not imagine you could hunt, which is the only *fête* we can offer you at Raincy." "And why should not I hunt as well as Caroline? Your *fêtes* are all for her." "But, madame, you do not ride on horseback." "What does that signify? I could follow in my palanquin. Have you seen my palanquin?" "No, madame . . . but that is of no consequence, you cannot hunt in a palanquin." And the idea struck my fancy as so perfectly ludicrous that I could not avoid laughing.

"Very well; they all laugh when I tell them I can follow the chase with my bearers. M. de Montbreton tells me I have not common sense. But we shall see; I want to consult Junot about it: where is he?" I rang and inquired for Andoche: he was gone out. "Ah! ah! gone out already! Really he is very early in his visits. Perhaps it is for the Empress's *fête*; he is Director-in-Chief of everything that is done at the Elysée. You ought not to allow it," added she, with an air of seriousness quite amusing. "I have no control in such matters," I answered, with a heart a little swelled, for I understood her allusion. "But what

*fête* do you mean, madame?" "Why, the 19th of March, to be sure—Saint Joseph's Day. We are to *fête* the Empress our sister. We are to perform a comedy at Malmaison; you are one of the principal actresses. What! do you know nothing about it, my dear Laurette?"

A message was at that moment brought me from the Grand-Duchess of Berg, desiring to see me, to which I answered that I would hasten to attend her commands; but it was not easy to get rid of such a personage as the Princess Borghèse. I was obliged to listen to the full detail of her projected costume and singing, then to complaints against such of her ladies as had been wanting in respect. Then she talked of the Emperor's victories, of my night-gown, and then again of her dress for Rosina: it was the most discursive *tête-à-tête* imaginable. She was determined to perform Rosina on the occasion; a complimentary song was to be added to the music-lesson, and that affair would be settled. Then followed lamentations sufficiently comic, addressed as they were to me, on Junot's *having forgotten* how beautiful she was . . . Oh, the strange being! Suddenly she exclaimed in an ecstasy:

"My little Laurette, do you know my new Chamberlain?" "No, madame; who is he?" "M. de Forbin." My brother was well acquainted with him, but I had seldom seen him; though I knew that he was both sensible and agreeable, and that his elegance of manners and distinguished merit naturally fitted him for the situation to which he was appointed. "What, my dear Laurette, do you not know my new Chamberlain?" She leaned over me and pulled at once all the three bell-ropes at the head of my bed. My *valet-de-chambre* and women came running in all together. "Send in the gentleman who is in the salon," said she to the *valet-de-chambre*; and in walked M. de Forbin.

I do not know whether I am infected with the prejudices of persons who are growing old, but I must say that in my opinion the present day does not produce men so attractive for talents, manners, and personal appearance, as numbers who figured at the period of which I am writing, and amongst whom M. de Forbin was eminently distinguished. He was well formed and handsome ; his language was remarkable for grace and elegance, and his abilities in painting, poetry, and literature made him the most delightful drawing-room companion in the world. Such was the M. de Forbin whom the Princess Borghèse brought into my chamber while I lay in bed, to show me *her Chamberlain* ; for her State Houshold was as yet a splendid novelty, the establishment being composed of persons no better suited to each other than that of Madame Mère.

Madame de Champagny (Duchesse de Cadore), wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was Lady of Honour. I have met with few women so indifferent to their person as was Madame de Champagny. She was the most worthy but wearisome, the most tender yet least feminine woman I have ever known. Her tenderness, indeed, was all reserved for her husband, who might fairly be cited as a model of excellence in every respect, but seemed to have been gifted by a wicked fairy, who neutralized all his good qualities with a most disagreeable exterior united to towering pretensions. He spared no pains to please, flatter, and oblige susceptible women who might make him happy ; but he unfortunately carried in his own person an antidote to all his efforts.

Madame de Barral, now Madame de Septeuil, was a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, with too small a head for her formidable stature, but she was sprightly and altogether agreeable. The newly-married Marquise de Brehan, daughter of M. de Cressy, was handsome, well made, with

an air of fashion, and a most fascinating address ; pretty light hair, feet eminently French, that is to say, peculiarly small ; a skin of satin, and beautiful teeth ; and combined with all this a keen and lively wit, which never gave offence.

Mademoiselle Millot, since become Countess of Salucca, was indisputably the most remarkable personage of the Princess's Household. The grand-daughter, or at least the pupil of Pougens, her education was perfect, if I may use the expression, especially for the age, and sown in a soil which Nature had provided with every requisite for fertility. Her acquirements were masculine, but her talents feminine, and of the most pleasing kind. She could talk of trifles, of dress and public sights, and then would join in a conversation on the most serious subjects, which she knew how to direct with peculiar address. She was not pretty ; her eyes were small and Chinese ; the turn of her ideas was, however, unfortunately far too original for a woman whose thoughts should all be subjected to inviolable rules of propriety, and to this she owed misfortunes much to be deplored, and a premature death. She was the author of a historical romance entitled "*Foscarini ; or, The Practitioner of Venice*," comprising all the imagination which the age demands, together with all the valuable instruction that knowledge such as hers could furnish.

The Household of the Princess Borghèse was doubled when subsequently Prince Camille was appointed Governor-General of Piedmont. Mesdames de la Turbie, de Cavour, and de Mathis were the Italian ladies then added to it. Of the latter the Emperor Napoleon was so enamoured as to write her several letters a day ; and this (notwithstanding the contempt with which he affected to speak of the inhabitants of the South) nearly about the same time that he gave proofs of attachment to Madame Grassini and Madame Gazani.

The whole establishment had been summoned to deliberate upon the piece that should be selected for the Empress's *fête*. Let it be understood that the two sisters-in-law thought no more of the Empress than if her name had been Saint Lucia. They were determined on a *fête*, and a *fête* in which they should play the principal parts, and attract universal applause. Could the party have been transported to Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, this would have appeared as the really actuating impulse.

The Princess Pauline therefore insisted on the representation of the *Barber of Seville*. "Because," said she, "I shall play Rosina to admiration." "But, madame, it is an opera." "I do not mean the opera, but the French piece translated; I have it, and very well translated." "But, madame, it is very long, and, besides, it is for the Empress's *fête*. Nothing could be so suitable to the occasion as——" "Really," said she, quite irritated, "she must be very hard to please; what can she wish for but that we should be amused? Well, it will well suit me to perform the comedy, and take the part of Rosina. How pretty I should look in the black and pink hat, and the little pink satin dress, with an apron of black blonde!"

The Princess Caroline, who had far more sense than her sister (although I cannot subscribe to the extraordinary pleasantries of M. de Talleyrand in saying she had the head of Cromwell placed on the shoulders of a pretty woman), had also set her mind on a part contrived expressly and exclusively to show herself off. The two sisters could not, therefore, be brought to agree, and the great Sanhedrim which had just closed its sittings could not betray more irresolution than the present council.

A lucky motion was at length made to consult Junot, whose opinion was fortified by former favour with one sister and present favour with the other. I will not say whether

this was wholly attributable to the strength which friendship acquires from the recollections of infancy ; but, however derived, he had sufficient influence with both to induce them to abandon the project of performing a great drama, and to play two small pieces composed expressly in honour of the day, telling each that her part might be made as prominent as suited her own inclination.

M. de Chazet was to compose one of these pieces ; the witty, agreeable M. de Longchamps, at the command of the Princess Caroline, the other ; and he never failed to charm, whether giving parties of pleasure, sketching after the most caustic manner of Teniers the pilgrimage of an old maid, warbling the despairing strains of a patriot on the eve of exile, or simply in the chimney-corner relating some old legend with that grave spirit and interest which is the exclusive gift of Nature, and cannot be acquired by study.\* Spontini, known to the musical world by *La Vestale*, was to contribute the music.

No sooner were the pieces prepared than the parts were distributed ; and now the eagerness to be *prima-donna* appeared in its full force. The male characters were fairly assigned ; but as to the female, it mattered not whether they were or were not suited to the talents of their several representatives, provided those of the two Princesses were carefully worked up and comprised all the interest of the pieces.

Our only resource was in playing something less badly than our Imperial coadjutors, and in that respect we had full latitude. The actresses besides the two Princesses were La Maréchale Ney, Madame de la Vallette, and

\* He composed the affecting ballad of *We must depart ! Adieu, my Laura !* (so beautifully set to music by Boieldieu) at the moment he was himself embarking for his exile in America, and was also the author of *My Aunt Aurora*.



myself. The gentlemen, Messieurs de Brigode, d'Angosse, de Montbreton, and Junot ; besides another who acted a subordinate character, and whose name I have forgotten. La Maréchale Ney acted an old grandmother with the talent she uniformly displayed, for I never knew her to do anything otherwise than well, but her part was not very important.

The pleasure of this comedy was certainly not so great to its ultimate audience as to ourselves during our three weeks' rehearsals ; not that the matter was uniformly laughable to us all, or to me, for example, when on entering one of the palaces at which we were to rehearse, an equipage met my eyes with amaranth liveries, turned up with yellow and laced with silver, that is to say, my own ; but where was the person the landau had conveyed ? Not in the gallery ! I found, in short, that a council was being held ; but not in the fashion of the *Comédie Française*, to which the dramatic corps were admitted, and each allowed to give an opinion. In our company we had not even the liberty of remonstrance.

The Princess Pauline, as an actress, acquitted herself tolerably well, but her singing was so outrageously out of tune that it was scarcely endurable. It was, besides, sufficiently ridiculous to see her carried into the middle of the theatre (for the state of her health prevented her walking), and there in her arm-chair rehearsing the part of a young affianced bride. Who was her lover ? I do not remember, unless it was M. de Brigode, who in the second piece performed Lolo Dubourg admirably. Madame Ney and Madame de la Valette also performed in the first piece, the former extremely well ; as for Madame de la Valette, M. de Chazet, who was her instructor, exclaimed rather angrily : " Cannot you, dear madame, express a little more emotion ? rather more tenderness, I conjure you ! really, one would suppose you were asleep ! "

His reproach was just. It would be impossible to speak or move with more monotony or cold indifference ; she was perfectly provoking—an animated statue, but not animated like Galatea, with the sacred fire of the heart. And yet this woman, who appeared so cold, has proved that her soul was warmed by the noblest passions.

In the second piece Junot was a lover, a character not at all adapted to his comic talent. It was love in its utmost passion, in all the vigour of first impressions. I think M. de Longchamps must have been bent on placing his Charles in *recollected situations*, and putting into his mouth words he must pronounce with pleasure ; I cannot otherwise account for the parts of Junot and the future Queen of Naples in this piece.

Its plot is simple. The scene is laid at the house of the Mayor of Ruelle ; Caroline and Charles, mutually in love, and born the same day, are engaged in marriage. An insufferable coxcomb is desirous of crossing their hopes ; but the good genius of the weeping lovers has recourse to Malmaison. The wedding is to be celebrated, and the Empress designs to honour it with her presence. Meanwhile Charles and Caroline sing together to the air of *O ma tendre musette*.

Junot was much affected : those who knew his heart could have no difficulty in divining the nature of his emotions. Not so the lady ; she tried to appear moved, but could not succeed. Her feigned agitation was revealed only by the increased *alto* of the tones that came fretfully from her lips, which, however pretty, were never intended for the passage of harmonious sounds.

The Princess Pauline was enchanting in her costume of a peasant bride. The timidity which she really felt, and which a first public appearance cannot fail to excite even in persons of first-rate talent, was most becoming, and enhanced

her beauty in an extraordinary degree. The performance was certainly very amusing, both to see and hear. My education in good manners was never more essential to prevent a burst of laughter in the midst of a reply, for though the Princesses might be the two prettiest women in the world, they were certainly two of the worst actresses that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

My part was in the piece of M. de Longchamps, which was by far the prettiest. My dramatic skill was at best but indifferent, and this character quite unsuited to it. I had never aspired beyond the part of waiting-maid, or one of distrust and malice, such as Madame Dervil in the *Rivals*. On this occasion I was to be a very silly, frivolous young girl, god-daughter of the great lady who was expected at Ruelle; and I came to request a compliment for my god-mother from the Mayor, whom M. de Montbreton personated to perfection, with an ease and truth seldom to be found in an amateur.

I was quite certain of failing in my performance—a circumstance probably very desirable to others, but quite the reverse to myself. I therefore requested Mademoiselle Mars, if she had a few minutes to spare, to have the goodness to hear me rehearse; and by the more than urbanity with which she complied, rehearsing with me unweariedly every morning during the fortnight that elapsed before the appointed *fête*, I had an opportunity (of which I perhaps stupidly availed myself far more effectually than of her lessons) of admiring the play of her pliant and charming features, her expressive smile conveying some idea while it disclosed her pearly teeth, and those beaming eyes, which, in accordance with the smile, revealed the coming sentiment before it could find utterance.

Hearing her thus in a private room, divested of all that delusive attraction which the lights, the public plaudits, the

whole witchery of the scene cast around an actress on the stage, I mentally exclaimed: "This is the greatest actress in the world! she is pursuing her natural vocation. Here is no appearance of acting; it must therefore be the perfection of the art." From that moment I became a declared and enthusiastic admirer of Mademoiselle Mars, and considered it a public misfortune that she refused to receive pupils.

In these interviews I had equal reason to appreciate the tone of her conversation, her excellent judgment, and her good taste; I found in Mademoiselle Mars everything that could constitute a woman formed to shine and please in the very best society.

On the important day we breakfasted with the Empress in the stuccoed dining-room on the ground-floor at Malmaison leading to the Emperor's closet. We were five-and-twenty seated at a table, over which the Empress presided with her accustomed grace, and all the simplicity of a hostess in ordinary society. She had desired me to bring my two eldest daughters, Josephine and Constance. Josephine, her god-daughter, was placed beside her. Their English governess accompanied them.

The representation, terminating with a humorous madrigal of birthday congratulation to the Empress, passed off tolerably. The Princess Pauline performed far better than her sister, notwithstanding the vanity of the latter, who is perfectly persuaded that in every word, step, and action she excels all other women.

It was late before we left Malmaison, and our return was rather painful to me, for the Grand-Duchess of Berg took it into her head that we should accompany her in her carriage, though I had my own in waiting, and should have much preferred travelling at my ease in it. We had not proceeded far before the Princess was taken ill: it was at

Ruelle ; I ordered the coachman to stop ; the carriage-door was opened, and she alighted, which I would willingly have been excused doing, for the night air, though not absolutely cold, was far from agreeable.

The Princess had had a nervous attack in the course of the day, and had even fainted ; when the Empress Josephine, finding a letter entangled in her gown, put it into her hand, which she held closed with her own during her swoon—a trait which deserves publicity. When the Princess recovered and perceived this delicate attention, she said with ill-concealed ill-humour, in reply to a question which no one asked, for the Empress took no notice of the circumstance :

“ It is a letter from Murat.”

“ I very well knew the writer,” said the Empress afterwards to me ; “ for I recognized the hand.”

We reached Paris at three in the morning. I set the Princess down, and Junot handed her out of the carriage and conducted her to her apartments ; her carriage conveyed me home, but alone.

This little comedy of the 19th of March, 1807, had occupied the whole Imperial Court through the preceding winter, filling it with intrigues, petty hatred, vengeance, and scandal ; for, alas ! all these existed amongst us, and other bickerings still more despicable. But is not this the secret history of all courts ?

## CHAPTER XXII.

Visit of the Arch-Chancellor—The New Duke—The New Duchess—The Empress's Usher reprimanded—Death of the Young Prince Louis—Queen Hortense in the Pyrenees—Her Return to Paris—Her Albums and Musical Compositions—Napoleon less of a Corsican than he is thought—His Economy and Liberality—Cause of the Aspersions upon Junot by Las Cases—Campaign of 1807 continued—The Emperor's Ear grazed by a Ball—Napoleon's Observation to Marshal Lannes—Resolution of the Russian Soldiers—Battle of Friedland—The Emperor in High Spirits—Victor—Marshal Ney—Prodigious Slaughter—Capture of Königsberg—Interview of the two Emperors at Tilsit—Humiliation of the King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander Fascinated—The Queen of Prussia's Intercourse with Napoleon at Tilsit—Napoleon's Error in not Re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland—The Queen of Prussia's Beauty—Effects on Prussia of the Treaty of Tilsit—Violation of Locks and Seals.

ONE evening the Arch-Chancellor paid me a visit. He appeared thoughtful, and, seating himself beside my sofa, which I could no longer quit, accosted me with: "I bring you strange news; the Emperor is not only re-establishing the ancient *noblesse*, but is creating new titles of rank; and who do you think is the first military Duke? Guess."

"Marshal Lannes?" "Very natural, but not correct."  
 "Marshal Masséna?" The Arch-Chancellor smiled and shook his head. "Well, then, unless it is Bernadotte, who, in spite of his violent republicanism, seems to wear harness as a courtier with perfect docility, I can guess no further."

“It is Lefebvre ; I have just seen his wife.” “And not ill chosen. Madame la Maréchale’s manner may not be in perfect harmony with her dignity of Duchess, but she is a good wife ; besides, you know the Emperor makes no account of us—one difficulty in his choice was therefore obviated ; and Lefebvre is one of the most estimable members of our military family. I am sure the Emperor has well weighed his choice.”

The Arch-Chancellor, with all his caution, smiled at me, and we understood each other without speaking. It was evident that Napoleon, willing to revive the high nobility and revive the twelve peers of Charlemagne, intended to give additional lustre to his twenty-four Grand Dignitaries of the Empire, which, however, should be the just reward of their services ; but it was necessary to feel his way, and to proceed warily with a people who held the very name of King in abhorrence, and had only accepted an Emperor in consideration of the ancient relation of that dignity with a Republic.

Napoleon, surrounded by a thousand perils, never relaxed his precautions ; and, though apparently regardless of obstacles, was careful not to shock the men of the Revolution ; they were to be gained, but this was no longer a work of difficulty. The temptation was spread before them, and Nature achieved the rest.

No sooner was the bait offered than all, far from repelling it, were eager for a bite, and that which Napoleon presented in the duchy of Dantzic was of the most attractive kind. Aware of this, he would not confer it where it might in any case be liable to abuse, and Marshal Lefebvre, esteemed by the army and all true Frenchmen, and deserving of the highest reward of valour, was the person best adapted to the Emperor’s purpose.\*

\* The siege of Dantzic was one of the most brilliant military successes of a campaign rich in triumph. Something of Frederick’s spirit was at

The important question which at this time agitated the Imperial Court was how the new Duchess would bear her dignity, and she speedily resolved it. She went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine for the favour the Emperor had just conferred. The Empress was in the great yellow salon ; and as Madame la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the Chamberlain-in-Waiting ; he returned and addressed her : “ Madame la Maréchale may enter.” The lady looked askance at him ; but suppressing all audible tokens of indignation she entered the salon ; and the Empress, rising from the sofa she usually occupied beside the fireplace, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying with that engaging graciousness she could always assume when it pleased her :

“ How is the Duchess of Dantzic ? ” La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then, turning towards the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door, “ *Hey, my boy,* ” said she, “ *what do you think of that ?* ” How was it possible for the most determined gravity to resist such an attack ? Towards the end of the Empire the Duchess of Dantzic became tiresome, and almost as rational in her speech as Madame Fabre de l’Aude, who once answered the Emperor’s query when she would lie in of her twenty-fifth child : “ When your Majesty pleases.” But

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length roused in General Kalkreuth ; he was once more the soldier ; we had not, indeed, spared the spur, but the steed at length began to feel it. During the two months’ siege the trenches were open fifty-two days ; and when Kalkreuth capitulated, and engaged for himself and his men not to bear arms for twelve months, only eight thousand and some hundred men defiled before the French General, though he had shut himself up there at the head of eighteen thousand. Eight hundred cannon and immense stores were captured in this fortress, the fall of which secured our left flank and rear, and left to Prussia only the post of Pillau along the whole coast of the Baltic.



La Maréchale Lefebvre, or the Duchess of Dantzic, as you may please to call her, was very amusing at the time her husband was made a Duke (a year before the other Generals), and for a long time maintained her eccentric character under the ducal dignity.\*

While we in Paris were celebrating our conquests at five hundred leagues' distance with dancing and various diversions, all Europe was marching at the Emperor's bidding; and already new plans were succeeding to those of which a few weeks had witnessed the accomplishment. Spain in her treachery imagined she had deceived him, but already did his finger point to the Peninsula, which he devoted to ruin.

A great misfortune befell the family of the Empress Josephine in the death of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, who died in Holland of the croup. The letters of Madame de Brock described the grief of the Queen as so violent as to threaten irreparable injury to her health. Whatever might be the projects of the Empress, her heart was deeply smitten by this event. She seemed to apprehend the menace of divorce in every tear that was shed over the tomb of the young Prince. "Oh, what a misfortune!" she continually repeated with sobs of distress. It is impossible to speak too highly of the young Prince Louis, who, had he lived to fulfil the promise of his childhood, must have become a dis-

\* Once Marshal Lefebvre fell ill of an ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured, but the fever clung to the Marshal until it occurred to his energetic Duchess that the doctor had blundered "*comme un âne*" by giving to the Marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted upon her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. "*Tiens bois! en voilà pour ton grade,*" she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips, and the Duke, having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "*T'as beaucoup à apprendre mon garçon,*" was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.—*The Temple Bar Magazine* for August, 1883.

tinguished character. He bore a striking resemblance to his father, and consequently to the Emperor, from which likeness the malice which pursued the Emperor even into his holiest affections has invented a calumny so infamous that I should degrade myself by refuting it.

The Queen of Holland left her marshes and aquatic plains to come and seek, not consolation—for what mother consoles herself for the loss of her child?—but an alleviation of the despair which was undermining her health. She went to the Pyrenees, to Cauterets, and from thence made the famous tour of the Vignemale. From her gracious manners and benevolence she was positively adored by the inhabitants of this district.

Queen Hortense came to Paris, after the season for visiting the watering-places, in this same year, 1807, and brought back to us the charming parties where the most distinguished artists of France came to bring their tributes to a Princess whose proficiency in the arts enabled her so perfectly to appreciate them. How delightfully did the hours pass in such gifted society! There, at a round table, sat Gérard, with his immortal pencil; Isabey, whose productions may be imitated but never equalled; Garnery, who, after working long upon a pretty design for an album, ended by sketching the room we were in, with such fidelity that its most trifling articles of furniture might be recognized, and yet with such excellent effect that no minuteness of detail was observable.

But the talents of the mistress of the mansion were worthy to compete with those of her distinguished guests, and were in no way more remarkable than in the extraordinary resemblance and beautiful effect of her portrait sketches. Thus the Queen possessed a unique collection of drawings, if in her adventurous peregrinations she did not lose them. I have seen in her albums faces which no doubt would have

been surprised to find themselves in company. It was at this time that she composed *Partant pour la Syrie ! Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers, Le beau Dunois, Le bon Chevalier, En soupirant j'ai vu maître l'Aurore*, and many other romances which we still know and sing, and which I always sing with renewed pleasure. Queen Hortense is no longer here to receive flattery ; and truly her productions may be praised with a very clear conscience.

Amongst other talents she possessed in a remarkable degree that of attracting friendship. I have always thought that had she succeeded her reign would have been fortunate, because many of the good actions which in other Princes result only from policy would have originated with her in love of her duties and of the public weal. She would have perfectly understood that her peace of mind depended upon the well-being of her people. She would often have pardoned when she had the power of punishing, looking upon vengeance as the attribute of a base mind.

This reminds me of an anecdote, related to me not a week ago by a person high in the Emperor's confidence. This person was at the head of a certain department in the State, and brought to the Emperor, when he was about to set out for the army, just before the Battle of Wagram, a list of seventeen names, borne by men whose fortune and situation in the State were calculated to alarm Napoleon at a period when he could not be perfectly at ease concerning the internal peace of the country, though all was apparently calm. These men were conspiring, but in so unskilful a manner that all their manœuvres were known as soon as contrived. "What does your Majesty command with respect to this affair?" said the Minister. "Nothing."

The other looked at him with astonishment, and again offered his list ; but the Emperor smiled, and repeated :

“Nothing at all, my dear Count ; I punish my enemies only when their machinations interfere with my projects for the good of my people : it is for that, not because they oppose *me*, that I punish them. I am less of a Corsican than I am thought.”

This expression appeared to me a noble one. The person who heard it, and who repeated it to me, spoke also much of the degree of consideration in which Napoleon held the persons who surrounded him. He made a great difference between his friends and the men of talent whom he recompensed. He was less affectionate, less familiar with these latter, but he was often prodigal in his gifts to them. Favouritism was not in vogue during his reign, and very seldom superseded positive merit. He did acts of kindness by those he loved ; as by Junot, for example, or Duroc, or Lannes, and many others ; and when by their services to the State, of which they were the pillars, whether by their pens or by their swords, they had merited rewards, he bestowed them munificently.

The Emperor was a great economist : every month M. Estève submitted to him an account of his privy purse and of the general expenses of his Household. It usually showed a surplus, and this was always divided amongst his Generals. Many of them were young and fond of pleasure, perhaps of luxury. And why not ? A life of splendour became naturally one of indulgence ; it appeared to them doubly delightful after entire years passed in tents, amidst the barren sands of the tropics, the bogs of Poland, the snows of Siberia, or the rocks of Spain. In looking upon those fine velvet curtains fringed with gold, which canopied a head of scars, and arms lacerated in deep cicatrices, and a bosom seamed by the enemy’s sword, it was delightful to the brave soldier who enjoyed this pleasurable mode of existence to be able to say : “I owe it all to my own

courage, to my exertions for my country." And this many of Napoleon's captains might say with justifiable pride—Junot, Lannes, Rapp, Marmont, Bessières, Duroc, and a long list of names too numerous to cite.

I have learnt only very recently that, in this monthly division of surplus revenue, General Oudinot, who belonged to the Army of the Rhine, and who had not the same claims upon the Emperor as his old friends, received, nevertheless, a monthly gratification of eight or ten thousand francs, and that this munificence was long continued. Gratitude was soon obliterated in the bosom of that Marshal: I have positive reasons for saying so.

No doubt the Emperor made reflections upon Marshal Oudinot, quite as bitter as those M. Las Cases has transmitted to us relative to Junot. Why, then, have they not been communicated to us? It would be odd if I could solve this problem. I was, a few months ago, working tapestry in my boudoir with the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, a name of some note in our literature, a lady advanced in years, but full of life and satire, and whose stories were most entertaining to listen to. A long pause had taken place in our conversation; it had been a very laughable one, and I was turning over in my mind a multitude of anecdotes, every one more amusing than its predecessor, which she had been relating.

My needle passed in and out, while Madame d'Hautpoul sat upon a well-cushioned sofa looking at me, and swinging to and fro a neatly-dressed foot, about the size of that of a child six years old. Suddenly winking at me, she exclaimed: "Will you not answer him?" "Who?" "Why, Las Cases, to be sure." We had not pronounced his name the whole evening, but we had spoken of him often enough for me perfectly to understand her. "Yes, undoubtedly I shall answer him," said I; "but do you understand this violent

antipathy to my husband?" "But, my dear child, he was a long time your neighbour in the country." "He, Monsieur de Las Cases! and where?" "At Bièvre. Was not Madame de Montesson your neighbour at the great château of Bièvre?" "Yes, but she is not M. de Las Cases." "Patience, we shall come to him by-and-by."

And accordingly my friend opened her budget of anecdotes once more, and in so doing let me into all the mystery of the animosity of Las Cases towards Junot, to whom it would appear he had been the rival in the good graces of a certain English lady,\* who had hired the Château of Bièvre after Madame de Montesson. "So then," said I, "here is the explanation of our revelations from Saint Helena;" and we relapsed into our respective contemplations, for which the last few words had furnished me with ample matter.

We were in the summer of 1807, and each courier brought us news of the progress of the campaign. The Emperor, supported by Marshals Lannes and Ney, had attacked Guttstadt, and entered the town after a terrible resistance. In this affair a ball, which just missed Napoleon's ear, passed so close that he felt the wind from it; I trembled when Duroc related the circumstance, and he assured me that it was not an uncommon thing, for the Emperor was frequently exposed to great personal danger, and he gave me instances of his courage in battle which would have inspired me with admiration if I had not already felt it.

Junot had always spoken of his conduct in the Army of Italy in the same terms; but I considered the Emperor as a

\* Lady C. and M. Las Cases were very intimate while the latter was in England; they returned together to France. It was at this period that Las Cases felt violently jealous of Junot, which feeling seems to have accompanied him even to Saint Helena.

different character from that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. I was mistaken; he was still the same individual; he knew mankind and how to lead them; and he knew that the influence of valour was the first essential in mastering the affections of the French people.

Battle succeeded to battle in Poland. That of Deppen followed the combat of Guttstadt, and was succeeded by that of Heilsberg, in which we lost a frightful number of troops, officers and Generals in particular, a fact which usually indicates that the soldiers do not engage willingly. This murderous day gave us only the barren honour of conquering foot by foot the spot upon which we fought.

Marshal Lannes, being near the Emperor in one of the most anxious moments of this day, remarked to Napoleon how great a change had taken place in the formation of the Russian order of battle, and how much use they made of their artillery, for in this engagement their batteries did great execution, and they maintained their position within their entrenchments. The Emperor replied in these remarkable words: "*Yes, we are giving them lessons which will soon make them our masters.*"

The famous Battle of Friedland followed in a few days. And here I must observe the immense difference between the two nations we had to fight. In twenty days Prussia was conquered. Russia was an adversary worthy of our arms, and our almost uncertain victories had at least this advantage — that they had been honourably disputed. Friedland is but eight leagues from Preussisch-Eylau, where the great battle was fought on the 8th of February: that of Friedland took place on the 14th of June, during all of which time, signalized by innumerable combats, we had advanced only that short distance.

The Russians even disputed with us some victories to which we laid positive claim. They defended themselves,

not indeed in the most scientific way, but like men determined to permit the invasion of their country only when the last soldier had fallen before the frontier. This is honour, this is true patriotism ; and when, after an equally fine defence, we behold the conflagration of Moscow, it must be confessed that the Russian nation promises greatness.

This Battle of Friedland was the more gratifying to Napoleon as at Eylau a great part of the glory remained to the enemy. He could not even say : " I have conquered !" for it is useless to conceal a well-known fact. But at Friedland, Victory returned to her favourite, and was all his own. He stood upon an elevation from whence he could see all the movements of both armies, and the success of his plans so exhilarated his spirits that his joy displayed itself in a gaiety of manner which he seemed unable to restrain, notwithstanding his disposition to preserve an attitude of royal dignity, and I have been assured by some friends who were with him throughout the day that he did and said a thousand frolicsome things ; this cheerfulness of heart was the more striking to his officers, as the natural bent of his character was by no means gay.

He was hungry, and asked for bread and Chambertin wine ; " But I choose," said he, " to have the common bread of the country." And as he was standing in front of a mill he insisted that it should be brought to him at once. The people of the house hesitated, because the common bread of the Russian peasantry is made of bad rye-flour, full of long straws, and in all respects detestable. He, however, petulantly insisted upon having it, saying : " It is what the soldiers eat." Then, with his pearly teeth, he bit a piece of black bread that we should have rejected. But when the soldiers learned that their Chief had eaten of their bread and found it good, who among them would have dared to complain ?



It was at Friedland that Victor, whom the soldiers called *Beau Soleil*,\* first came into notice as Commander-in-Chief of a division of the army. Bernadotte, wounded in the engagement of Spandau the preceding week, had left his division under the command of Victor. But the General who principally contributed to the success of this day was Marshal Ney. "You can form no idea," Berthier wrote to the Arch-Chancellor, "of the brilliant courage of Marshal Ney; it appears fabulous in relation, and resembles only the time of chivalry. It is to him chiefly that we owe the success of this memorable day."

All the letters which Junot received spoke of this as one of the most terrible battles our troops had ever been engaged in. All the morning was passed in the most fearful carnage, but towards four o'clock in the afternoon the combat became so murderous, so desperately bloody, that the most determined were struck with horror. A battery of thirty pieces of cannon, commanded by General Senarmont and

\* Marshal Victor was a little man, with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the lustre of his complexion. He was not a General of the very first order, but brave and faithful; he had an honourable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo, but Napoleon regarded Marengo and Austerlitz as two victories especially his own, and he would never confer the titles of them upon any of his soldiers. The Emperor's sister Pauline suggested that Victor's services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of "Belluno," pronounced in French "Bellune." It was not until after Napoleon innocently acceded to this suggestion that he observed that his clever sister had in choosing the title of Bellune (Belle Lune) played upon the sobriquet of *Beau Soleil*. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the Emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said that if the Marshal did not like the title that had been given to him, he should have no other.—*Temple Bar Magazine*, August, 1883.

erected in front of our columns, played upon the enemy, and ground their men like so many grains of corn under a millstone. The enemy, who had formed in close columns, seeing their masses broken by our fire, fled to the right bank of the Aller, and were pursued until long after sunset.

This time the victory, the actual success, could not be doubtful ; the Russian and Prussian bulletins acknowledged their immense loss. Nevertheless, in confessing their defeat, the Russians exhibited infinitely more dignity than at Austerlitz. The result of this battle was the almost total destruction of the Russian army, while in ours one division of the Imperial Guard was not even brought into action. It was one of the finest military achievements of Napoleon ; he was brilliantly seconded, it is true, by Marshal Ney. But though the arm which executes is much in all operations, the skill lies in the head which forms the plan.

The ultimate consequence of the victory of Friedland was the Peace of Tilsit, signed in the following month. Its first result was the capture of Königsberg by Marshal Soult two days after the battle. This second capital of Prussia contained immense magazines of all kinds ; and in its ports were English, Russian, and Prussian vessels laden with arms, provisions, and colonial produce.

The pursuit continued without intermission. Murat overtook the Russians at Tilsit, where they burned the bridge as soon as their troops had crossed the Niemen, and they urgently begged for peace. Then it was that the famous interview between the two Emperors took place. The King of Prussia was of so little account in these conferences that nothing more was said of him than if he had been at Berlin. I have heard a number of inferior officers in our army express themselves with respect to his situation at Tilsit in terms that were painful to hear. To see a King—for, in fact, he was a King—following his conqueror with an eye

of apprehension, fearing to speak, walking always behind the two other Sovereigns, and thus, by his own conduct, placing himself in a subordinate rank, must always be distressing.

It was at the second meeting that the King of Prussia was introduced, and Napoleon the same day said to Duroc, whom he affectionately loved : " If I had seen William III. before the campaign of Jéna, I should have had less uneasiness for its results. I know that he is your *protégé*, Duroc, but even your friendship cannot give him the dignity of a King."

It is certainly a brilliant page in the history of Napoleon which relates this interview in a tent supported by a raft, on a river at the extremity of Poland, almost in the dominions of Peter the Great, between the grandson of that extraordinary man and him, the son of his own actions ; him, who had belonged but two years to the College of Kings, but before whose little hat all its members trembled. There he was, with all his glory, surrounded by his victories as by a triumphal Court, with France always by his side, that France whom he had made great, powerful, and respected.

The Emperor had determined to conquer in every fashion in this Polish campaign. It entered into his political plans to conquer the Emperor Alexander, and he accomplished his purpose with irresistible grace. He possessed, when he chose to display it, a fascinating charm from which there was no escape ; and he exercised this ascendancy nobly—not by caresses and advances unworthy of the majesty of his Crown, but by a glance, a smile ; all the fire of Heaven was in the one, all its mildness in the other.

" On our meeting at Tilsit," said the Emperor Alexander to me when I had the honour of receiving his Majesty at my house in 1814, " I stepped upon the raft, quite determined to sustain my dignity in my deportment towards the

man whose treatment of the King of Prussia was, in my opinion, violently unjust. I intended to do much for my unfortunate friend, and much also for my own people ; but scarcely had I seen Napoleon, scarcely had he spoken, before I was overcome."

The Queen of Prussia is an instance of the power of circumstances in forming the female character. It is impossible for a woman to exhibit more moral courage than did this unfortunate Queen during the few days of her residence at Tilsit. She must have suffered every kind of torture at that period. She was firm and resolute in her will, and possessed all the virtues that adorn the Sovereign dignity. She did not like the Emperor Napoleon, who certainly gave her legitimate cause of aversion, especially at Tilsit. Who cannot understand the resentment of a beautiful and still young woman who endeavours to please and finds her overtures repulsed? The Emperor proved on this occasion how much he was master of himself in his intercourse with women, and how light he made of their attacks.

The Empress Josephine has related very remarkable traits of direct advances on the one part, and of firm reserve on the other. He one day took from a porcelain vase a rose of exquisite beauty, which he presented to the Queen of Prussia. "This gift would be of inestimable value," said she to him, "if you would join to it what justice demands, that you should restore to an orphan, from whom you are wresting it, his inheritance." But what must have been seen to be appreciated, as a spectator afterwards informed me, was the expression of the stolen glance and the supplicating smile. Napoleon smiled also, but not with his usual soft and gracious smile, and answered the Queen with an air of cold politeness :

"Your Majesty knows my intentions. I have communi-

cated them to the Emperor Alexander, because, as mediator between us, he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the King, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you, madame, that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia." The Queen turned pale; Napoleon's language was certainly too harsh. Her fate was lamentable: half the dominions of the King of Prussia were taken from him; the penalty of retaliation was inflicted on the descendants of Frederick; all the Polish territory so basely seized from that brave Republic was required to be resigned. Warsaw was delivered over to Saxony; Dantzic declared a free town.

The Emperor Alexander, who could refuse nothing to his *well-beloved brother*—this was the formula under which the letters of the two Emperors to each other were at this time addressed—offered his mediation between France and England; recognized the Confederation of the Rhine and the Kingdom of Italy; and, what is still more astonishing, acknowledged the three brothers of Napoleon as Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia; the Czar even anticipated the wishes of his new ally.

My profound veneration for Napoleon, the religious worship I have vowed to his memory, do not prevent my judging impartially the faults which he committed, and which, much more than the Continental coalition, were the true causes of his downfall. I have therefore no prejudice to blind me to his great mistake in failing to re-establish the throne of Poland; which he might the more easily have effected, as he had in his own army the man whom he could with the greatest confidence have named King of Poland.

This was the Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last King, handsome, brave, enterprising, and determined, as he himself once assured me, to undertake everything for

the liberation of unhappy Poland. I know, however, that Napoleon had for some time a fancy for giving another King to Poland in the person of his brother-in-law Murat, who passionately desired this crown ; he imagined that because he could wield his sabre elegantly, and had worn feathers during the campaign to the value of thirty millions of francs, he ought to be King of Poland !

The Queen of Prussia's beauty was celebrated ; Duroc considered her the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The Emperor was not of the same opinion, and when I heard him speak of the beautiful Queen it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only *she did not suit his taste* ; the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe. He would not take her situation into consideration, nor admit that the Queen of Prussia, despoiled of her dominions, and appearing before him in the character of a petitioner, ought at least to assume a reserved attitude. I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment who adored her ; I have everywhere met with universal suffrages in her favour from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character ; and those attacks which were directed against a beautiful and virtuous woman have always given me pain. I have professed not to attempt excusing the Emperor's faults, and this is certainly one of them.

The unfortunate King of Prussia lost by the Treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the Battle of Jéna. He was compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which, Napoleon continually repeated, were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram, extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty



LOUISA AUGUSTA OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ,  
QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

1776-1810.





leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost rigour; a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and sands, bathed by the waves of the Baltic, lost thereby all hopes of fertilization through the medium of maritime commerce.

All the military operations upon which I have touched in this volume are reported from letters addressed to Junot in my possession. Happily they escaped the grasp of the Duke of Rovigo when, by the order of the Emperor (an order which the Emperor subsequently disowned), he came to my house in my absence to take away his Majesty's private letters; and when, in fulfilment of that order, he broke the seals which, in the absence of the mother, the legal and natural guardian, had been affixed upon private chambers, and forced open the secret lock of an iron chest, the depository of articles of value. The Emperor had, it is true, ordered the restoration of his letters, but they were safe in this chest under the security of seals, affixed as usual to all cabinets, drawers, and other depositories of papers and valuables after death, before the succession to property is established.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Emperor's Return to Paris—Conduct of the Emperor's Sisters—Painful Interview between the Emperor and Junot—The Red Livery—Murat and Junot—Duel forbidden by the Emperor—Reconciliation between Junot and Napoleon—Cardinal Maury—Corneille and Racine—The Emperor's Judgment—Christmas Revels at Marmont's, and Mass at St. Roche—Napoleon's Adventure in the Gardens of the Tuileries—*Fête* at the Hôtel de Ville—Junot appointed Commander of the Gironde—Parting Interview with the Emperor—Junot's Unhappiness—Kingdom of Westphalia erected—Suppression of the Tribunate—Career of Conquest—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Proclamation.

THE Emperor, on his return to Paris, was received with as much joy as when he came from Marengo. Acclamations and harangues were not spared, and addresses poured in from all quarters of the kingdom. Adulation did not prompt these addresses. They were the expression of the enthusiasm of France—an enthusiasm amounting to delirium, and which Napoleon rejoiced to accept. The Emperor returned to Paris about the end of July, 1807, and this event produced results very important to my family.

I had long foreseen them, but unhappily had no power of prevention. I loved Junot, but I had not reproached him on account of his connection with the Grand-Duchess of Berg, because I never considered it criminal. I saw, however, the course he was running, and the end to which it

would inevitably lead. The Emperor had a peculiar mode of thinking relative to his sisters, which led him to exact from them the strictest propriety in their conduct ; and he believed it to be true that none of the Princesses had ever given occasion for the slightest reflection upon their reputations. Up to this period it had been a matter of indifference to Fouché, and to another whom I will not name because he is living, whether the Emperor's sisters caused the world to talk of them or not—whether M. le Comte de Fl——, M. de C——, etc., compromised these ladies, or were compromised by them.

The Princesses were gracious to Savary, Fouché, and others, and the Emperor was the only person who remained in ignorance of what all the world knew. He thought that the Princess Pauline was an inconsistent beauty, wearing a pretty ball-dress in disobedience to Corvisart, and only guilty of not keeping the house when ordered by her physician. Hitherto these ladies had never been betrayed by the superintending authorities ; but when it became known that a man they did not like might be ruined by a direct accusation, this complaisance ceased. Alas, I had long foreseen it !

When the Emperor arrived at Paris the storm had already gathered. The clouds had been collecting in Poland. The Emperor had received written intimations that Junot was compromising the Grand-Duchess of Berg ; that his livery was seen at unsuitable hours in the Court of the Elysée, and that numerous corroborating circumstances might be adduced. It was one of Junot's comrades, still living, who preferred this accusation. Napoleon's heart was wounded by this news, and when Junot presented himself before him on his return he met with a stern reception and constrained language. Junot's fiery spirit could not endure the Emperor's coldness, and he asked an audience.

It was immediately granted, and was stormy. The Emperor accused him without reserve, and Junot, sorely wounded, would not answer upon any point, asserting that the Emperor ought to depend upon his care for the honour of his name.

"Sire !" he exclaimed, "when at Marseilles I loved the Princess Pauline, and you were upon the point of giving her to me—I loved her to distraction—yet what was my conduct? Was it not that of a man of honour? I am not changed since that period ; I am still equally devoted to you and yours. Sire, your mistrust is injurious to me." The Emperor listened, watching him meanwhile with marked attention ; then walked the room in silence, with his arms crossed and a menacing brow. "I am willing to believe all that you say," at length he replied ; "but you are not the less guilty of imprudence, and imprudence in your situation towards my sister amounts to a fault, if not to worse. Why, for example, does the Grand-Duchess occupy your boxes at the theatres? Why does she go thither in your carriage? Hey! M. Junot! you are surprised that I should be so well acquainted with your affairs and those of that little fool Madame Murat?"

Junot was confounded at finding that the Emperor had been informed of this circumstance, which, nevertheless, was sufficiently important, considering the relative situation of the two personages, to fix the attention not only of the police, but of the public ; nothing but the infatuation, which so often blinds those who are entering upon the career of ruin, could have caused his astonishment at the natural consequences which had followed his conduct.

"Yes," continued the Emperor, "I know all that and many other facts which I am willing to look upon as imprudences only ; but in which also I see serious faults on your part. Once more, why this carriage with your livery?

Your livery should not be seen at two o'clock in the morning in the courtyard of the Grand-Duchess of Berg. *You, Junot ! You compromise my sister !*" And Napoleon fell into a chair.

Before proceeding further I wish to explain the motives which have induced me to raise the veil which with my own hand I have thrown over the private life of Junot. All the other connections which he formed acted only upon my own happiness, and in no way upon his destiny. Here the case was totally different. I do not hesitate to ascribe all my husband's misfortunes, and even his death, to his unhappy entanglement with the Queen of Naples. I do not charge this connection with real criminality ; I even believe that there was only the appearance of it ; but the suspicious appearances which really did exist led to the most fatal consequences : they kindled the lion's wrath. Subsequently, circumstances produced an eruption of the long-smothered volcano, and the tempest burst forth.

It is on this account (its political and direct influence upon my husband's life and fortunes) that I have determined to write what follows, this sort of preface being essential to the understanding of the events which took place in Russia in 1812, and of the tragedy which closed them in 1813. A family bereft of its head, children made orphans, an illustrious name assailed, are sufficient grounds for conferring on my narrative all the solemnity it merits, and preserving it from the insignificance of an amorous intrigue. I shall entertain my readers neither with jealous passions nor with romantic sorrows ; it is facts alone that I shall record.

At present my readers must return with me to the Tuileries, to the closet of Napoleon, and there see him, not alone, but in company with those who poisoned his life by their daily, nay, hourly reports. It was not Lannes, it was

not Bessières, it was not Masséna, it was not even Soult, for I must do him justice, though, for what reason I know not, he does not like me ; neither was it Duroc, notwithstanding all that has been said again and again upon the subject of his police of the interior of the palace ; neither was it Junot, notwithstanding the quantity of reports which he received daily as *active* Governor of Paris, a personage who no longer exists except in memory ; it was none of these men : they had notions of honour which would have made them feel an antipathy to such conduct ; neither was it Rapp, with his rough exterior but noble soul, who would thus have betrayed the secret of a comrade's heart to soil twenty pages of a scandalous report, which was destined to serve no useful end or political interest, but simply for a moment to engage the curiosity of the Emperor, whose singular turn of mind on these subjects led him to take a real pleasure in knowing how many grains of salt I or anyone else might strew upon a buttered muffin.

The men who played this odious part are well known, and universal contempt has amply recompensed their infamous conduct. Two in particular carried in their countenances sufficient indications for the judgment of the public. The one is dead, and as a Christian I have forgiven him all the evil he did to Junot ; but as a widow and mother I have not forgiven him the irreparable wrong which the father of my children suffered from him. The other, as guilty, is not yet gone to give an account of his conduct as a man and a citizen before the tribunal of his Maker. He not only lives, but he still injures ; he menaces, he acts, he is influential in evil. Such were the men who filled the poisoned cup which the Emperor compelled his oldest friend to drink !

The Emperor's ignorance respecting the real conduct of his sisters is inconceivable, for his eagle eye penetrated

many other mysteries. Fouché, Junot, Duroc, and Dubois, the four persons in whose hands all the State police of Paris and France was vested, were silent upon what they knew on this subject, because it would have distressed the Emperor ; none of them was willing to do this. It came to his knowledge at last, but clandestinely, and through a channel so unusual that he placed but little confidence in the rumour, which he attributed to the imprudence of young women, and said to Madame Mère : "*Le diable !* Signora Letizia, why do you not reprimand your daughters, and warn them against compromising themselves with a tribe of young fops ? Let them dance with the officers of my Guard ; they are brave men at least, if they are not handsome."

I shall not undertake to answer all the calumnies which have been attempted to be fastened upon the family connections of the Emperor. It is sufficient to have lived in intimacy with Napoleon to know his mode of thinking upon matters of morality ; my blood boils when I hear him accused of *corruption*. A scene at Malmaison, recorded in a former part of these Memoirs, will perhaps be brought in evidence against me. I answer by referring to the scene itself. Napoleon employed no manœuvres to induce me to accede. Had I yielded to his will he would have despised me, for the wife of his friend, failing in duty to her husband through the allurements of the Sovereign, would have appeared infamous in his eyes.

Napoleon was not informed of the indiscretions of one of his sisters until the time of the Portuguese War ; and the man who was accused of causing them was almost exiled to Junot's Staff. I know that those who chose to turn everything into ridicule will assert that it is impossible. It is a fact, however ; and suspicion once infused into such a mind as his, everything became speedily known to him. Still he would have remained ignorant of the adventures of Messieurs

de Septeuil and de Canouville if the histories of the horse and pelisse, and of the explanation, had not come to enlighten him—but these circumstances belong to the year 1810.

Junot's indiscretion, then, was the first which reached the Emperor's ear, and, as I have shown, it violently irritated him. "Suppose," said he, walking up and down the room, "Murat should become acquainted with all these fine stories of the chase at Raincy, the theatres, and your carriage and livery." It seems that the carriage and livery offended him most highly. Junot attempted to excuse himself by observing upon the brilliancy of that of the Grand-Duchess; the Emperor stamped with violence, and looked at him for some time without speaking; at length he said in a voice of severity and an interrogative tone: "And what colour are your liveries, then?" Junot cast down his eyes and said nothing.

The fact is, that the colour of our livery was precisely the same as that of the Grand-Duchess; the difference was in the trimming and lace, the Grand-Duchess's being turned up with white and gold lace, ours with yellow and silver; the coat of amaranth cloth was of precisely the same shade in both. This similarity was, in truth, the will of the Grand-Duchess; I always thought that it was to serve some crafty purpose, and now I found my suspicions proved.

"Yes!" said the Emperor, still pacing the room, "if Murat had learned all that I have been repeating, what would he say? What would he do? You would have had a terrible storm to encounter!" Junot's countenance instantly changed; at length, recovering all his energy, he made two steps towards Napoleon, and said firmly: "If Murat should believe himself offended, it is not so long since we were on equal terms, both on the field of battle and elsewhere, but that I should be ready to give him all



the satisfaction he could wish for. Though the Cossacks may be afraid of him, I am not quite so easily frightened, and this time I should fight with pistols." "Ah! truly," cried the Emperor, with admirable naïveté, "that is precisely what I feared;" and then he added in a gentle tone: "But I have settled that; I have spoken to him and all is right."

"Sire, I thank you; but I must observe to your Majesty that I cannot consent to an accommodation being arranged between the Grand-Duke of Berg and myself; if he believes himself offended, which I deny that he has any right to be, he can easily find me; my Hôtel is very near the Elysée." "Yes, yes," said the Emperor, "much too near; and *à propos* of that, what is the meaning of the frequent visits my sister has been making to your wife?" "Sire, my wife is much indisposed, and cannot go out without great care. Her Imperial Highness the Grand-Duchess has done her the favour to come and see her two or three times this spring, which is the amount of the numerous visits that have been reported to your Majesty." "That is not true," replied the Emperor, taking a long letter from a drawer near him, and looking it entirely through, while his brow became more and more contracted. Junot cast a momentary glance upon the letter and recognized the writing. "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but if you condemn your sister and your oldest friend and most faithful servant upon the accusations of the writer of that letter, I cannot believe you impartial."

Napoleon seemed surprised, but made no objection to this observation; an almost imperceptible smile seemed to curl his lip, and Junot proceeded: "Besides, Sire, this is not a letter, for he\* was with your Majesty; it is therefore *a report, a report of his police*, copied by him! It must be a beautiful production! He ought at least

\* General Savary.

to have respected your Majesty's sister ; but there are very efficacious means of teaching people circumspection and politeness ; and I shall employ them with him." "Junot," exclaimed the Emperor, "I forbid you to fight S——." Junot smiled contemptuously. "You have suspected me, you have accused me of treachery, Sire ; I cannot ask satisfaction of you for this ; I must then go and demand it of him who has caused me all this pain, and, by Heavens ! I will. If afterwards Murat has any commands for me, I am at his service ; unless, indeed, this paltry fellow should send a ball through my head, which is possible, for I have known very indifferent soldiers kill a brave man. But if I come out of this affair safe and sound I shall be ready to attend the Grand-Duke of Berg."

Napoleon rose impetuously, and coming to Junot, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, took him hastily by the hand, and turning him sharply towards himself, said to him in a loud and agitated tone : "Once more I command you to keep the peace ! Neither S—— nor Murat ; I will not permit you to fight either with the one or the other." Then drawing nearer to Junot and again taking his hand, he pressed it affectionately, saying : "Come, promise your old friend."

With Napoleon such moments were brief, but they were triumphant ; he never failed to come off conqueror on such an occasion. There was an irresistible charm in his look and in his voice which was sure to overcome the firmest resolution. Junot felt his anger giving way under their powerful influence ; he clasped the Emperor's hand, and pressed it to his heart, which beat violently ; and the Emperor, on feeling its agitated pulsation, also experienced a moment of indefinable but visible emotion ; nevertheless he overcame it, gently withdrew his hand, passed it through

Junot's thick light hair, and tapping his head, said with his melodious voice, which vibrated like an *Æolian* harp: "Promise me to be reasonable, wrong-head; and come to me again, I have more to say to you."

This conversation had lasted an hour and a half. The waiting-room was full of persons all upon the watch to learn the result of this long conference. One man in particular wished it shorter. He knew the Emperor, and he knew that very long audiences were never accorded to men about to fall under his displeasure; and Junot's countenance, when he at last came out, confirmed his opinion. Junot passed within two paces of him, but affected not to see him: "For I could not have avoided telling him my opinion of his conduct," said Junot to me when we were in Spain eighteen months afterwards, and more united than ever, conversing confidentially upon this period of his life, of which he revealed to me the most minute circumstances.

"I perhaps ought to have done so," added he; "for that man is one of those serpents who bite the more fatally when the victim is quiet."

Two days after this conversation, one morning, I was alone in my study—a retired apartment at the extremity of the house, into which I admitted no one but my most intimate acquaintances—when his Eminence Cardinal Maury was announced. I knew this celebrated man thoroughly, as during seven years he came to my house every day, without exception, at seven o'clock punctually, and left at ten, but, strange to say, I never could reckon him among my friends. He possessed, however, or at least I presume he possessed, all the qualities requisite in a friend, and I believe he was willing to be mine. But confidence is not to be commanded, and his unconciliating manners were, I believe, the primary cause of this repulsion.

Cardinal Maury, better known perhaps as the Abbé Maury, returned to France in 1806. The frontiers had been reopened to him in consequence of a letter written by him to the Emperor, which was in all respects unsuitable to both parties, as being addressed only to power ; its eloquence was tarnished by a strain of base servility. On arriving at Paris the *Abbé* Maury perceived all that the *Cardinal* had lost in the respect of the noble Faubourg, and found himself received with cold politeness in houses where he had been accustomed to meet with attachment. Notwithstanding his extraordinary eloquence, the Abbé Maury had been, before the Revolution, what he was in proscription, what he continued under the Empire, a man of talent rather than a man of sense, and a curé of the time of the League rather than an abbé of the reign of Louis XV.

His appearance was in the highest degree disagreeable. An enormous square head, a bald forehead of immense capacity, surrounded by that tuft of hair which the country abbés and the curés of villages formerly had made by their *peruquier* ; his eyes were remarkably small, and, except at the moment of speaking, when they were animated, were inexpressive ; his nose was almost sunk in two immense masses of flesh, below which Nature placed a prodigious horizontal aperture, which the two ears only seemed to prevent from making the tour of the head ; his small teeth were all shaped like the incisors, a peculiarity which must have been extremely useful to his Eminence, who devoured an enormous quantity of food ; his manners at table were revolting.

Notwithstanding his profound veneration for power, the Cardinal sometimes discussed (he did not dispute) literary subjects with the Emperor. Napoleon highly esteemed Corneille. He admired Racine and loved Corneille, which

I can perfectly comprehend, because I feel with him. But the Cardinal, to my great surprise, was not of the same mind. The Emperor one day said to him : "How is it that you do not like Corneille?"

"Sire," replied the Cardinal, "I admire Corneille, but I like Racine." "And I accuse your Racine of affectation in all his love scenes," said the Emperor, "for love he must have in his plays ; it is as essential to the piece as a prompter to the actors. None but young people can possibly like Racine. And how, *diable !* can you, Monsieur le Cardinal, at your age, set up for the champion of Racine, the ladies' poet ? Give me Corneille : he is the man who knew the world." "And how should he come by his knowledge when he saw no one?"

The Emperor cast a contemptuous look at the Cardinal, as if he now measured him for the first time. "That is precisely why I maintain that Corneille is a great man. At a distance from the Court, from intrigues, and from business, he guessed, as it were, the true situation of empires, sovereigns, and people. The great Condé, on seeing some piece of Corneille's represented—I believe it was *Sertorius*—exclaimed : 'Where did Corneille learn the art of war?' And I say," added the Emperor, "that for Corneille's fine tragedies to be justly appreciated, the audience should be composed of Kings, Ministers, and great functionaries."

In fact, Napoleon was formed to understand the genius of a man whose principal talent lay in generalizing his ideas, in reducing them to political maxims, and in expressing them in poetry which often rises to the sublime. On another occasion the Emperor said to the Cardinal : "If Corneille had been living in my time, I should have made him a Prince!" "And why not a Minister, if he was so clever?" said the Cardinal with sufficient sharpness and a half-smile. "No," replied the Emperor dryly ; "I have had experience

that the best composer of phrases may make the worst man of business. The Coadjutor could make good speeches, but he would have been a bad Minister ; and Mazarin, of whom he spoke ill, would not have liked him for a secretary. He was a marplot and a caviller" (*ergoteur*). This latter word the Emperor frequently applied to persons who spoke and argued much.

Junot and I had dined one Christmas at Marshal Marmont's, who, with his wife and Lavalette, formed the remainder of the party. We were all the best friends possible, and happy in finding ourselves together. The evening passed quickly away in the little room at the extremity of the Duchess of Ragusa's apartment, which already at that time was her favourite reception-room for her most intimate friends. We chatted, laughed, played Christmas games, and thought that eleven o'clock had arrived too soon, when my carriage was announced.

"Mon ami," said Junot to Marmont, "arrange your matters as you like, I do not stir from hence ; I am very comfortable, and here I shall stay."

"You are quite right," said Marmont, "stay, and I will give you a supper ; we will have a Christmas revel."

"Yes ! yes !" cried Junot and Lavalette together ; "we will have a revel ; come Marmont, a Christmas revel."

General Marmont was then what he always has been and what he still is, a brave and good-natured man. He was attached to Junot and Lavalette as if they were brothers, and he smiled at their youthful spirits, but his smile was melancholy : it seemed as if he even then saw into a futurity of unhappiness. His laugh had no merriment in it.

Lavalette jumped up and exclaimed : "Ah ! but we must complete the day, we must go to the midnight Mass. For my part, I was so young when I was last there that I do not

very distinctly remember it ; these ladies have never seen it," which was true, "so let us go to the midnight Mass."

"Yes! yes!" said Madame Marmont and I, "let us go ; but to what church? Shall it be to that of the Rue Montmartre?"

"No," said Junot ; "it must be to Saint Roche or Saint Sulpice."

"Saint Sulpice is too far off."

"To Saint Roche, then."

Though I had not dressed very gaily to dine with Madame Marmont, with whom at the time I was very intimate, I had on a rich silk gown with a half-train, and dress cap trimmed with flowers. It was impossible to go to a midnight Mass in such an attire : my horses were in waiting and I proposed going home first.

"No, no!" said Madame Marmont ; "such a proceeding would mar our night's pleasure! Stay here : I will lend you a cloak ; we will pin up your gown, and under the cloak no one will see it ; then one of my bonnets will be a very good substitute for your smart cap."

No sooner said than done. But we never thought of the burlesque figure I should appear in a cloak much too short for me, and rendered still shorter by the immense folds of my trained gown of very thick silk wrapped round my person. We burst into fits of laughter in getting into the carriages, we laughed as we drove along, and we laughed as we alighted ; and sure I am that the Church of Saint Roche did not that night contain five other individuals as merry and as happy as we then were. Lavalette, who was alone, because I had taken Marmont's arm, and Madame Marmont had Junot's, personated the beadle and marched before us, uttering a thousand follies, which, though they were a little misplaced, made us laugh till we cried. Suddenly, as we were passing round a pillar somewhat darker than the

rest of the church, two men passed us, dressed in greatcoats closely buttoned and round hats drawn very much over their foreheads.

"When people come into a church, they should behave as becomes a holy place," said a low but well-known voice close to us.

*It was the Emperor!*

An instantaneous stop was put to our mirth. Lavalette, who had been cut short in the midst of a miraculous history of Saint Hermenegild, was the first to recover himself; he declared that it was not the Emperor, because he saw that this apparition tormented me; but I had recognized, beyond the possibility of mistake, that countenance, like to no other when he wore a round hat. The effect produced by his unexpected presence upon men who, though little susceptible of any other species of fear, above all things feared to displease him, was never more conspicuous.

At this day, what reflections arise from reviewing the wild gaiety of those times for ever gone by! We were five—only five; all young, rich, happy; fortunate seemingly to an extent that might defy fate! And where now are these favourites of fortune? Junot is dead—and how! Lavalette, after enduring for two years all the miseries which imagination could heap upon a human being, has followed him. Marmont is not dead; but of what avail is such a life as that which he lingers out in exile, without a hope of returning to his country, which rejects him? \* And his unfortunate wife! I pity her from my soul! She repulses friendship, may she at least accept the pity of a heart which knows how to sympathize and love; and I remain to complete the list of these five persons whom twenty years have sufficed to sweep from the scene of their former joys. And

\* Marmont was a voluntary exile from France, and for a time Ambassador at Vienna. He died at Venice.



of the five I am the most to be pitied ; what they have witnessed, I have witnessed ; what they have suffered, I have suffered ; and much more—yet I still live !

This mania for going the rounds of Paris, à la Caliph Haroun Alraschid, sometimes furnished Napoleon with some gratifying adventures, one of which befell him on the 15th of August, after his return from Poland. To appreciate the enthusiasm which then pervaded the nation, the triumphs he had achieved, and which were at this moment at their climax, must be remembered. The sentiment which was entertained for him was an ecstasy of attachment founded upon his glorious deeds ; it had nothing of superstitious devotion to his station, it was personal to himself.

On the evening of this anniversary of his birth, the terrace of the Palace, on which in those happy times everyone was at liberty to walk, was occupied by a dense crowd almost too closely packed for moving, and this crowd neither listened to the concert that was provided for their gratification, nor cast a glance upon the million of variegated lamps which illuminated the gardens behind them. No ; all eyes were directed towards two windows upon the ground-floor, in the hope of catching a momentary sight of their much-loved Emperor. Yes, he was beloved ! France did not then refuse him her gratitude, and in Paris especially the enthusiasm of the nation could be estimated.

The cries of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" resounded through the blue arch, which was skirted by the bright line of light displayed from the mansions which lined the quays, and reflected the illumination of the Imperial Palace. Then was the luminous Cross of the Legion of Honour seen blazing in the sky. That insignia granted to the brave as the price of blood, to the learned as the reward of vigils of study, was not yet become so vulgar that the men really elected by *the voice of honour and the country* should disdain

as now to wear it, and its appearance was hailed with the universal shout of admiration and joy.

On the evening preceding this 15th of August the Emperor left his palace with his faithful Giaffar—with Duroc, who never left him, and who yet feared that his vigilance might not be sufficiently active ;\* his care was always awake, but the Emperor sometimes gave it the slip, as a young maiden would do a lover jealous as well as fond.

“Your Majesty must be very happy,” said the Grand Marshal to Napoleon, who, with his arms leaning upon the parapet of the water terrace, surveyed the whole extent of a line crowded like that which I have been just describing ; “you have gone through immense fatigues, but the result is glorious ; listen, Sire !”

At this moment innumerable voices rent the sky with cries of “*Vive l'Empereur !*” And it was soon perceptible that a half-opened window on the ground-floor had caused the general enthusiasm ; some among the multitude had supposed they caught a sight of him. Napoleon smiled, and, turning his eyes to the other side of the water, seemed again for awhile absorbed in contemplation. Then pointing out to Duroc the Hôtel de Besenval recently purchased by Marshal Ney :

“Is not that Ney’s house ?” said he ; “it is a proper place for him to occupy ; by the side of the Palace of Honour, and opposite me. He is a brave fellow ! and so is my son Eugène ; and Mortier, and Bessières ; and Berthier, too.”

Then, plunging amongst the sombre foliage of the shrubberies which surround the Hôtels of the Rue de Lille, he proceeded with a rapid step to the gardens of the

\* Yet M. de Bourrienne has dared to write that Duroc did not love the Emperor ! But why again express my anger against a work which proclaims in every page its author’s ignorance both of facts and persons ?

Tuileries, and arrived there at the moment that new acclamations were rising in his honour. But his attention was immediately attracted by a child about five years old, beautiful as an angel, whose soft and melodious voice was shouting his joyful "*Vive l'Empereur !*" as loudly as if he had been twenty years old, while his pretty little black velvet cap cut capers in the air ; he was alone, but seemed quite insensible to fear.

The Emperor, astonished to see no one taking care of a child who by his dress and manners belonged to a family in easy circumstances, made a sign to Duroc to speak to him.

"Who are you?" said the Grand Marshal to him, "and why are you here alone?"

The child made no answer, but fixed his large eyes upon his interrogator with an expression of curiosity, which seemed to say, And who are you who ask me these questions?

Duroc repeated his inquiries.

"My name is Gabriel," said the child at length ; and the beautiful light ringlets that curled round his cherub face made him a good resemblance of his celestial patron. He looked again at Duroc, then, dexterously escaping from his hand, ran to a few paces' distance, again threw up his cap, and cried "*Vive l'Empereur !*" louder than ever.

This time Napoleon seized him, took him up in his arms, and looked at him with admiration. "Why," said he, "do you cry so loudly *Vive l'Empereur !*"

"Because I love the Emperor."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because papa tells me to love him. Papa loves the Emperor, too, and I pray for him every morning and night."

Napoleon was strongly agitated ; he set down the child,

and told the Grand Marshal to interrogate him further. Duroc asked him why he was all alone.

"I am not alone," said the little cherub; and he pointed to a gentleman about forty years old, standing at a few paces' distance, with a young woman hanging on his arm, who held by the hand a little girl, seemingly two years younger than Master Gabriel.

"Sir," said the Grand Marshal, saluting him politely, "I believe that fine child is your son?" And he pointed to the fair curly head which the Emperor's hand was caressing; but, unwilling to be recognized, he had turned his back to the party.

The father took off his hat, and answered with apparent uneasiness:

"Yes, sir, he is my son; I hope he has not been troublesome."

Duroc reassured him, and asked his name; upon which inquiry the father again expressed uneasiness respecting the conduct of his son.

"It is certainly your son who has excited my friend's curiosity and mine; we found him crying *Vive l'Empereur!* with an enthusiasm——"

"Which is easily inspired in children, sir," interrupted the father, "when the parents feel it themselves. I venerate, I adore, my beloved Sovereign; and if my children wish for their father's blessing, they must love him as I do."

The Emperor came forward, holding his little friend by the hand; and having pulled his hat over his eyes to avoid recognition:

"Sir," said he to the father, "I presume you have served under General Bonaparte?"

"No, sir, I do not belong to the army."

'Then your father did?'

"No, sir, we are from Brittany—a good and loyal province, to which the preceding Government have given but too much cause for taking up arms. But I have not borne them in our civil wars, for I could not endure to fight my countrymen. My father was an advocate belonging to the Parliament of Rennes, and he died in the exercise of the noblest duty of man—defending a victim of the ancient tyranny."

"And you would not avenge him?"

The countenance of the stranger instantly changed. "If I have avenged him, sir, it has been as he would have wished to be avenged, by aiding the triumph of the holy cause for which he died."

"You are an honourable man!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"And how are you employed at present?"

"I am in the office of the Minister of Justice, sir."

"The chief of a division?"

"Oh no, sir; my place is of very small value. But we have few wants, and no ambitious wishes."

"Oh! as for that," said the wife, raising her finger in a playful menace to her husband—"as for that, it is not quite true."

The husband laughed. "My wife is right, sir. I have one wish very ardent, and very imperious: it is to see the Emperor—that is to say, to speak to him. I have seen him sometimes at the parade, but that is scarcely seeing him, he passes like a Will-o'-the-wisp; then, in the Palace Court the grenadiers of the Guard are so strict that I have not yet been able to get a sight of our Emperor."

"And yet you admire him?"

"Ah, sir, it cannot be necessary to see him in order to love him! It is sufficient to look around one—in our country, for example. Our fields were ravaged, our villages burned, our towns sacked. All that now exists in memory

only; Brittany is at peace. We have no Vendée there now; we shall have no more civil wars; for it is not under the reign of Napoleon that we shall see a renewal of the revolting abuses and iniquities which drove us to despair. He who has caused our walls to be rebuilt, and our fields to be sown, will not suffer the cannon to destroy his own works. No, no; under him our beautiful France will long be happy. And, therefore, sir, what my son has told you is true, we pray for him daily."

"And will you not give me your name, then?" said Napoleon.

"Undoubtedly I will, sir," was the honest Breton's reply, and drawing a card from his pocket he gave it to Duroc; but it was visible that this desire to know his name caused him some uneasiness. Napoleon saluted him with his hand, and withdrew after again caressing the little Gabriel, whose engaging manners pleased him, and whose strongly expressed attachment to his person, at an age when sentiments are not developed, had excited his interest.

"Many such scenes in one night, and I should be a lost man," said the Emperor, smiling, but much affected. "Duroc, you must to-morrow make inquiries about this man."

His name was D'Alleaume, and he lived at Chaillot. Duroc made inquiries concerning him, and the answers were quite satisfactory. M. d'Alleaume was promoted to a superior situation in the Office, but not till his rotation and length of service entitled him to it. He only obtained justice, and the certainty of not being overlooked, by his accidental meeting with the Emperor.

"I should have been sorry if it had proved otherwise," said the Emperor, when Duroc related to him the result of his mission.

But no words can describe the ecstasies of this family on

learning that they had had Napoleon amongst them for a quarter of an hour, and that he had embraced their child: the little cap and coat which the boy wore on this memorable day were laid by in a wardrobe to be preserved as sacred relics, for Napoleon had touched them. The Emperor was godfather to the child of which Madame d'Alleaume was then *enceinte*; it proved a girl, and was named Napoléonie: this is the only instance I have heard of the Emperor's name being so rendered. M. d'Alleaume died in 1812; his wife married again and lives, or in 1818 did live, at Lyons.

The Emperor's return was the cause of many festivities. The City of Paris wished to express its joy in receiving him again, and invited him to a *fête*. He accepted the invitation, and the 15th of August was the day appointed. Preparations were made with great expedition. To have the means of conveniently accommodating sufficient numbers on such occasions, a banqueting-hall had been constructed in the grand Court of the Hôtel de Ville; the *fêtes* given there were always very splendid.

Comte Frochot, who was then Prefect of Paris, perfectly understood the art of superintending such fairy contrivances. Madame Frochot was not at Paris; all the ceremonial of the day, therefore, devolved upon me. I was six months *enceinte*, and the fatigue did not suit me at all; but it was not allowable to reason with the Emperor upon the possibility, more or less, of performing any task; if you could march with him you must march. The heat was excessive and was extremely inconvenient; I was uncomfortable and out of humour, cause enough for making the finest day appear cloudy and the gayest *fête* dull.

Junot went to meet the Emperor, but M. Frochot and I received the Empress on the great steps of the Hôtel de Ville as she alighted from her carriage. I was at the head

of twenty-four ladies representing by their husbands' names the commercial and banking interests of the Capital. I had previously submitted a list of their names to the Grand-Marshal and Grand-master of the Ceremonies, and it had been by them laid before the Emperor, who one day made some loud complaints of this list, because two of the names represented the wives of two Chamberlains. "Ladies who have been presented, I see often at the Tuileries," said he; "at the Hôtel de Ville I wish to see only Parisian faces. I wish to become acquainted with the City of Paris; do you understand that, Madame Junot?"

The Empress came late. The ceremonies of her reception were the same as in the preceding year. The ball was opened by the Grand-Duchess of Berg, the Princess Stephanie, Madame Lallemand, a Lady of the Palace, a city lady, the daughter or wife of one of the Mayors, and myself. I cannot remember the partners of all these ladies, but I danced with the Grand-Duke of Berg, or rather walked, for I dared not exert myself further.

One cause in particular had greatly contributed to damp my spirits on this occasion, so joyous to others, and in which certainly I was at the height of my feminine glory, and receiving flattery enough to have made me forget any circumstances less painful than those which at that moment were opening before me. Junot was about to quit Paris in expiation of the fault he had committed in listening to gracious words and returning tender looks. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, now assembling at Bordeaux and Bayonne.

This was undoubtedly an important command, but nothing could compensate Andoche for the Government of Paris under the circumstances of the case. Accordingly, he was in a condition bordering upon despair when he brought me this information. He would refuse the new appointment



—he would resign the Governorship of Paris—in short, he was in that state of violent excitement from which my voice only could relieve him. I spoke to him and consoled him, though my own heart was deeply wounded. I perceived the intention of punishment in this decision of the Emperor's. I dared not say so, however, to Junot, for we had had already some painful scenes on this subject, and I felt that it would be ungenerous now to twit him with my previous warnings that it must come to this.

A man never liked by Junot, or any other military officer, I believe, also exerted an unfriendly influence upon his prospects. I allude to the Duc de Feltre, the Minister at War (formerly General Clarke). I knew Junot's feelings in regard to the degree of obedience due to the Minister at War, and that the Emperor had been sometimes called upon to stretch, as it were, his sceptre between them, and I dreaded to see him engage in a struggle so likely to have an unfortunate issue, but from which it could hardly be expected that he would refrain in the course of a campaign undertaken with repugnance.

How Clarke had contrived to make himself so generally disliked, I know not, but of ten persons questioned as to their degree of regard for him, nine answered negatively. Junot did not like him, and never professed to do so. He acknowledged to the Emperor his aversion, and one day, when Napoleon was recommending him to be more mild and amiable in his intercourse with the Minister at War, Junot cried out, as if transported by a feeling too powerful to be mastered: "Ah, Sire! can I forget the Army of Italy?" The Emperor looked at him with a smile of kindness. The springs of Napoleon's actions were inexplicable.

The fact was that General Clarke had been sent to the Army of Italy by the Directory as a spy upon General

Bonaparte. Clarke was cunning ; he did not see the great man in Bonaparte, but he discovered him to possess a character very superior to the myrmidons who employed him ; knowing that in a period of revolution nothing is more common than for the most talented to displace inferior minds, without being prompted by one spark of generosity, he determined to take advantage of the opportunity to conciliate a rising genius, and revealed to Bonaparte that his mission to the army was that of observing and giving an account of his proceedings, but that he was wholly at his service. Treachery is always despicable, but there exists in all of us a personal feeling which makes us liable to overlook the treachery if it is perpetrated for our benefit. Napoleon never esteemed Clarke, which the manner in which he had organized the functions of the War Office sufficiently proved. What was Clarke's department ? To direct some movements of the troops and sign some appointments. And even in these particulars the Major-General was privileged to communicate directly with the Emperor. The Minister at War had then but little authority, and revenged himself upon the unfortunate parties who depended upon him, and as the march of the troops and their quarters belonged to his jurisdiction, Junot was obliged at first to hold some communications with him. "I foresee that they will be stormy," said he to me, "and that the fellow will injure me with the Emperor ; but you will be here, and I charge you to watch his proceedings."

He intimated the same apprehension to Napoleon, and added : "Be assured, Sire, that your Majesty's service would be much better conducted if we had to deal with a man who was not at such perpetual variance with all of us ; for you know, Sire, that it is not I only who complain, but that not one of the Marshals can endure the impertinence of his manner towards them. I am a Grand Officer of the

Empire as well as Ney, Lannes, and Murat ; I am, moreover, your Majesty's first aide-de-camp, Governor of Paris, and Commander-in-Chief of a fine army, which your goodness confides to me, and I choose that General Clarke, whose functions under your Majesty are little better than those of a clerk, and who has never seen a battle except in the pictures of Bourguignon or Van der Meulen, should behave with proper respect to me, or at my return I shall teach him better manners by the smell of gunpowder."

"Monsieur Junot !" said the Emperor, bending his brow.

"Sire, I choose that he should respect in me, not his equal"—the Emperor smiled—"but a man invested by your Majesty with a great authority, and with your confidence."

The Emperor paced the room some time in silence, then, suddenly stopping opposite Junot, he said to him : "Well, to deprive you of all pretence for quarrelling, I am going to give you a great privilege ; I authorize you to correspond with myself ; the Chief of your Staff will correspond with Clarke. Are you content now?"

I have often said that in such moments Napoleon might soften steel. Junot took his hand and pressed it, but it was some moments before he was able to say : "I can only promise my blood for so much goodness !"

I shall never forget the impression which the Emperor's order to go and assume the command of the Army of the Gironde made upon Junot. "So, then, you exile me !" he said to Napoleon in a tone of affliction, which sensibly affected the Emperor ; "you send me from Paris at the moment of your return to it ! What more could you have done had I committed a crime?" "You have not committed a crime, but you have erred. It is necessary that you should be absent for some time from Paris, to silence the reports which have long been current respecting my

sister and you. I defy any human being to persist in spreading them when the confidential service with which I am entrusting you becomes known. You will correspond only with me ; you will continue Governor of Paris. Come, my old friend . . . the Marshal's *bâton* is yonder." He held out his hand, which Junot seized and wept like a child, still repeating : "And yet you remove me from you !" "But I am at this moment in no danger," replied the Emperor, affected by Junot's emotion. "You will only lose a few *fêtes*, and you have had dancing enough in my absence. Come, my friend, take courage. It is an important post that is confided to you. I was on the point of giving it to Lannes or Murat ; then, remembering that you had been deprived of your share of glory in the last campaign, I wished to make you amends. Believe me, the true reason of your appointment is my solicitude for your own honour."

When Junot repeated this conversation to me I did not remark to him what principally struck me, because in my opinion the Emperor was desirous of administering balm to the wound. How skilful he was ! how well he knew the hearts of men ! Junot had gone to him in despair, he left him comforted, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood to add one leaf to Napoleon's triumphal Crown.

As soon as Junot had made up his mind to accept the command of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, the ultimate destination of which was at this period known only to himself, he hastened the preparations for his departure. I saw that he quitted Paris with extreme reluctance ; and though he could not acknowledge to me the true cause of this sorrow, I guessed it, and pitied him ; but I can never forgive her who was the cause of his disgrace (for disgrace it was to him, however gilded), and who had not greatness of

mind sufficient to acknowledge that all the fault was on her side.

I was afterwards made acquainted with every secret feeling of Junot's heart ; of that noble heart which never conceived a deceitful thought or a malicious plan to destroy the innocent. I knew how generously he kept silence, and I shall follow his example in what concerns myself. But I owe it to his memory to unveil the manœuvres which were put in practice to secure him in Murat's interests in the terrible hypothesis of a misfortune happening to the Emperor in one of his military absences—at least, at that time it was only in this contingency that it became habitual to consider Murat seated upon Napoleon's chair, mounting his horse—Murat, in short, as Master of France.

The marriage of Prince Jerome with a German Princess was now much spoken of. There were Arch-Duchesses, but they were too young ; there were Grand-Duchesses, but their mothers would not give them to France, not even to its supreme Chief ; conjectures were numerous, but no certainty was obtained until the Emperor himself announced the approaching marriage of Prince Jerome with the Princess Catherine, daughter of the reigning King of Wirtemberg. The dominions of Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, Fulda, Paderborn, and the greater part of Hanover, had just been united to create the kingdom of Westphalia.

It was pretty loudly said that the bridal pair were to reign over it, but the Emperor did not explain his intentions, and it did not answer to make guesses at them in his presence. But while the subjects of this new State were waiting a King of the Emperor's choice, he sent them a Regency composed of the Councillors of State, Beugnot, Siméon, Jollivet, and General Joseph Lagrange.

Some sensation was excited in the interior of France at this time by the suppression of the Tribune, which the

Emperor had felt to be a restraint upon him ever since the coronation. The repeated opposition of this body to his will, especially in respect to the Legion of Honour, and to the establishment of the Empire itself, had given him an antipathy to it; he never took such antipathies on slight grounds, but they were generally, as in the present instance, irrevocable sentences of death. Every time that the preparatory discussion of a new law was brought before the Chamber of the Tribunate, a host of difficulties arose, which always renewed the Emperor's discontent.

The moment, then, that he thought himself strong enough to carry measures according to his will, he joyfully suppressed the Tribunate; ordaining that in future the proposed laws should be discussed by three Committees of finance, of administration, and of legislation, taken from the Legislative Body. Another *senatus consultum* of the same day made a great inroad upon the political rights of Frenchmen by decreeing that no one could be elected a deputy under the age of forty years.

The army, notwithstanding the Emperor's absence, continued its career of conquest. Marshal Brune took Stralsund, and the island of Rugen fell into our hands. The King of Prussia closed the Baltic against English commerce; and England, so attacked, must soon have bowed before the iron will of Napoleon. It is a remarkable circumstance that the English, attacked on all sides and abandoned by all, made no effort to relieve Gustavus, their only remaining ally, but suffered him to be overcome, while they abandoned themselves to internal intrigues and to a cunning and sordid policy, the evidence of weakness. At this time England was weak, for the attack upon Copenhagen must not be considered as a proof of strength in her Government. A really strong Government commits no act of baseness, and the bombardment of Copenhagen certainly was one, and equally impolitic.

Then appeared that proclamation, as it may be called, for it had nothing of the nature of a diplomatic note, in which Napoleon proscribed all connection, political or commercial, with England ; he added in this State paper, one of those which most decisively announced his domineering will, that amongst the Continental Powers in alliance with him there was one which must be punished for its duplicity. He threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with deposition, and from that moment his fate was known.

A treaty of alliance immediately followed the bombardment of Copenhagen ; the Danish King, in his wrath, would, I believe, have sold his people to obtain the means of vengeance. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, for whom I acknowledge a great predilection, and whom I believe to have long acted honestly with us, proclaimed anew the famous armed neutrality, the masterpiece of Catherine's wisdom. He also issued a manifesto filled with wise reasons in justification of this measure. I shall always believe that the Emperor Alexander would long have been the sincere friend of France if Napoleon would have permitted him.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Letter from Duroc—The Princess of Wirtemberg expected at Raincy—Consternation—Preparations for the Reception of her Royal Highness—Her Arrival—Her Portrait—Dismissal of her German Attendants—The Royal Breakfast—M. de Winzingerode—Stag-hunt in the Park—The Princess's Dress—The Dinner at Raincy—Her Royal Highness's Request—Arrival of Prince Jerome—Recollections of Baltimore—Interview of Jerome Bonaparte with the Princess Catherine—Departure for Paris, and Arrival at the Tuileries—Junot's Distress—The Faubourg Saint Germain—Invitation to a Ball at the Hôtel de Luynes—My Dress—Madame de Chevreuse—Madame de Balby.

It was the 20th of August ; Junot had made all his preparations for his journey, and was gone to dine with M. Lalligant, one of his friends, to whose child he and Madame de Caraman were to stand sponsors. The house was encumbered with chests and portmanteaux, the courtyard with baggage-waggons and carriages ; everything announced the approaching departure of the master of the mansion : in fact, in two days Junot was about to set out for Bordeaux, the place of his immediate destination.

I had superintended all that was to make the journey agreeable, and I was fatigued ; but at nine o'clock, just as I was going to bed, my *valet-de-chambre* informed me that one of the Emperor's footmen was in waiting to deliver a letter to Junot from the Grand-Marshal. I took the letter,



which was endorsed, *The Grand Marshal of the Palace*; and beside this signature, in scarcely legible writing, were the words *In great haste*; the whole address was in Duroc's hand. I made two men mount on horseback, wrote a few words for each of them, and sent them in different directions to find Junot; but while they were in search of him he arrived. He had been to a certain Hôtel, where he had learned the purport of Duroc's letter, which was to the following effect :

"The Princess Royal of Wirtemberg, my dear Junot, will arrive at Raincy with her suite to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and will rest there till seven in the evening. His Majesty has made this arrangement. Will you have the goodness to give orders that everything should be in readiness to receive her? I will send whatever you think requisite for her proper accommodation, and for the kitchen service.

"I renew my assurances of attachment to you.

"DUROC.

"20th—at six in the evening."

"Well!" said I to Junot, after reading it, "a pretty task they are setting us! it is much like one of the orders given to the Princess Graciosa by her tyrannical stepmother; but the misfortune is, we have no Prince Percinet with his wand." Junot walked about with an anxious look. I saw that I had done wrong in complaining, which would but increase his ill-humour, and, going up to him with a smile, I said :

"But standing there like the god Terminus will not forward this business that I am complaining of, and which, after all, is not worth talking about. It appears that her Royal Highness is to spend the whole day with us at Raincy; it will be your affair to dispose matters so that she shall not be weary of us; which is just possible, because neither the dogs nor the stags are packed up, so that you will be able to show her a hunt; and if it should not be quite so agreeable to you as your chase by the light of flambeaux the

Princess will understand that, with the best intentions in the world, it is only possible to give what one has. Come, answer Duroc ; or do you wish me to do it ?” And I went to my desk. Junot looked at me, listened, and seemed to wake up by degrees ; his fine countenance, to which gloom was not at all becoming, cleared up, and at last became even cheerful. “ Yes, answer him,” he replied, embracing me slightly.

I wrote to Duroc that we were about to give the necessary orders for the reception of her Royal Highness, and that Junot and I returned thanks to the Emperor for giving us this new opportunity of proving our devotedness to him. I thanked Duroc for his offer of sending us all things necessary for the service, but added : “ This would inconvenience rather than assist us ; and I engage to be perfectly prepared for the reception of the Princess at the hour appointed.”

I then sent for Rechaud. This Rechaud was a clever, and in our present dilemma a most important, personage : he was, moreover, a thoroughly honest man, a qualification not often to be found combined with skill in his profession. He and his brother had been brought up in the kitchen of the Prince of Condé, and afterwards became so expert in cookery that they attained great celebrity in the gastronomic world. Rechaud had previously given me a specimen of his ability in the direction in which it was now wanted, by preparing in a few hours for the reception of the Marquis de la Romana at Raincy in great form. I explained the state of the case, and he instantly understood all that was to be done. “ Madame may set out for Raincy,” he said with a *sang-froid* worthy of Vatel ; “ everything shall be ready at the time mentioned.”

I knew Rechaud, and, getting into my carriage, set out for Raincy without any anxiety, at ten o'clock at night, and in delightful weather. On reaching the mansion I

found carts already arrived with provisions for the morrow. All night the road to Raincy was travelled over by goers and comers transporting thither whatever was needful, not simply for food, but for luxury. The next morning, before I was up, Rechaud tapped at the door of the bath-room, where I had slept to leave my apartment for the use of the Princess of Wirtemberg, in case she should wish to retire to it upon her arrival ; he came to tell me that everything was quite ready.

Neither had I been idle in the department which fell under my superintendence ; all the apartments were in perfect order for the reception of the Princess and suite, even to the superb bath-room, which was prepared in case the Princess should choose to leave the dust of her journey in one of its fine marble basins. One thing teased me sadly : it was my curiosity to know why the Princess, on arriving within four leagues of Paris, should be detained there a visitor to the Governor of the City without daring to proceed.

My husband pretty well understood both the Emperor's orders in this matter and his reasons for them. He did not choose that the Princess Royal of Wirtemberg should make such an entrance into Paris as the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister the fair Gabrielle of Savoy might have made ; and when he found that the march of the Princess had been so stupidly calculated that she would arrive within sight of the Barriers at ten o'clock in the morning, he determined that she should not pass them till eight in the evening, and that she should remain in the interim at some private villa which might be hired for the occasion.

The Emperor was going to dismiss Duroc after having given him these orders, when he cried out suddenly : " Oh ! *parbleu !*—Junot—Junot has Raincy—the Princess must spend the day at Raincy. It is a charming place, and I

hope she will think it a great deal more beautiful than the huge demi-Gothic castles of Suabia and Bavaria. Besides, Madame Junot knows how to speak to crowned heads. Then write to Junot that the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg will pass to-morrow with him and his wife."

The Princess arrived at Raincy exactly at nine o'clock, as had been announced. She possessed the German preciseness, even in its minutest details. I was impatient to become acquainted with her. Jerome's fate could not be indifferent to me, for I had loved him from childhood, and though he only had treated me with coldness at the death of my mother, I still continued very much attached to him. He had sworn to me, when we met at breakfast in Estremadura, that he should never forget the mother of his son, her who had given him a paradise in a strange country. I involuntarily thought of that young victim, who was said to be so beautiful, and who was so affectionate ! who had had a child ! but was that child to become an orphan ?

It was therefore with a strong prepossession against her that I approached the Princess of Wirtemberg with my welcome. She received me with perfect grace, and assured me that if she had known my situation she would have sent me a courier early in the morning to desire me not to rise to receive her.

The Princess of Wirtemberg, at the time I am speaking of, was about nineteen or twenty years of age ; she was handsome ; the turn of her head gave her an expression of dignified pride which became her noble brow, and which would have been still more graceful had her neck, and indeed her whole figure, been something less short. She was not pretty in the general acceptation of the word, though all her features were good, for she seldom smiled, and the expression of her countenance wanted urbanity ; it was, if not disagreeable, at least exceedingly haughty, and

was dignified and serious, rather than pleasing and gracious ; her head was too much sunk between her shoulders, though she held it as high as possible to lose nothing of her stature, which was low. At the moment I first saw her this characteristic haughtiness was more than usually conspicuous.

At first this expression struck me as very disagreeable, notwithstanding her extreme politeness to myself ; but in a few minutes I understood her feelings, and, far from blaming them, felt myself much interested in her situation. It was really a very painful one, and it was not for me, *a woman*, to be insensible to it. Two days previously the Princess had been separated from all her German attendants. The Emperor, though he did not like Louis XIV., chose him for a model in matters of etiquette ; and as he had isolated the foreign Princesses who came into France, whether from the North, as in the case of the wife of his brother, or from the South, as the Duchess of Burgundy, so the Princess of Wirtemberg was separated from her German Household, notwithstanding a reluctance very natural to one in her situation. This situation was not similar to that of all Princesses quitting their own country to share a foreign throne ; she was obliged at the same time to surmount the national prejudice so strongly rooted amongst the Germans against unequal alliances (and if the Emperor, surrounded by the halo of his glory, that dominating spell which commands admiration, might be excepted from the ban, it was not so with his brothers) ; and the bitter consideration that she was about to give her hand to a man who had already contracted a marriage, which gave to another woman still living the rights of wife and mother.

This knowledge, sufficiently distressing to anyone, must have been doubly so to a Princess condemned to silence, constraint, and dissimulation, and to the concealment of her tears from new servants, whose presence thus made the

hours of retirement more heavy than those of public ceremonial. The Princess of Wirtemberg, then, was received on her entrance into the French territory by the Court of Honour which the Emperor had sent to meet her, and which was wholly taken from that of the Empress, and Marshal Bessières had espoused the Princess as proxy for the Prince.

On the arrival of the Princess at Raincy she was offered a bath in the elegant bathroom, but refused it, and seemed desirous to have an early breakfast. As I did not know what she might like, I had prepared two breakfast services, that she might take hers in her own apartment if she preferred it; but she declined, and even expressed a wish that all my inmates should breakfast with her, desiring me to invite them in her name.

She seemed uneasy, as far as the impassibility of her countenance allowed me to judge, at the delay of her father's Minister, M. de Winzingerode, who did not arrive until ten o'clock: he was a young man, tall, fair, without the smallest degree of expression in his eye, smile, or attitude; a perfect god Terminus: his wife, who was also expected, did not come, for some reason which I do not now recollect. The countenance of the Princess, upon seeing the Ambassador, immediately changed, which further convinced me that my former observation of the constraint she had imposed upon herself was correct: it was clear she was in a state of great suffering; the unexpected removal of her German suite had depressed her, even to the injury of her health, which was manifestly affected.

Breakfast was over by half-past eleven o'clock; I asked the Princess whether she would like to witness a stag-hunt in the park, and whether she would ride on horseback or in an open carriage. She chose the carriage, and having ordered two of those sort of basket sociables which are used

by the ladies who follow the chase at Fontainebleau and Rambouillet, we set out to make the round of the forest of Bondy ; then re-entering the park by the gate of Chelles, we were met by the huntsmen and hounds, and a young buck was turned out, which was almost immediately taken and very much maltreated by the dogs. The Princess, who at first was serious, if not melancholy, became more cheerful as we rode, and at length seemed very well pleased. The heat being excessive, we returned to the house as the clock struck three, leaving, indeed, not more than time enough for the party to dress for dinner.

When the Princess came into the drawing-room half an hour before dinner-time I felt some regret that no one had had the courage to recommend her a different style of dress. She was about to have a first interview with a man on whom was to depend the happiness of her future life, and whose youthful imagination, poetical as is natural to the natives of the South, could adorn an absent object with additional charms, while Madame Jerome Bonaparte, without the aid of imagination, was really a charming woman.

As the Princess Catherine had made up her mind to give her hand to Prince Jerome, it was the more desirable that she should please him, as, notwithstanding his too ready submission to the will of Napoleon, it was certain he regretted his divorced wife, for Miss Patterson really was his wife, and it would have been politic to appear before him with all the advantages dress could bestow, while, on the contrary, hers was in inconceivably bad taste for the year 1807.

The gown was of white *moiré*, but of a bluish white, which was out of fashion at the time, and trimmed in front with a very badly-worked silver embroidery, in a style which had also been forgotten : then the cut of the dress itself corresponded exactly with its trimming in point of novelty ;

it was a very tight frock, with a little train exactly resembling the round tail of the beaver, and tight flat sleeves, compressing the arm above the elbow like a bandage after blood-letting. Her shoes were so pointed that they seemed to belong to the era of King John. The hair was dressed in a similarly old-fashioned style, and was particularly unbecoming to a countenance of which not only the features were good, but the expression very striking.

Her complexion was very fair and fresh, her hair light, her eyes blue, her teeth very white ; all which, with a turn of the head at once gracious and dignified, gave her personal advantages which she seemed to despise by the total indifference with which she permitted those about her to take the entire management of her dress. She wore round her neck two rows of very fine pearls, to which was suspended the portrait of the Prince set in diamonds ; the size of the medallion having probably been left to the taste of the jeweller, he had made it of dimensions capable of carrying the greatest possible number of jewels, but certainly much too large to be ornamental, as it dangled from the neck of the Princess, and inflicted heavy blows at every movement.

Rank, however, goes for much in all cases, for her Royal Highness, in this tasteless attire, entered the drawing-room of Raincy with the same majestic air which distinguished her at Saint Cloud two months after, when she walked the gallery in a full Court suit, embroidered by Lenormand, and made by Leroy, her hair dressed by Frederic or Charbonnier, and her neck ornamented by a magnificent necklace admirably set by Foncier or Nitot. Then her apparent indifference to such trifles proved what widely different subjects occupied her really superior mind in this, perhaps, the most important moment of her life.

By her own desire, the ladies only were to dine with her,



and in consequence I ordered the dinner in the library, a large rotunda in the left wing of the mansion looking upon the park. We were six, including the Princess and her three ladies, for her Royal Highness was good enough to permit my friend Madame Lallemand to join our party, though she had not yet been presented.

A few moments before the dinner was announced I remarked that the Princess was much agitated. I concluded that she had some wish which she felt unwilling to express to the strangers who surrounded her, and who, in a moment when above all others she stood in need of sympathy, would probably answer her only by a respectful smile or with perfect indifference. I therefore approached her, and, without abruptly putting the question, I led her on to speak to me with more confidence than she had yet done to any of the persons in her service. "Would it be possible," said she, "for me to have some minutes' notice previous to the Prince's arrival?" She coloured highly as she finished these words.

This emotion, which was certainly not the effect of love, must have been very painful; I appeared not to remark it, and congratulated myself on the facility with which I could gratify her Royal Highness's wishes. Raincy is perhaps the only country-seat in the neighbourhood of Paris which would afford this convenience. Its avenue of poplars leading from the highroad nearly to the grand entrance of the mansion is almost three furlongs in length.

I mentioned the Princess's wish to Junot, who thought with me that she was desirous of preparing her mind for an interview of which she had probably a painful anticipation. He immediately gave orders to M. de Grandsaigne to take his station at the end of the avenue nearest to the house, and the moment the Prince's carriages should appear to bring me word. I informed the Princess that her wishes

should be attended to, and we sat down to table, while Junot entertained Marshal Bessières and the rest of her Royal Highness's suite in the dining-room.

The dinner was dull. I watched the movements of the Princess, which were more restless than in the morning; her cheeks were highly flushed, and her absent manner betrayed an inward agitation, disguised by the dignity which she had been taught. We remained but a short time at table; when I had twice asked whether her Royal Highness would like to take her coffee and ice in the park or in the great salon, she looked at me with the air of a person who hears without understanding, and said: "Eh? Which-ever you please."

At half-past six we retired to the salon, and the Princess having asked me whether I had thought of her wishes, I went to inquire if Junot had taken care that his *vidette* was at his post. But finding that Junot, Bessières, and the rest of the gentlemen, relieved from their attendance by the wish of the Princess, thought only of lengthening out the pleasures of a good dinner, and that the dining-room was sending out loud evidences of their joviality, I went myself to the Russian cottage, where poor M. de Grandsaigne was dining all alone, and pointing his opera-glass down the avenue.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne!" I cried out to him from the lawn, for I was not in a condition to be very active—"Sister Anne, Sister Anne! do you see anything coming?" "I see, my Castellaine, only the grass that's growing and the dust that's blowing," replied my gallant warder, with all the courtesy of one of Louis XV.'s musketeers, which had been taught by his father, who had belonged to that venerable troop. I also looked down the avenue and saw nothing.

But at the moment I was about to return into the house a cloud of dust arose on the road to Paris, and presently

several carriages entered the avenue. I then immediately went to give notice to the Princess, who thanked me with a half-smile which was painful to witness. Her face assumed a deep scarlet hue, and her agitation for a moment was alarming; but it subsided, at least outwardly, and she quickly regained her self-command.

She called Madame de Luçay to her, and probably gave her orders that her departure should immediately follow the interview; she then took her station in the salon where it was to take place. This salon, as previously described, is divided into three parts, the music-room being at one extremity, the billiard-room at the other, and the reception or drawing-room in the middle. In this centre division the Princess seated herself beside the chimney, having an arm-chair near her which was intended for the Prince. We were all in the billiard-room, from whence we could see all that passed in the drawing-room, being separated from it only by a range of pillars with statues in the intercolumniations. The Prince was to enter by the music-room.

Already the rolling of the carriage-wheels in the avenue was heard, when Madame Lallemand, catching hold of my dress, exclaimed: "Do you know it has just crossed my mind that the sight of me at this moment may make an awkward impression upon the Prince. I had better retire." "Why?" "Because the last time he saw me was at Baltimore with Miss Patterson, with whom I was very intimate. Do you not think that seeing me again, on such an occasion as the present, might recall a great deal that has passed?" "Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, thrusting her into the adjoining room, for at this moment a noise in the hall announced the Prince's arrival, and in a few seconds the door was opened and Marshal Bessières introduced him.

Prince Jerome was accompanied by the officers of his

Household, among whom were Cardinal Maury, the Chief Almoner, and M. Alexandre le Camus, who already possessed great influence over him, and who felt it advisable not to lose sight of him on an occasion to which his advice had given rise, and which might prove important to his future career. I do not believe that Jerome would ever have abandoned Miss Patterson if he had not been urged to it by counsels which he had not strength of mind enough to resist.

The salon of Raincy seemed to be made expressly for the interview which was now to take place. The Princess was seated near the chimney, though there was no fire. The Prince's attendants remained in the music-room during the interview. On the Prince's entrance she rose, advanced two steps towards him, and greeted him with equal grace and dignity. Jerome bowed neither well nor ill, but somewhat mechanically, and he seemed to be there because he had been told "You must go there." He approached the Princess, who seemed at this moment to have recovered all her presence of mind, and all the calm dignity of the woman and the Princess. After the exchange of a few words she offered to the Prince the arm-chair, which had been placed near her, and a conversation was opened upon the subject of her journey. It was short, and closed by Jerome's rising and saying, "My brother is waiting for us ; I will not longer deprive him of the pleasure of making acquaintance with the new sister I am about to give him."

The Princess smiled, and accompanied the Prince as far as the entrance of the music-room, whence he retired with his attendants. As soon as she had lost sight of him, the colour in her cheeks increased so violently that I feared the bursting of a bloodvessel. She admitted indisposition ; we gave her air and eau-de-Cologne ; in a few minutes she recovered her self-possession. This fainting-fit, though laid to the account of heat and fatigue, was certainly occasioned

by the violent restraint the Princess had for some hours put upon herself.

I have heard the devotedness of the Queen of Westphalia very highly eulogized, and in fact it was truly noble in her peculiar situation. She was ready to set out when Junot came to inform her that her carriages were drawn up. I stayed at Raincy, for the day had been so fatiguing that I was unable to undergo another Court ceremonial. The Princess at the moment of her departure approached me, and said with a gracious smile: "Madame Junot, I shall never forget Raincy and the hospitality I have experienced here. This place will always recall some of the most pleasing moments of my life." Here was a speech worthy of the King, her father, an adept in diplomacy; for, honestly, the moments which had preceded its utterance were certainly sufficiently bitter.

She set out accompanied by Junot and Bessières. I afterwards learned that on her arrival at the Tuileries the Emperor went to the top of the great staircase to meet her. On approaching him she made an effort to kneel and kiss his hand, but the Emperor, stooping immediately, constrained her to rise, and conducted her to the Throne-room, where all the Imperial Family were assembled, and where he presented her to them as a daughter and sister. She was surrounded, caressed, and received with every mark of satisfaction into the family circle.

When I returned to Paris I found Junot in a state of distress which gave me extreme pain. Every effort had been used to erect between the Emperor and his old aide-de-camp, his old friend, a kind of barrier, of the nature of which Junot himself was not aware, because his frank nature kept him a stranger to all mysterious manoeuvres.

"You visit none but my enemies," said the Emperor one day to Junot, who was thunderstruck. Up to this time,

this speech, a very common one, had been addressed only to me, and so little consequence did I attach to it that I had begun to take no notice of it whatever. But Junot was more astonished than I was in the habit of being at the strange reproach that was addressed to him, and he made no answer. "Yes," repeated the Emperor, "you visit only my enemies ; what is the meaning of this whist-party which you have drawn together, and which is composed of persons all objectionable to me?" "This whist-party, Sire, is composed of the same persons who played at M. de Talleyrand's, and I never heard of your Majesty having addressed such reproaches to him. I suppose they were all reserved for me."

"But," said Napoleon, "can you explain to me why you visit at a certain house in the Faubourg Saint Germain, where I am so much detested, to speak plainly, that I wonder why I allow such people to remain in Paris?" "I visit at no house in the Faubourg Saint Germain, Sire. There was once in Paris a person in whom I had a warm interest, and at whose house I was in the habit of often meeting individuals whom your Majesty might consider your enemies, but of whom you have probably changed your opinion, as many of them are now about your person." "It is not *my* actions that are in question," replied the Emperor, knitting his brow, as having evidently the worst of the argument. "Why do you visit at Madame de Luynes's, where you pass your day, and where you allow yourself to be made game of by giddy girls, who think themselves privileged by their sex to play with impunity with the sword of one of my bravest soldiers? How long may they have thought this possible? Ah! ah! Monsieur Junot! . . . you see that I know all. . . . I am thoroughly well informed."

On hearing the name of Madame de Luynes, Junot did

not at first know what to think of it ; but his surprise soon gave way to so painful a feeling that he drew a deep sigh, putting his hands before his eyes. The Emperor, believing him self-convicted, and that he was at a loss for a defence, repeated :

“Yes, yes ; I am perfectly well informed ; you cannot deny it.” “Sire,” said Junot at length, with great solemnity of manner, “I feel myself obliged to tender my resignation to your Majesty ; for it is impossible I can continue my services about your person when you will give credit to all the absurd falsehoods which are reported to you respecting my wife and myself. You would believe me in a conspiracy against you if they were to bring you a report to that effect !”

Junot's expression in making this last remark affected Napoleon, who answered mildly : “That is a very different affair.” “By no means, Sire, as your Majesty will probably understand when I tell you that my wife and I have been but once to the Hôtel de Luynes. My wife, it is true, was well acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse before her marriage, but her political opposition has been so public that Madame Junot has not sought a renewal of the connection. With respect to allowing myself to be played upon by giddy girls, I am not aware of having hitherto given much cause for supposing that I should submit to disrespect from any individual whatsoever. But I will prove to your Majesty how much you should be on your guard against reports brought to you by other than the constituted authorities, Dubois, Fouché, Duroc, or myself.” And hereupon Junot succinctly related to the Emperor the circumstances which had given rise to these calumnies ; and I afterwards described to him more at length the history of the evening we had spent at the Hôtel de Luynes.

I have already said that, during the Emperor's absence at Warsaw, Junot, to console himself in his widowhood, had renewed the whist-parties of M. de Talleyrand. M. de Narbonne belonged to them, and, being already our friend, became a constant member of these meetings, and, indeed, from this time took up the habit of coming to my house every morning and evening. He once said to me : " You were acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse when she was Mademoiselle de Narbonne ; then why are you strangers now ? I am sure you would suit each other."

I objected that, having never been intimate with Madame de Chevreuse, I could not choose a moment when her opposition to the existing state of things was so marked, to open a new acquaintance with her, although otherwise nothing would be more agreeable to me.

" But she is a Lady of the Palace," said the Count.

" That," replied I, " is precisely my objection."

" But why ? Is it a part of your protocol of Imperial etiquette that the Ladies of the Palace are to comply with his Majesty's will, even when he says to them : ' Come and embrace me ? ' Did not you refuse ?"

" Yes, certainly," said I, laughing ; " but that is not the present question."

" I beg your pardon, Madame la Gouvernante, Ermesinde does not even conspire against the Emperor's peace, but is content, with many others, to admire him at a distance ; for when this lion of yours yawns and stretches out his paw, I am always afraid of coming within his reach. Come, let us seduce you to the Hôtel de Luynes."

I wished to go for old friendship's sake, but made no agreement to do so, and was some days afterwards much surprised by receiving an invitation to a ball there.

" Shall you go ?" asked Junot.



“Undoubtedly, if you have no objection.”

He acquiesced, and as I was still in mourning for my mother-in-law, I ordered a dress entirely white and without silver ; I intended to wear a great many diamonds, but the dress itself was to be perfectly simple, and Madame Germon—who was then, as she always has been, the best workwoman in Paris—made me a dress of crape over white satin.

My particular friend Madame Zayoncheck was invited to this ball, and it was arranged that she should go with me : in relating this history to the Emperor, I remarked to him that so far was I from intimacy at the Hôtel de Luynes, that I did not feel myself privileged even to ask admission for Madame de Lallemant, who was then a part of my family. Madame de Zayoncheck was to call upon me at ten o'clock ; she was punctual, and found me promenading my room in great discontent, my hair dressed, my feet in full trim, and waiting for my gown, which had not arrived.

Who does not know the annoyance of waiting ? but there is one much more serious, even alarming to think of—that of having your husband before you, full dressed, ready to set off, and laughing at you. Madame Zayoncheck found me in that state which just precedes tears. “Oh, pray !” she exclaimed, “do not cry ; they must see you in your best looks.”

But when she heard the subject of my chagrin, away flew her sympathy at once, and she joined in Junot's railery. “*Parbleu !*” said the Emperor, interrupting me ; “I should have done the same thing : what possessed you that you could only go out in this one new gown ? But the women are all alike. You had perhaps a hundred in your wardrobe, for you pass for the most expensive woman at Court in matters of dress.”

"But, Sire, I had not one that was all white ; and I have already had the honour of telling your Majesty that I would not so much as admit a green leaf among the flowers that were to trim it."

"Why not ? you were not going to make your First Communion ?"

"But I was in mourning for my mother-in-law, and I would not throw it off ; neither would I give this reason to Junot, or his good-tempered raillery and all his gaiety would have been changed to melancholy."

The Emperor looked at me in silence for several seconds, and then said with a significant nod of the head : "It is well ; go on."

"Well, Sire, I continued my promenade in my worked silk stockings and white satin shoes."

"Ah, ah ! you like that way of adorning your feet, it appears ; happily you did not wear a sabre that day—hey, Madame Laurette ?"

He was thinking of my unfortunate adventure in *Lovers' Follies*.

"No, Sire, I had no sabre ; but your Majesty will remember that I was in presence of a two-edged sword, and that I had some difficulty in defending myself from its attacks ; and it seems to me that you are willing to join them ; this is not generous . . . three against one."

He laughed in that suppressed tone, resembling the laugh of a ventriloquist, which he assumed sometimes when he was in high good-humour, and at length said : "Well, the white shoes, let me hear all."

"Well, Sire, I had them on ; and I walked about in a little cambric petticoat, my head garlanded with white violets and diamond ears of corn."

All this time Junot, who was outwardly making profession of patience, but actually getting into a passion, whistled

a waltz or the *Grandfather*; and time, which waits for nothing, pursued its course, till the clock struck eleven. Junot yawned, stretched himself, and declared he should go to bed. The weather was dreadful, the rain falling in torrents and beating violently against the windows. I desired Mademoiselle Reidler to take the carriage which was waiting in the court-yard and go directly to Madame Germon's. Junot wished me good-night.

"You would do better," said Madame Zayoncheck, "to go to the Hôtel de Luynes, announce Madame Junot's approaching arrival, and make her excuses on the plea of indisposition."

"No, no," replied Junot, "that might do in a house where we were more intimate, but at that of Madame de Luynes, whom I scarcely know at all, it would not be right. If Laura thinks with me, we shall not go to-night."

While he was speaking we heard hasty steps approaching, and Madame Germon's workwoman came in; my valet had been to fetch her in a hackney coach. I was very angry, but when I saw the green taffety parcel laid upon a chair, I no longer felt an inclination to scold; but throwing off my shawl and placing myself before a glass, I desired the young woman to put on my dress directly. It was done in a moment, as I was quite ready, even my necklace, bracelets, and earrings being all put on, and I said triumphantly to Junot: "Now I hope you do not want to go to bed, for in ten minutes we shall be at the Hôtel de Luynes."

"Brurrrr! . . . *Altro, figlia mia!* Can we ever be sure of anything with a woman? Good-night, Laura; I am going to bed."

My look of consternation, I suppose, put him into a better humour, for he burst into a great fit of laughing. Then, resuming his serious look, he turned me round, took me by the arm, and, placing me again before the glass,

pointed to a large green spot as big as my two hands, at one side of the skirt of my gown, upon the handsome point flounce. Let the men who chance to read this imagine it as much as they please, it is impossible for them to understand the excess of my distress ; none but a woman, and a young woman, too, for the impressions of a ball night may be forgotten, can conceive the effect this vile spot produced upon me. It was so great that I had not even power to be angry, and I asked Mademoiselle Augustine, with apparent composure, how she came to do this piece of mischief.

She said that in coming out from Madame Germon's house she had to take twenty steps in the street to fetch a coach, and as it rained in torrents the unfortunate green taffety had stained the crape. But while in the act of speaking she was at work ; and in ten minutes the stained point was taken off and replaced, and the quick trot of two of the most mettlesome carriage-horses in Paris was rolling us towards the Rue Saint Dominique.

The balls were so very numerous this year that to come at so late an hour was not a matter of any surprise ; and M. de Narbonne, in quality of relation to Madame de Chevreuse, and my very intimate friend, undertook to introduce me to Madame de Luynes. "*Madame la Gouvernante de Paris,*" said he to the Duchess, in the most serious tone possible.

Madame de Luynes, whom I had often seen at the Hôtel de Perigord and at Madame de Caseaux's without even speaking to her, received me in the most polite and engaging manner. M. de Luynes, who had one day been struck by the possibility of a reversal of the decree against the Marshal d'Ancre and the confiscation of his property, was very willing to be equally polite to Junot ; he spoke to him between two naps, for everyone knows that the worthy Duke slept wherever he was at rest, even for a minute. The young

Duc de Chevreuse passed unnoticed in the house, though by no means invisible.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse became immediately after her marriage the most remarkable person of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and the true mistress of the Hôtel de Luynes ; for her mother-in-law had eyes and ears but for her, and wished to please her only.

The Duchesse de Luynes was herself a singular character ; she was Mademoiselle de Laval-Montmorency, sister of the Duc de Laval so thoroughly accomplished in all games, and had been beautiful as an angel till she caught the small-pox after coming out of the convent where she had received her education. From that hour so great was the change in her face that she considered the part of a woman to be no longer worth performing, and in its stead took to horses and dogs, leaping, hunting, narrowly escaping a broken neck, and recommencing her wild freaks the next day. "I am glad to hear it," said the Duc de Laval, when made acquainted with her first pregnancy, "as it proves that my sister is a woman." Her heart was, however, always a woman's, a faithful friend, and loving all whom it was her duty to love with an excess of tenderness.

Madame de Chevreuse was one of those persons whose name belongs to the history of her era ; but the true dignity of female character is scarcely compatible with the ridiculous scenes of which she was every day the heroine, and of which her own brothers disapproved so highly as even to reprove her in public, as on the occasion of her betting that she would stop her brother Alberic at eleven o'clock at night in the midst of the Palais-Royal. She did so, but he reprimanded her so roughly that she burst into tears.

Once, having heard that a retired grocer was expecting his niece by the diligence from Rouen, she presented herself to him the night before, gave some reason for her premature

arrival, and so turned the old man's head that he was on the point of sending a petition to Rome for leave to marry so charming a niece. Another time she introduced to her father-in-law a Swede covered with ribbons and stars; he was of the first rank in his own country. He was courted and received with distinction everywhere, till it was discovered that he was the identical beggar to whom everyone was in the habit of giving a penny on Sunday at the door of the Church of Sainte Roche.

A volume might be made of the adventures, the mystifications of all kinds, contrived and carried out by Madame de Chevreuse; it is inconceivable that she should not have destroyed her reputation a thousand times over! I know that these amusements are not criminal; but they show a complete contempt for the opinion of the world. Then Madame de Chevreuse was impertinent; rather, probably, as a habit than from any real intention of being so; but an impertinent woman I consider to be quite out of her place in the creation. The protection of Madame de Luynes was of immense weight in the balance in which the world measures the worth of women. Without Madame de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse had been lost!

On the evening of this ball at the Hôtel de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse was in the midst of an intoxicating incense of flattery, which might well have affected a stronger head than hers. In Paris fashion governs all things; and at this moment it was the pleasure of the society of the Faubourg Saint Germain to elect Madame de Chevreuse as the standard-bearer of fashion. Thus, for example, as her head was dressed in a very peculiar style to conceal a wig which she had substituted for very red hair, all the ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, even Madame de Montmorency herself, adopted the same unbecoming head-dress.

The make of their dresses also differed much from ours

of the Court circle : the sleeves were larger, and the waists longer. On this evening Madame de Chevreuse wore a dress of white blond over white satin. An immense comb ornamented with a single row of large pearls held her hair ; her earrings and necklace were of pearls, not a single diamond. She was perfectly well dressed, and her appearance was graceful.

"But why," said I to M. de Narbonne, "is she also all in white?"

"She has made a vow to wear only white," answered he in a laughably serious tone.

"She! Madame de Chevreuse! has made a vow to wear only white! It is perfectly ridiculous at her age."

"I did not say it was not; I have told her the same thing myself long ago."

"And what is the object of this resolution?"

"To have a child—and for the same reason she has abjured the theatres."

I remembered that for a long time I had not seen her at the *Comédie Française*; and this famous vow soon after prevented her attending the Empress to the Opera.

She was very polite to me, though not quite so friendly as Madame de Luynes, who in recommending me to the attentions of M. de Narbonne, added: "You will meet here, madame, many old faces who will remind you of the traditions of your cradle."

M. de Narbonne led me into a room devoted entirely to cards, and placing me opposite one of the tables. "Look," said he, "at the lady who sits next to M. de Saint Foix, and is at this moment speaking to him in rather a masculine voice."

"What am I to make of her?" said I; "she is the most comical figure in the room, and, moreover, very ugly."

Her dress was singularly different from that of any other

person present, and her face was excessively ugly, with the exception of a pair of very fine eyes. She was playing with a degree of interest almost amounting to passion at the game of vingt-et-un. "What a strange figure !" I continued ; "I cannot describe to you the impression she makes upon me. Is she a good woman ?"

"As wicked as five hundred devils, and she has as much spirit as they."

"So I should think. But tell me who she is ?"

"Guess ; she has been loved, adored, because she has been charming."

"I am the stupidest creature imaginable at solving such enigmas ; so if you wish me to know her name you may as well tell me."

"Madame de Balby."

"Impossible !"

"It is true."

"But she is horrible !"

"Not so much so as you think. Draw a little nearer, and look at her more attentively."

I contemplated the former *chère amie* of MONSIEUR, and still thought her face not only ugly but very disagreeable. At this moment she caught the eye of M. de Narbonne and smiled. A ray of intelligence passed over all her features, and embellished them at once. Then, observing that I was holding his arm, and knowing that I was expected at the Hôtel de Luynes, she surveyed me from head to foot with such an expression of impertinent mockery that I thought her ten times more ugly than ever. "Do, pray, let us go away," said I to M. de Narbonne ; "I am frightened at this woman."

"She has frightened a great many other people more courageous than you," said Comte Louis ; "but, then, if you knew the sense that is in that head ! and its effrontery, and



talent for amusing ! There belonged to the society she frequented in London a beautiful young woman as stupid as a cabbage. Madame de Balby does not like silly people, and there I am quite of her mind. Happily for the simpleton, all the world was not ; for, after all, everybody must live ; one of my friends, who was not himself of the brightest, attached himself to the young woman ; and as these sort of attachments do not furnish matter for everlasting conversation, one day, for want of something better to say, he told her that Madame de Balby was calling her a simpleton everywhere, and as this was not right, he thought it better to warn her of it.

“ ‘It is terrible,’ said she, *‘I am sure I never called her so ; what must I do ?’* For two such heads to hold council about Madame de Balby was too good ; and the result soon appeared. The Beauty meeting Madame de Balby two days afterwards at a dinner at the Prince of Wales’s, called out to her across the table, in a voice which she intended should be very touching : ‘How have I offended you, madame ?’ Madame de Balby looked at her with astonishment, and all the company were silent. ‘Yes,’ continued the young woman, ‘I must have offended you, for you tell everyone that I am a simpleton.’ ‘Madame,’ replied Madame de Balby, inclining towards her, ‘I hear everyone say so, but I assure you *I* do not.’ Now you have an idea of the person, I think ?”

“Yes, truly. But was the Comte de Lille very fond of her ?”

Instead of answering, Comte Louis de Narbonne said with a smile : “I guess you would not have called him so ten years ago.”

“Who ?”

“The Comte de Lille.”

“Perhaps not. But that is no answer to my question : was he fond of her ?”

“He loved nothing. His heart was the coldest, and his conversation the most wearisome of any man I ever met with. He had a mistress for *ton*, for whom he cared nothing. However, having been informed that his Montepan was amusing herself by laying traps for hearts at Hamburg, MONSIEUR, who has a mania for writing, and whose compositions are the dullest and most prolix that can be imagined, wrote her a letter of twelve pages, in which he descanted upon the commerce of Hamburg, not in the first instance on that which she was carrying on, but, like a good and wise Prince, upon that of sugar and coffee, till, winding by degrees to the delicate subject, he told her that he had heard with much pain reports which he had no doubt were false relative to her association with Ar——de Pe——, and finished his strange letter with this eloquent sentence: ‘You are innocent, I know: but, my dear Countess, remember that Cæsar’s wife must not even be suspected.’ You will have seen by the story of *La Belle et Le Bête* that my old friend is sufficiently sharp in her answers; this time her letter contained but three lines; it ran thus: ‘I understand nothing of what your letter contains; for you are not Cæsar, and you know very well that I have never been your wife.’ Eh! Madame la Gouvernante, how do you like this retort?”

“So well that, in spite of her frightful little cap and wicked air, I am about to become very partial to Madame de Balby.”

This ball at the Hôtel de Luynes afforded me an opportunity for much observation, but it did not give me pleasure; for the Faubourg Saint Germain had not then rallied under the Imperial banner as it afterwards did. The society of Paris was then composed of two parties, I might almost say of two camps. Madame de Zayoncheck, always so witty, was unusually so that night, and the conversation of the

friends who immediately surrounded me served to occupy the time very agreeably till four o'clock in the morning, when we went away. Then it was that the event occurred about which the Emperor had been so well informed.

We were to take M. de Narbonne home ; he had left our party, and when we were going away was not to be found. We were on the point of leaving him behind, when we caught sight of him with a young person leaning upon his arm, of a very tall and remarkably fine figure, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, was strikingly prepossessing. I do not know from what accidental cause, but she no sooner saw Junot than she complained to M. de Narbonne of his having offended her.

M. de Narbonne having given her into the care of his sister, the Duchesse de Fitz-James, came to join us and taxed Junot on the subject, who was not a little astonished, as he had very much admired this tall and fine young woman, who proved to be Miss Dillon, now the Comtesse Bertrand, to whom, as well as to her husband, all France owes its love and veneration, as the only beings who, besides Marchand, gave ease to the Emperor's last moments. Junot not only admired Miss Dillon, but he had an interest in her as being then the affianced bride of our friend Alphonzo Pignatelli, brother of the Comte de Fuentes ; this was a claim upon his regard, and Junot, who was always something more than polite towards the ladies, was as much so to her as propriety would admit.

The next day notes were written on both sides. The whole affair proved to have been an accident. Miss Dillon did not even know Junot when M. de Narbonne named him, and as she was thoroughly amiable, everything was amicably explained. She turned Junot's head. "That young friend of yours is a charming woman," said he to Comte Louis.

I have related all the particulars of this little history to found upon it the just observation that the Emperor was surrounded by men who, without consideration for him, misinterpreted all the actions of his friends and reported them to him in a false light. What passed on this occasion was so very trifling that, speaking of it afterwards to Madame Bertrand, she did not, any more than myself, remember the origin of it.

"And have you really been but once to the Hôtel de Luynes?" said the Emperor, fixing his eyes attentively upon me as he walked.

"But once, Sire."

"And the history of Miss Dillon is exactly as you have told it?"

"Exactly, Sire."

"It is very extraordinary."

And the Emperor, I afterwards learned from Duroc, sharply reprimanded his faithless correspondent.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Junot's Departure for Bordeaux, and subsequently for Portugal—Secret Instructions relative to the Portuguese Campaign—General Loison—His Accusations against Junot—Colonel Napier—Predilections in Favour of England—Charles X. at the Exhibition of *National Industry*—Convention of Cintra—*Fêtes* at Fontainebleau—The Emperor's New Amours—His Solitary Rides in the Forest—His Dislike to Attendance—Melancholy Presentiments of the Empress—Duroc's Hostility to her—Interview at Mantua between Napoleon and Lucien—The Imperial Brother and the Republican Brother—Lucien's Ideas of Kingly Duties—The Parting—Scene at Malmaison in 1804—Lucien's Prediction.

JUNOT at length set out, on the 28th of August, 1807, for Bordeaux. He received secret instructions at great length from the Emperor before his departure, and further orders were to be sent to him at Bordeaux, on the receipt of which he set out for Portugal, and his army had already passed Alcantara before the people of Paris were aware of its destination. Not only were the Ministerial orders precise, but the private letters of the Emperor were peremptory in requiring the utmost possible celerity in his march upon Lisbon, and that he should make great sacrifices to obtain the predominant object of the expedition, which was to prevent the fleet and ports of Lisbon being surrendered to the English.

“Grant nothing to the Prince of Brazil, even though he

should promise to make war on England ; enter Lisbon and take possession of the shipping and the dockyards." Such were Napoleon's secret instructions, written at his dictation by M. de Menneval.

This campaign, one of the most remarkable in which our armies had been engaged since that of 1790 (I mean the first campaign of Portugal, for there were three, and, as Junot's wife, I must protest against either the second or third being attributed to him), offered nothing but discouragement and annoyance to my husband. Jealousy and envy erected a barrier to prevent his glory penetrating to the land of his cradle. There were Generals in his army whose names were on the laurel leaves which composed the triumphal garland of France ; these brave and talented men were true brethren-in-arms to their Commander-in-Chief.

At their head was the Duc de Valmy, the valiant and loyal General Kellerman, who, conscious of his own assured glory, dreaded not that of others. To him I may add the Generals Laborde, Thiébault, Quesnel, Taviel, and many others. But General Loison and another who shall be nameless were so lost to all generous sentiments as to become the accusers of a man who had loaded them with favours and honours ; that other, whose perfidy to Junot was without cause, without even the slightest pretext, and who professed gratitude to him for the gift of a considerable sum of money, which now constitutes the greater part of his fortune, materially injured not Junot only, but also Ney in Masséna's campaign, when I was present and detected his intrigues.

When, some years afterwards, arranging my notes relative to this campaign, anxious to render my narrative impartial, especially as regards one of the great names of our military history, and being unable to reconcile the various conflicting rumours respecting Marshal Soult and his desire to possess

himself of the Portuguese crown, which had reached me while with the army, I called one day on La Maréchale, as I always prefer the most direct course, and related to her, and also to that loyal and frank soldier Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, attached to the Marshal's person, my wish to have the Marshal's own answer to the accusations of Loison, who would have accused his own mother if it had suited his purpose.

Marshal Soult received my request with more goodwill than I expected, but since his accession to the Ministry he has made a point of refusing all my little demands upon him.

"Have the goodness to send me your notes," said the Marshal, "leaving sufficient margin for me to write the answers to your queries. Will that suit you?" I gladly assented; but Madame Soult objected that he might spare both himself and me the trouble by giving me the work of Colonel Napier and General Matthieu Dumas, the accuracy of which might be depended upon, and I should have but to copy what was already printed. I accepted the book, though not without regret that the Marshal's offer had failed of its accomplishment.\*

On my road home I racked my brain to discover whence this Colonel Napier could come, of whom I had never heard; it was not till I arrived and opened the first of the four volumes, which, as a former comrade, the Duchess of Dalmatia had been kind enough to lend me, that the

\* If anything can nowadays excite surprise, it might be to find emanating from the national archives of the French Minister of War a book written by an Englishman in the English service, and animated by all the national animosity which has so constantly subsisted between the two countries. And one of our most distinguished Generals translated this precious work! I flatter myself that in his younger days General Matthieu Dumas would have recoiled from such an undertaking; but he is in the case which must happen to us all—he is growing old.

marvellous truth was explained ; he was an Englishman ! Having been referred to this work for information, I made it a duty to read it attentively. On the principal object of my inquiry it was silent, or at least contained but two or three chance observations respecting the contested question of the Portuguese royalty.

But I was not a little astonished to find in the work to which I had been thus officially referred, an account of the campaign written in a spirit most inimical to the French, and especially to Junot. That campaign, the glory of which is recognized not only throughout Europe, but across the Atlantic, was acknowledged even by the rage of our enemies, who granted *an inquiry* as their only recompense to Sir Arthur Wellesley. General Thiébault, the Chief of Junot's Staff, and son of that friend of the great Frederick who has left us so admirable a work upon the miraculous days of Prussia's exaltation, knew more, I imagine, of this expedition and of its commander than M. Napier, and when such a man as Thiébault, with a heart truly French, a noble mind, and talents as remarkable in the cabinet as was his valour in the field, preserved his attachment and esteem for his former commander, now laid in the earth, it may well be believed that the man who was worthy of such attachment and of the affections of all who belonged to him was not what Colonel Napier has represented him.

In 1814 the Comte d'Artois uttered the memorable words : "*I am only one Frenchman the more*"—an expression worthy of Bayard or of Francis I. But at the Exhibition of *National Industry* in 1827, Charles X., then many years older, replied with a smile to one of our most skilful armourers, who presented him with a new gun : "*I thank you, but I seldom use any but English arms.*"

And farther on, when a Lyons shawl manufacturer was displaying to him some admirable specimens : "Oh ! our



neighbours far surpass us. We cannot contend with them." "I have the honour to beg your Majesty's pardon, Sire," answered the manufacturer with spirit, deeply sensible of this unjust reproach; "for more than six years past every factory in Lyons sends to England five hundred thousand francs' worth of these very manufactures which your Majesty considers so inferior to the English."

This incident may serve to show that there was a time when the Court weathercock pointed north-west, and when courtiers were obliged to sing *God save the King*, and even *Rule Britannia*; it was natural enough that canticles to the supremacy of England should then be found in the library of the War Minister; but that matters should remain the same after the Revolution of 1830 is a little too bad.

When Junot had once accepted the command he resolved to justify the Emperor's confidence; and, although his health was seriously impaired, he did not suffer indisposition to interfere with the most minute attention to all the concerns of his army. But with Napoleon conquest was indispensable. He had yet experienced no reverse, nor would he endure that his lieutenants should; and glorious as was the Convention of Cintra, admirable as must have been that character which could obtain it from the esteem of an enemy of five times his own strength, this single act in which England ever treated with the Empire was not sufficient; victory alone could satisfy Napoleon. With conscripts only; without supplies either of arms or money, still he must have victory: nor can I blame him, rigid as was the requisition; it was upon such principles he made the world his Empire.

The *fêtes* in celebration of the King of Westphalia's marriage still continued, and the Court of Fontainebleau was more brilliant than during the reign of Louis XIV,

each successive day exceeding the past in magnificence. I was patiently awaiting my confinement at Raincy when I received an invitation, or rather an order, to repair to Fontainebleau for a few days. I obeyed ; but not choosing to be an inmate of the *château*, I hired a small house close adjoining, and went every day to the Palace in a sedan-chair ; although Duroc had told me in confidence that the Emperor, whom I certainly feared the most, was about to set out on a journey.

No language can convey a clear idea of the magnificence, the magical luxury, which now surrounded the Emperor ; the diamonds, jewels, and flowers, that gave splendour to his *fêtes* ; the loves and joys that spread enchantment around, and the intrigues which the actors in them fancied quite impenetrable, whereas they were perhaps even more easily discernible than at the Tuileries. When the mornings were fine, and in October and November of that year the weather was superb, we went out hunting and breakfasted in the forest. The ladies wore a uniform of chamois cashmere, with collars and trimmings of green cloth embroidered with silver, and a hat of black velvet, with a large plume of white feathers.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than the sight of seven or eight open carriages whirling rapidly through the alleys of that magnificent forest, filled with ladies in this elegant costume, their waving plumes blending harmoniously with the autumnal foliage ; the Emperor and his numerous suite darting like a flight of arrows past them in pursuit of a stag which, exhibiting at one moment its proud antlers from the summit of a mossy rock, in the next was flying with the fleetness of the wind to escape from its persecutors. The gentlemen's hunting uniform was of green cloth, turned up with amaranth velvet, and laced *à la* Brandenbourg on the breast and pockets with gold and

silver; it was gay, but I preferred the more unpretending shooting-uniform.

Much gossip was at this time passing at Fontainebleau respecting both the present and the future, but all in whispers. The present was the very important subject of the Emperor's new amours. The beautiful Genoese, then at the acme of favour, had demanded to be presented at Court, which no other favourite had ever dared to think of; and the Emperor, though usually very little susceptible of influence from such connections, had on this occasion the weakness to accede.

But the future presented a far more serious consideration in the Imperial divorce, which occupied all minds, and was the subject of our conversation in the retirement of our own apartments. The designated Heir of the Empire was no more; and, though he had left a brother, Napoleon's hopes did not rest equally on him. He became thoughtful and abstracted, and would often ride into the forest in the morning, attended only by Jardin (his favourite pricker, who was much devoted to him), probably that he might meditate undisturbed upon the course he should adopt.

"How can you suffer the Emperor to ride almost alone in that forest?" said I one day to Duroc; "once in the way it would be immaterial, but if it is known to be habitual he may be watched for, and how easily may a mischance occur!" "I cannot hinder his going out unaccompanied," replied Duroc. "I have several times remonstrated, but he will not listen. I am, however, informed the moment he leaves the Palace, and do my best to watch over his safety. But the forest is large, and there is no ascertaining what direction he may choose, so that these solitary rides often cause me uneasiness."

This may serve as an answer to the assertions in some biographies as to the extreme vigilance with which it was

the Emperor's pleasure to be uniformly guarded. He had always the greatest repugnance to attendance ; even in seasons of real danger I have seen him going out continually accompanied by Bourrienne, Junot, or Rapp, never more than one at a time. If such was his antipathy to attendance in France, how great must have been his annoyance when at Saint Helena English sentinels were instructed to escort him wherever he went !

The Princess Pauline and the Grand-Duchess of Berg were pre-eminent in the numerous train of young and pretty women who that year adorned the Imperial Court at Fontainebleau. Notwithstanding Napoleon's recent attachment to Madame G—— he had also a great fancy for Madame B——, who, as a lady-in-waiting on one of the Princesses, attended all the hunting-parties, and frequently breakfasted at the rendezvous. I know the whole of that affair, and can assert, in opposition to the reports of scandal, that the Emperor never succeeded ; though so powerful was the impression made upon him that he committed it to writing, a circumstance very rare with him in his transient entanglements, for such this would have been, had not Madame B—— had the good sense to withstand the infatuation of that halo of glory, that cloud of dazzling light which surrounded Napoleon.

The Empress, in spite of all her efforts to appear gay and happy, was overpowered with melancholy. The rumours of a divorce seemed to acquire more and more consistency, and were all repeated to her ; the frequent exchange of couriers between Paris and Petersburg inspired a fear that the consummation of the peace of Tilsit might be sought in a family alliance between the new friends ; and, to complete her uneasiness upon the subject, she dared not mention it to the Emperor.

Once when I had been paying my respects to her, she

did me the honour to say to me: "Madame Junot, they will never be satisfied till they have driven me from the throne of France—they are inveterate against me." She meant the Emperor's family. And in fact her two sisters-in-law, Jerome, and all to whom, as they said, the glory of the Empire was dear, desired a separation. The Emperor himself said nothing, but his silence was perhaps more alarming to his unfortunate consort than words would have been. The death of the young Prince of Holland had evidently overthrown all his projects.

The Empress burst into tears as she contemplated a lock of the child's beautiful yellow hair, which she had put under a glass on a ground of black velvet. The poor mother's despair no language can express: that Queen Hortense survived is satisfactory evidence that grief does not kill. But the sufferings of the Empress were scarcely less severe; her maternal affliction was enhanced by incessantly renewed anxieties about the divorce.

As I had the highest esteem and tenderest friendship for Duroc, whose memory is enshrined in my heart next to that of my brother, I shall not be suspected of injustice in blaming him for the revenge he took for the Empress's former opposition to his intended marriage. One day, as the Empress entered the throne-room, her mournful and disconsolate looks seemed to be bidding adieu to every object on which they turned. I asked Duroc: "How can you avoid pitying her?" He looked at me for some time, as if in reproach; then taking me by the hand, directed my attention to the extremity of the salon, where a lady was seated, another standing by her side.

"Look there," whispered he; "that one is Heaven—the other is Hell! Whose doing is that? Is it not hers? No, no! I have no compassion for her!" I have adverted to Duroc's sentiments because, with his prodigious influ-

ence over the Emperor, he had much power of befriending the Empress ; his hostility, I am certain, was not active ; but there are circumstances in which silence is the most deadly injury.

We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction he could have taken ; and, in fact, the principal though latent motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from yielding, and the Emperor, who knew his character, resolved himself to see and converse with him ; the brothers consequently gave each other a rendezvous at Mantua. Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first wife, and the Comte de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him. "Do not put up ; I shall probably return to-night !" said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugène, Murat, and Marshal Duroc ; he advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz ; and far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart beat responsively.

For some moments he was incapable of speaking ; at length, having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal and the rest of the

party withdrew. "Well, Lucien," said Napoleon, "what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?" Lucien regarded him with astonishment; for inquiries into his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange. "I form no projects," replied he at length. "As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?"

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one end, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien: "Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it . . . for I now ride over the head of every King in Europe. Do you understand me?" He stopped and looked expressively at Lucien.

"Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to ensure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family; of all my brothers only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool,\* and Jerome a mere child without capacity. . . . My hopes, then, rest chiefly on you; will you realize them?" "Before this explanation is carried further," answered Lucien, "I ought to inform you that I am not changed; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was in my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider whether you will proceed."

\* Louis was a constitutional monarch who endeavoured to study the interests of Holland instead of merely subordinating his kingdom to the needs of France.

"You talk foolishly," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. "New times should give a new direction to our ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and theorize about your Utopian Republic! You must embrace my system, I tell you; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I will acknowledge your wife as my sister; I will crown her as well as you. I will make you the greatest man in Europe, next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother," added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate. The man was altogether fascinating. Lucien loved him; he started as he listened, and grew pale.

"I will not sell myself," said he in an agitated voice. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is after all but one large family, whose governor will be held responsible by the King of kings for the welfare of all its members."

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction. "Why, then, come to me?" said he at last angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like



Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon Kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the Papal tribute." And shrugging his shoulders he smiled contemptuously. "And why not," said Lucien, "if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation: "Always the same! Always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice: "But once more, sir—why, then, did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the Head of your Family; and by Heaven you shall do as I please."

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate. "I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn, "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it; and remember—hearken to my words—remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid hue of his cheeks revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury upon Lucien, whose handsome countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate: nor

his alone, but perhaps that of Europe ; for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been King of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland ?

The Emperor was the first to break silence ; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness : “ You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien ; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good-bye, and a good-night to you, my brother.” He held out his hand.

Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother’s offered hand, and affectionately grasped it between both of his as he reiterated : “ Good-bye, and a good-night to you, my brother. Adieu.” “ Till to-morrow !” said the Emperor. Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken, but was unable ; then opening the door, he rushed from the apartment, re-entered the carriage where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more until the hour of Napoleon’s adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the Empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon’s intentions were already known to his family, and disappointment on finding himself deceived in his calculations of making Lucien one of his most powerful lieutenants served to widen the breach which the marriage of the latter had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the Forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches, accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word ; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

“You are determined to destroy the Republic!” exclaimed the enraged Lucien. “Well, assassinate her then ; erect your Throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts : This Empire which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus !” and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating : “Yes ; crushed, ground to powder—thus !”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Junot at Lisbon—My Accouchement—The Empress Josephine as God-mother—Imperial Magnificence—The Grand-Duchess of Berg—Queen Hortense—Commutations in Spain—Balls given by Princess Caroline and her Sister—My Daughter's Birthday-Party—Adventure of Mademoiselle Poidevin and my Daughters—M. de Gran-court.

JUNOT had no sooner set foot in Lisbon than he found a detachment of the Legion of Police under the command of my old friend Comte de Novion. This corps consisted but of twelve hundred men, but these sufficed to maintain order in Lisbon.

It continued raining as it generally does in Lisbon at that period of the year (November); Junot was suffering from a nervous complaint arising from his wounds, which was always increased when inquietude of mind was super-added to fatigue of body. The pain of his wounds sometimes made him start from his seat.\* He would not, however, allow any personal considerations to impede the accomplishment of his design. He entered Lisbon by the Saccaven gate, viz., by the road opposite the Tower of Belem. He addressed a few private instructions to two grenadier

\* One of these wounds, which crossed the top of his head, was of frightful length and depth, and was, I believe, one of the principal causes of his death.

officers who stood near him, directing them to convey his orders to the troops.\*

Junot's first object was to take possession of the tower of Belem. He entered the fort, and, espying a vessel leaving the harbour under a press of sail, he conjectured she had on board the Prince of Brazil or some of his suite. Without losing a moment he loaded, with his own hands, one of the guns of the fort, and directed M. Tascher, his aide-de-camp, to point it. This was done with such precision that the shot passed through the rigging, and compelled the vessel to strike. She, however, had on board no person connected with the Royal Family of Portugal. On his return from Belem, Junot took a survey of the principal parts of Lisbon, and walked for nearly six hours.

When Junot left France for Portugal I was staying at Raincy. My condition afforded me a sufficient excuse for not paying my respects to Madame, and I am bound to say that in this, as in all other circumstances, she behaved with great consideration and kindness towards me. I passed two months at Raincy, and only returned to Paris a few days previous to my accouchement.

I had already given birth to five daughters, and Junot anxiously wished to have a son. The day therefore on which I wrote to him, "*You are the father of a boy.*" was one of the happiest of my life. The intelligence reached him shortly after his arrival at Lisbon. He was in a transport of joy.

"I thank you," he wrote me in reply, "for having presented me with a son; I can now leave the Emperor another Junot, whose blood, like his father's, may flow for his Sovereign and his country."

Junot wished the Emperor to be godfather to his son, though he had already stood godfather to our eldest daughter,

\* He had with him 1,200 men.

but he disliked being sponsor for two in the same family. However, as Junot urged me to prefer the request, I did so. The Emperor granted it with the best possible grace, observing : "I will do as Junot wishes ; but who is to be godmother ?"

This question was rather embarrassing. The divorce was at this time publicly talked of—at least, as publicly as people dared to talk, under Napoleon's government, of his domestic affairs. However, my embarrassment was not of long duration, and I replied :

"If agreeable to your Majesty, I should wish her Majesty the Empress to stand godmother."

The Emperor fixed upon me for a few moments his keen and penetrating glance, and rejoined :

"Would you not like Signora Lætitia to be godmother ?"

"Your Majesty never did me the honour to speak of Madame Mère."

"Well, should you like her to stand ?"

"I am," answered I, "ready to obey your Majesty's wishes."

"But this is no reply to my question. Who, I ask again, do you wish to stand godmother to your son ?"

"Does your Majesty deign to allow me the choice ?"

"I told you so," he replied, "an hour ago."

"Then," said I, "I request her Majesty the Empress to stand godmother to my son."

"Ah !" he responded, and gazed on me steadily for some time ; at length he said :

"You wish the Empress to stand ? Well, be it so."

The divorce took place in the following year. I have dwelt on the above circumstance because it has reference to a fact which gave a humorous turn to my child's christening, as already described.

The numerous Memoirs which detail the magnificence of

Marly and Versailles convey no idea of the splendour which surrounded Napoleon's Court during the winter of 1808. One of its greatest attractions, and that which no other Court in Europe could equal, was the collection of beautiful women by whom it was graced. This may easily be accounted for when it is recollected that almost all the French Generals and the superior officers of the Imperial Guard had married for love, either in France or in other countries during their campaigns.

I have already spoken of the elegance which embellished the Consular Court ; but we have now arrived at the period of the Empire, when that elegance was doubled, nay tripled, in refinement and magnificence. The Emperor's desire was that his Court should be brilliant ; and this wish, being agreeable to everyone's taste, was implicitly fulfilled. The revolutionary law which prohibited embroidered coats was now forgotten, and the gentlemen rivalled the ladies in the richness of their dress and the splendour of their jewels.

I well recollect the truly fairy-like or magical appearance of the *Salle des Maréchaux* on the night of a grand concert, when it was lined on either side by three rows of ladies, radiant in youth and beauty, and all covered with flowers, jewels, and waving plumes. Behind the ladies were ranged the officers of the Imperial Household, and lastly the Generals, the Senators, the Councillors of State, and the Foreign Ministers, clothed in rich costumes and wearing on their breasts the decorations and orders which Europe offered to us on bended knee. At the upper end of the Hall sat the Emperor with the Empress, his brothers, sisters, and sisters-in-law. From that point he, with his keen glance, surveyed the plumed and glittering circle.

Paris was unusually brilliant this winter. The various Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine ; Germany, Russia, Austria, Poland, Italy, Denmark, and Spain—in a

word, all Europe, with the single exception of England, had sent to Paris the *élite* of their Courts to pay their respects to the Emperor, and to fill up the magnificent retinue which followed him on a grand presentation-day from the Salle du Trône to the play in the Tuileries.

The Grand-Duchess of Berg was the youngest and prettiest of the Princesses of the Imperial Family. The Princess Borghèse, languishing and seemingly feeble, never produced so great an effect as her sister in a ball-room. Besides, the Grand-Duchess danced, while the Princess Borghèse remained fixed to her sofa like an idol, of which, to say the truth, she loved to act the part. The Princess Caroline was the planet around which all the youth of the Court used to be grouped, without, however, encroaching upon the gentle and gracious empire of Queen Hortense, who, beloved by all, and adored by those more immediately connected with her, seemed to have formed the subject of M. de la Maisonfort's lively couplet :

“ A chacun elle voulait plaire,  
Elle plaisait,  
Chacun l'aimait,” etc.

The affairs of Spain now began to assume a troubled aspect. The thunder which roared over the beauteous plains of Aranjuez resounded even to the courtyards of the Tuileries. The Emperor despatched the Grand-Duke of Berg to take the command of the troops assembled on the frontiers of Spain.

This departure was by no means agreeable to the Duke. He had contracted habits of gallantry which he was foolish enough to believe were those of a man of fashion, while his connections were really of the lowest and most vulgar kind. He, moreover, made himself an object of ridicule by his affected manners and dress, his curls, his feathers, his furs,



and all the wardrobe of a strolling player. The Grand-Duke and the Princess Caroline then occupied the Palais de l'Elysée. At the time of the marriage of the King of Westphalia the Princess Caroline had been in the habit of giving entertainments on a most magnificent scale. The winter which succeeded the marriage was distinguished by less brilliant, though equally agreeable festivities.

The Princesses received orders from the Emperor that each severally should give a ball once every week, not that Napoleon was himself fond of dancing, but he liked to see others take part in the amusement. These assemblies were usually composed of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred visitors; and the ladies, who generally numbered above fifty, were almost all young and handsome, and attired with elegance and magnificence.

The Princess Caroline gave her balls on Fridays, Queen Hortense on Mondays, and the Princess Pauline on Wednesdays. The eternal indisposition of Pauline, whether real or pretended, formed no excuse for evading the Emperor's command. These balls were truly delightful! What excitement they occasioned! what business for the toilet!

We also admitted our children to a share of the pleasure we ourselves enjoyed. I set this example, being the mother of the eldest of the Emperor's god-daughters. My daughter's birthday was the 6th of January (Twelfth Day), and I invited in her name the children of Junot's brother officers, the families of the public authorities, and of my own private friends. On this occasion from 120 to 140 children were brought together, and we engaged for their entertainment General Jacquot, the learned ape, the performing canary birds who fired off a pistol, Fitz-James the ventriloquist, Oliver the juggler, etc. How shall I describe the joy which pervaded this young assembly? What exclamations of delight! what ecstasy! Then we gave them a supper, or,

rather, a collation of ices, pastry, and the most exquisite *sucreries* which could be procured. It was a scene of fairy enchantment !

Sometimes these little parties assembled in masks. One of the most conspicuous figures in the juvenile groups was the young Prince Achille Murat. He was a very fine boy, but a most mischievous little imp, whose boisterous romping manners formed a striking contrast to those of his cousins, the Princes Louis and Napoleon, who were exceedingly sedate. The second, who survived his elder brother, died even in a more distressing manner, at the age of seven-and-twenty. He was a remarkably fine boy. His younger brother,\* who is now in Switzerland with his mother, was likewise a very lovely child. We used to call him the *Princesse Louis*, on account of his profusion of fine light hair, which gave him a strong resemblance to his beautiful and amiable mother.

On the occasion of one of our juvenile masquerades my daughters encountered a comical adventure, which I will relate.

At the time referred to here, Marshal Ney occupied a house in the Rue de Lille, having on one side the Hôtel of the Legion of Honour, and on the other the Hôtel of Prince Eugène. The Prince was then at Milan, and his house was occupied by the Prince Primate, a worthy man, but the most inveterate observer of forms and ceremonies I ever met with. On one of the carnival days Madame Ney invited our children to a masquerade to be given by her sons. Great was the joy of the little folks, and great the occupation of their mothers in preparing their various costumes, all endeavouring to excel one another in taste and fancy.

I had just returned from Spain, and the picturesque costume of that country being still familiar to me, I pre-

\* Afterwards Napoleon III.

pared for my daughters complete Spanish dresses. Nothing could be prettier. Their curled hair was confined in nets of silver and pink chenille, they had petticoats of white satin trimmed with pink and silver, and bodices with long sleeves ornamented with points and braiding. Thus equipped, they set off at seven in the evening, it being arranged that their parents should not join the party till nine, that we might not interfere with the amusement of the little guests.

Mademoiselle Poidevin, my daughters' governess, was directed to escort them to Marshal Ney's. The coachman and footman who attended the children's carriage had never been accustomed to drive them anywhere but to the Bois de Boulogne, or to the *Assomption*, when the weather was unfavourable. They inquired of the other servants the address of Madame Ney, and were informed that it was the Rue de Lille.

To the Rue de Lille they accordingly drove. On arriving there, the coachman, espying a large *port-cochère* with two posts, and a pair of blazing lamps, never doubted that this was the scene of festivity. He drew up at the flight of steps, the door of the coach was opened, and Mademoiselle Poidevin alighted with her two pupils, and inquired whether that was the residence of the Marshal.

"I suppose you mean *his Highness*?" replied the valet, eyeing with astonishment the singular group before him.

Mademoiselle Poidevin had never heard the appellation "highness" applied to Marshal Ney, yet believed it might possibly be the style of addressing him, so apologetically answered without hesitation :

"Oh yes, certainly, his Highness." And, somewhat embarrassed, she advanced towards the salon conducting her pupils by the hands.

"It is singular," thought she to herself, as she traversed several badly-lighted and gloomy-looking rooms—"it is singular that no noise, no sounds of mirth are audible. This is very strange!"

"Is his Highness aware of your visit, madame?" said the valet, suddenly turning round to Mademoiselle Poidevin and the young masqueraders.

"Certainly," replied she, "we have been invited here for this fortnight past."

The valet still hesitated for a moment, and then motioning with his head as much as to say, "*Ma foi!* let him settle the affair himself," he opened the door of the salon and announced in a loud voice, "Mademoiselle Poidevin," for in her confusion she had forgotten to give the servant the names of the children.

The door was no sooner opened than Mademoiselle Poidevin started back with astonishment, and the children instinctively clung to her from alarm.

The room into which the servant was about to usher them was very large and badly lighted. In the middle was an immense round table covered with papers, and round it were seated several solemn-looking gentlemen in black. Among them was an old man, bent down with age. He wore a small black silk mantle, in front of which was an immense silver medal.

The other individuals present seemed neither gayer nor more youthful than the gentleman just described, except perhaps one little man, distinguished by rather an obliquity of vision, and a sort of sarcastic smile, and who, as if regretting that he had only turned his thirtieth year, wore his hair cut *en vergette* and powdered, quite in the fashion of the last century. All this made a strange impression on my little girls, who had entered the house of Prince Eugène, which, as I before mentioned, was occupied

by his Highness the Grand-Duke of Frankfurt, the Prince Primate.

The gentleman with his hair *en vergette* and powdered was no other than the Duke Dalberg, who was that very evening affianced to the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle de Brignolé. No traces of the happy event were observable in the house, where, on the contrary, everything wore so gloomy an air that my little girls, who thought themselves disappointed of their *fête*, began to cry. The Prince, who was a most ceremonious man, made at least half a dozen bows as he advanced towards Mademoiselle Poidevin, who on her part was utterly confounded.

At length, however, she summoned sufficient presence of mind to explain by what accident she and her pupils had so unexpectedly interrupted the drawing up of the Duke Dalberg's marriage-contract. The Prince Primate was much amused by the mistake, and seemed almost inclined to ask my little Josephine and Constance to dance a fandango. Mademoiselle Poidevin, however, retired with her pupils, being politely bowed out by the Prince and the Duke Dalberg.

Some days after this adventure, Comte Louis de Narbonne said to me :

"Do you know, Madame Junot, that your daughters caused terrible consternation the other evening at the Prince Primate's? It was supposed that some forsaken mistress of the Duke Dalberg had come with her young family to oppose the marriage."

I laughed heartily at the strange mistake. "Well," said I, "his Highness must have been not a little puzzled by the fantastic costume of the two *little orphans*."

On my arrival at Madame Ney's I found the juvenile party in the height of gaiety: charades and dancing were

kept up till one o'clock, and when the younger portion of the company had retired, M. de Grancourt dropped in and amused us for another hour or two.

M. de Grancourt was then a conspicuous character in the *beau-monde* of Paris, and one of the most curious relics of the last century. He was a native of Switzerland, a man of fortune, and generally known in the best society of Europe. In spite of these advantages, he was, both in appearance and manner, one of the most burlesque personages imaginable. His little legs supporting an immense body, and his head surmounted by a large wig, profusely powdered and frizzed, like that worn by Fleury in the *Ecole de Bourgeois*, were not, after all, half so droll as his amusing self-conceit and his mania of fancying himself irresistibly fascinating.

M. de Grancourt had travelled much, and had mingled in the best society in Russia, Germany, and England. He was an original type of the period anterior to the Revolution. He was the intimate friend of M. d'Espinchal, with whom he had frequent disputes to settle the question of which of the two was best versed in the science of knowing everybody who ought to be known in Paris. One evening M. de Grancourt was bustling about the lobbies of the Opera, in company with a friend just arrived from the country. M. d'Espinchal met them, and asked Grancourt why he was peeping so eagerly through the panes of the boxes.

"It is I, sir," said the country gentleman, "who am giving M. de Grancourt all this trouble. I arranged to meet my wife at the Opera this evening; but I have lost the ticket of the box and forgotten the number, so I am at a loss where to find her."

"Has madame been long in Paris?" inquired D'Espinchal.

"Only two days."

"On what tier is her box?"

"On the first."

"I will tell you in a few minutes whether she is in the house or not."

M. d'Espinchal opened an empty box, and looked round the theatre with his lorgnette. He then went to the opposite side of the theatre, and did the same. In a few minutes he returned to the gentleman, requested he would follow him, and pointed to a box.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman, "here is my wife!"

"I was sure of it," said M. d'Espinchal.

"But how, sir? you do not know her!"

"That was the very reason I found her out."

The country gentleman stared with astonishment.

"To be sure," added M. d'Espinchal, "your wife is the only lady I do not know among the hundred who are seated in the first tier. Therefore I could not be wrong."

"Well," observed M. de Grancourt, shrugging his shoulders, "this is beyond me!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The Romantic School in Literature—Napoleon as President of the Institute at Saint Cloud—Discussion between Cardinal Maury and the Emperor—Napoleon's Opinion of the Morals of the Present Age compared with those of Former Times—His Remarks on the Doctrine of Phrenology.

THE romantic school in literature at this period was in its infancy, and was not sanctioned by the great names now attached to it. Nevertheless, all the young generation of the reading portion of society—that is to say, those from the age of twenty to thirty—were passionate admirers of that fertile branch of literature which opened so many roads to information, and diffused a light over objects hitherto concealed beneath the shade of prejudices called *rules*.

Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare—in short, all the eminent writers of Germany and England—were translated into French, and they imparted a powerful weight to the opinions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and André Chenier. Then came a torrent of new literary works, many of them monstrosities, it is true, but which nevertheless served to open a path to those men of real genius whose names will be handed down with honour to posterity. At the head of these may be placed Victor Hugo and his friend Alphonse de Lamartine.

The memories which I have just called up present to me



many details in which Napoleon is concerned, which bear reference to literary subjects. Among these recollections there is one in particular which forcibly strikes me. It is an evening I spent at Saint Cloud, on which occasion Napoleon may be said to have played the part of President of the Institute; for he spoke for upwards of three hours on literature, and the various revolutions it had undergone. Napoleon was quite a lover of the romantic school, and Ossian was his favourite poet.

It was Sunday, and there was a party at Saint Cloud. All the Emperor's favourite *savants* were present, and many other individuals whose talent and information eminently qualified them to bear a brilliant part in conversation. Among the company were M. Rœderer, M. de la Place, Monge, and Cardinal Maury. M. Chaptal had brought with him the first plates of his *Voyage d'Égypte*. M. de Lacépède was also one of the company, and I have some recollection that Cuvier was there too.

The object of this extraordinary convocation of talent was the discussion of some questions relating to chemistry and natural philosophy, respecting which some of our correspondents in Germany had sent reports. These reports referred particularly to the discoveries made in Bavaria by Baron d'Arctin. After the Emperor had heard the opinions of Berthollet and other members of the Institute, the conversation changed from the scientific subjects to which attention had been first directed, and took a very curious turn.

When I entered the salon the Emperor was speaking with great warmth; he was addressing himself to Cardinal Maury, who was always very much disposed to controversy, and who was not more courteous to the Emperor than he was to M. Brockhausen, the Prussian Ambassador, to whom he once said: "Monsieur, the fact is, Racine cannot be

understood in Prussia for a century to come." His abruptness of manner and loud thundering voice always made me dread a literary or political discussion in which he took part, notwithstanding his talent for conversation.

The discussion had fallen, I cannot tell how, on the moral corruption of the French language. Napoleon by instinct could speak correctly on such a subject, but he was not competent to maintain an argument with a man like the Cardinal. Every voice was hushed except those of the two interlocutors, and not a word that fell from either of them was lost. Napoleon maintained that the change which had taken place in our language was an inevitable consequence of the influence of morals. The Cardinal replied that the question was not to determine the effect produced, but to inquire into the causes which had led to that effect.

"Probity, virtue, filial respect," said he—"in short, all that forms the basis of every well-constructed social edifice has been destroyed, never to be recovered; and I am of opinion that this destruction has exercised a powerful influence on the corruption of language, for I presume that your Majesty does not regard the change that has taken place as a defect tending merely to strip the language of its primitive and original character?"

This question seemed to be a sort of challenge addressed to the *Roi législateur*. Napoleon looked steadfastly at the Cardinal, and, with an expression which I cannot describe, exclaimed: "Surely, Cardinal, you do not imagine that I, the head of a great Empire, who am daily doomed to observe the most revolting examples of human turpitude, would think of defending the morals of the time of the Regency. There exist now, as there always have existed, corrupters and corruption, vice and atheism. We see religion forgotten by its ministers, and laws observed from fear, and not from respect. All this is the result of the subversion

of order that has so long prevailed. Cardinal," he added with a smile, "I would have you be less severe upon the present generation. For my part, I think that people in a certain class are better now than they were a hundred, ay, even fifty or five-and-twenty years ago." Here he walked about the room, taking several pinches of snuff.

"Will your Majesty permit me to observe," resumed the Cardinal, "that two classes at least, the citizens and the peasantry, are very different with respect to purity of morals from what they were fifty years ago?—and those classes make up the bulk of the population." "You are wrong, Cardinal, you are wrong," observed the Emperor sharply. "But what do you mean when you talk of purity of morals in the class of citizens? Do you allude to the period when Madame du Barry was *demoiselle de boutique*?" "Or perhaps," said Monge, "the Cardinal alludes to the time when the citizens went to Mass and the peasantry paid tithes." I shall never forget the glance which Napoleon cast upon Monge at this moment—it was as eloquent as a whole speech.

Monge, who, like Volney, Dolomieu, and other *savants* of the day, was a decided atheist, had mistaken the Emperor's drift, and had made a remark that was anything but appropriate. He ought not to have forgotten the sharp remonstrance he received from the Emperor for the indecorous *bon-mot* which fell from him in reference to the dispute between the Curé of Saint Roche and the performers of the Opera on the occasion of the death of Mademoiselle Chameroi. "*After all*," said Monge, "*it is but a quarrel between actor and actor.*"

Napoleon was offended at Monge's levity. His object was to restore moral and useful institutions—in short, all the good which preceding events had subverted. For the furtherance of these views he naturally directed his atten-

tion to religion. He created *priests* but not a *clergy*, and he said : "I restore priests in order that they may teach the Word of God, and not cause it to be forgotten."

Monge's observation on the subject of the tithes greatly displeased Napoleon, and, turning towards Cardinal Maury, he said : "Well, Cardinal, if you please, we will re-establish tithes for this night only, and they shall be paid by those who talk too fast." In justice to Napoleon, I must add that though he occasionally expressed his disapproval of the opinions entertained by Monge on certain points, yet he sincerely loved and esteemed that celebrated man.

The reader has seen how the scientific and literary conversation of the *soirée* at Saint Cloud insensibly became political. The little storm which the remark of Monge had produced suddenly interrupted it, and for several minutes nothing was heard in the *salon bleu* but the voice of the Empress—who was conversing in a low tone with some of the ladies—and the footsteps of the Emperor, who paced up and down taking his eternal pinches of snuff.

At length he suddenly turned to the Cardinal, and said, with an inexplicable mixture of severity and raillery : "You maintain, Cardinal, that the morals of the people have become more corrupt during the last fifty years ; but if I were to prove to you positively the reverse, what would you say ?" "Sire, I should say nothing," replied the Cardinal, resuming his confidence ; "for to resist proof would be a mark of the most perverse spirit. If I should be convinced by your Majesty, I shall have nothing to say in reply ; but let us see the proof." "Well, I would first ask whether, when you speak of the whole French people, you mean only the population of Paris ? That population may, it is true, be counted as ten to one on the day of an insurrection ; but, apart from that, you must grant that the civic and commercial population of the capital amounts only to two

hundred thousand individuals, men, women, and children. Among this number there may certainly be exceptions. The old customs that were hidden beneath the triple spider-webs which the Revolution swept away, the old customs destroyed in certain families of the Rue Saint Denis or the Rue du Marais, are no doubt regretted by those families. But enlarge the circle around you ; go into the country and the neighbourhood of the convents and ask the village elders how the Benedictines and the Four Mendicant Orders used to teach morality to females."

"Man is not infallible," replied the Cardinal pointedly. "But look at the benefits which those men diffused around them ! What treasures those very Benedictines, whom your Majesty mentioned, have bequeathed to literature ! Their works will be——" "You are wandering from the question, Cardinal, you are wandering afar. Because the Benedictines wrote *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*, it does not follow that they have not done a great many things besides. But I will not exclusively attack the monks and priests in speaking of the morality of the *tiers-état* at the period we are referring to. I will ask you how that class raised its voice to defend itself when attacked by the *noblesse*, and commanded, like slaves, to bow down before their superiors. Nothing was secure against the wild caprice of a libertine, and at that time every young nobleman was a libertine of the most lawless kind. Take, for example, the Duc de Richelieu, burning a whole district for an hour's amusement ! Who is it says—

" 'Pour les plaisirs d'un jour, que tout Paris périsse' ?

Is it not Rousseau ?"

"No, Sire, it is Gilbert." "When did he live ?" "He was contemporary with La Harpe, D'Alembert, and Diderot.

In that same satire which your Majesty has just quoted he alludes to La Harpe in the line which has been so often repeated—

“ ‘Tombe de chute en chute au trône académique.’ ”

“ *Pardieu !* ” exclaimed the Emperor. “ La Harpe may truly be said to have usurped his reputation. He was a greater atheist than any of the *coterie* of Baron d’Holbach and the Encyclopædists. He was the mean and servile flatterer of Voltaire ; and he afterwards made abjurations which were absurd and contemptible, for they were not the result of conviction. Did you know him ? ”

The Cardinal replied in the affirmative ; and, being an experienced courtier, he began to pronounce a sort of funeral oration on La Harpe, which was characterized by anything but Christian charity. I could not help smiling, for in his *Cours de Littérature* La Harpe speaks in high terms of the panegyrics of Cardinal Maury, when, being only an Abbé, he delivered them on Saint Louis and Saint Vincent de Paul before the King. The Cardinal would certainly have defended La Harpe against any other than the Emperor. But he had already *tenu tête à Napoléon*, to quote the phrase which he himself always employed, when he disputed with the Emperor an inch of ground on any question whatever. He thought he had done enough for one evening.

The conversation was kept up with spirit. The Emperor was in one of his most talkative humours. After this long digression, the scientific subjects, for the discussion of which the party had been assembled, were again touched upon. Incompetent as I was to speak on such learned topics, I was obliged to answer a question put to me by the Emperor respecting M. de Fenaigle, the professor of mnemonics. I had repeated to the Empress a number of

absurd things which I had heard from Fenaigle, whom Napoleon did not like.

As to Dr. Gall, he despised him, and had no faith in his system. He was just then beginning in France to acquire the great reputation which he has left behind him. I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for, as the wife of the Governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to show attention to a man who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the doctor, after an attentive examination of his head, said, in a solemn tone: "This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is possible that he might have been a mathematician had he been forced to that study; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations and the solution of problems.

Monge and the Cardinal, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the Emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when, turning to me, he said in a tone of disapproval: "So, Madame Junot, you patronize Dr. Gall. Well, you are *Gouvernante* of Paris, and I suppose you must show attention to *men of science*, even though they be fools. And what has the doctor told you?" I knew by experience that the way to deal with the Emperor was never to appear intimidated, but to answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination of my son's bumps.

"Ah! he said that, did he? Then we will not make my

godson a bishop, nor even a cardinal"—here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury—"but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer." A man like Dr. Gall is good for something, at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained as soon as a child comes into the world what he is destined to be, and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged and the hunch-backed."

The Emperor considered the system of Dr. Gall as destructive of all order and of all law. Soon after the doctor's return from Germany he inquired of the members of the Institute if there was not one among them sufficiently courageous to refute "the foolish doctrine of Dr. Gall."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

I am Summoned to the Tuileries by the Emperor—Kindness of Madame Mère—My Conversation with Napoleon—Raincy—M. Ouvrard—M. Destillières—Hunting—The Duc d'Orleans and the Comte d'Artois in Miniature—Junot King of Portugal—Napoleon recommends me to go to Lisbon—The Interference of Women in Affairs of Importance—The Emperor's Opinion on that Subject—The Heart and the Head—Madame des Ursins and Madame de Maintenon—My Mother—The Invitation to Breakfast.

ONE day the Emperor sent me word, by Duroc, that he wished to speak to me, and that I must go to the Tuileries at half-past four. I looked at Duroc, and questioned him with my eyes. He smiled, and told me to fear nothing. "It is, I believe," said he, "about a business which does not concern Junot's interests in the least."

"The Emperor is highly pleased with Junot," he again repeated; "and you may go in all confidence." Notwithstanding this assurance given me by the Grand Marshal, I was not perfectly easy. It was now eleven o'clock. I was on duty, and I could excuse my absence only by a personal interview with Madame. This I sought, and I asked permission to leave her at four o'clock to go to the Tuileries.

"I was thinking of taking a drive," replied the Princess; "but I will postpone it, and stay at home. The conversation which the Emperor wishes to have with you renders me anxious on Junot's account. Be sure to return immedi-

ately, and tell me the result. If there should be any need of my influence, you know I am always ready to employ it in favour of you and your excellent husband."

Having given Madame my promise to return and render her an account of my conference, I left the palace at a quarter past four for the Tuileries.

The Emperor was engaged at a Council of State, which did not break up until six o'clock. This unexpected delay afforded me ample time to revolve in my mind every probable cause for which I had been summoned. At length M. de Meré came to tell me the Emperor would receive me.

His Majesty was evidently out of humour, but this circumstance had no reference either to me or to Junot. My acquaintance with his physiognomy enabled me to ascertain in a moment whether he were likely to be agreeable or the contrary. He smiled, and was going to pull my ear, but missing it, he caught a lock of my hair, and pulled it till he almost made me cry out. In fine, he showed me all his *grâces*, as M. de Narbonne used to express it, and entering immediately on the subject of his message, he said to me :

"Does Junot write regularly to you?"

"Yes, Sire," answered I.

"What do you call regularly?"

"Once or twice a week—at all events, once a week."

"What does he write about?"

I looked at the Emperor without answering. My silence probably displeased him, as much as the almost imperceptible smile which played upon my lips ; for his Jupiterian eyebrow began to assume a frown, and he repeated :

"What does he write about?"

"Does your Majesty," inquired I, "wish to peruse his letters? If so, I will do myself the honour of bringing them to you whenever you please."

"Madame Junot," said he, "I sent for you this evening to speak with you on a subject which will cause Junot some pain; for I know that trifling circumstances of the nature I am about to allude to affect him seriously, because he thinks they are inconsistent with my friendship for him. But, on the contrary, it is a proof of friendship that I act towards him as I do."

He walked a few paces rather slowly, and then said:

"I am going to take Raincy from you."

He stopped, and darted at me one of his penetrating glances. He seemed to wish that I should inform him not only of my own thoughts, but also of what Ouvrard, Junot, Destillières, in short, everyone concerned in the affair, was likely to think. All who knew the Emperor are aware of the excessive importance he attached to the veriest trifles, in which either his own name or that of his relations had been mingled.

"Has Duroc said nothing to you?" he continued, still eyeing me with his magnetic glance.

I shook my head, and replied in a very low tone:

"No, Sire."

"Oh, oh!" said the Emperor, with a peculiar expression of countenance; "is it thus you show your attachment for Raincy? What! you pout like a child at the loss of a plaything! Well, to say the truth, I shall take it from you without regret, were it only for the sake of that fool Junot. Raincy has entailed a great expense upon him."

I made no reply, but thought of Junot. I knew how happy he was to be possessed of Raincy. He was a great sportsman, and the Forest of Bondy was contiguous to the Park of Raincy. The Emperor was not a huntsman, and the hares and deer which had superseded the robbers of the Forest of Bondy had no attractions for him. However, the tongue of envy and detraction had been busy; and I

know it had been said of Junot that at Raincy he was playing the Duc d'Orleans in miniature, after having aped the Comte d'Artois at Longchamp.

"Well," continued the Emperor, "I will take Raincy off your hands. Write to your husband, Madame Junot, and inform him of this. What! are you fond of hunting, too? What is the matter? You seem discomposed!"

The fact was, I knew how much Junot would be vexed by the loss, and I ventured to tell the Emperor so.

"Nonsense—nonsense! he can hunt as well in the Forest of Saint Germain as in the Forest of Bondy. I really think I am rendering him a service in depriving him of Raincy; and since I have given Neuilly to the Princess Pauline, it is necessary that I should have an estate myself near Paris. Raincy is just the thing—I will take that, and there the matter ends. Come now, Madame Junot, you know I am not in the habit of wasting my time in explaining my motives to women."

I knew that well enough. It was nothing, in fact, but the trouble the Emperor had given himself to speak to me on the subject that impressed me with the idea of its importance. The truth was, M. Ouvrard had been busying himself in the matter, and wished once more to become possessor of Raincy. It was well known that the Emperor entertained for Ouvrard a feeling bordering on hatred. His wish, therefore, to supply Junot's place at Raincy was better explained by motives of personal pique towards Ouvrard than by the reasons which he had advanced, and which, with all respect for his excellent judgment, I could not consider valid.

"Do you know why I just now asked you what Junot wrote to you about?" said he, stopping in his eternal promenade, and sitting down, whilst he pointed to a chair for me.

"If your Majesty will explain your meaning to me, I shall be able to understand it—not otherwise."

"I wish, then, to know whether he is happy and content. Do you know all that I have done for him, Madame Junot? Do you know that he is now at Lisbon as powerful as a King? He writes to inform me that the interest of the country requires that the French authority should not be counterbalanced by any other; and the last estafette I sent him conveys, along with the power he asked for, another mark of my regard for him, for certainly I should not have granted that favour to Portugal except at his urgent solicitation. It is as well that they should know this at Lisbon. Have you not friends there? Write them that they are greatly indebted to their *Governor-General*, for that is Junot's title there."

"Junot," he continued, "is in a fair way to reap a rich harvest. His Government in Portugal is organized in a way which has never been known in that country since the days of Pombal. He is now installed as *head of the State*—he has *his Ministers*; and, in fact, everything is going on well for him. I am much pleased with the speech he has delivered—very much pleased. It is full of good sense and dignity."

During all this explanation the Emperor smiled with complacency. Junot, in fact, was the child of his creation, and every meritorious action on Junot's part seemed to him but the consequence and effect of his own able instruction.

The Emperor was not the man to commence a conversation without a motive, or to prolong it because he did not know how to conclude it. For the last few moments I had been endeavouring to penetrate the motive which had induced him to send for me. Was it the affair of Raincy? Impossible! Was it to speak about Junot as he had done

for the last quarter of an hour? That could never be. There must, I was convinced, be some other reason which escaped my penetration. The fact was evident; but how was I to unravel the mystery? He looked at me for a moment, and guessed what was passing in my mind; for he said to me, smiling:

“Do not trouble yourself to consider what you should do. Go! . . . The thing is clear enough.”

Extraordinary man! I reddened, and was all confusion at finding my own thoughts discovered when I was endeavouring to ascertain his.

“So, then,” continued he, with a tone that betrayed some dissatisfaction, “Junot has not told you of the good fortune which has befallen him? I did not think him so insensible to honours. He is a droll fellow.”

Then turning suddenly round—for he was sitting before a window, and beating time upon the glass with his finger to the air of “*La Montferrine*,” which was then a favourite in the streets of Paris—he added:

“And you, Madame Junot, who have a taste for all the fine things of this world, have you no wish to go and play the Queen with Junot? I do assure you that he is now in Portugal what Albuquerque and Fernando Cortez were in Brazil and Mexico.”

I answered by a courtesy. I was afraid of giving a direct answer, lest I should say anything injurious to the interests of Junot.

“Well, adieu, Madame Junot,” added Napoleon; “and I tell you again that if you have any wish to go to Portugal and play the Queen, I will answer for it you will find your husband there enjoying all the power and splendour you could wish. When will you write to him?”

“I think, Sire, of writing to him to-morrow, unless your Majesty commands me to do so this evening.”

At first he made no reply, and appeared rather annoyed at the pointed manner in which I pronounced the word "command." He frowned, and at length said :

"Write when you please, and what you please ; and perhaps the sooner the better. It is best for domestic happiness that the correspondence between husbands and wives should never be long suspended, whether they be near or far from each other."

This moral remark came so unexpectedly that I could scarcely refrain from smiling.

As the Emperor seemed to have dismissed me, I began to move towards the door, when he motioned me back with his hand, and said, as if a new idea had just struck him :

"Apropos, when you write to Junot, remind him of that aide-de-camp business about which Duroc has already spoken to him. It is an *enfantillage*, and for that reason I tell you to write about it. The affair is sufficiently unimportant for a woman to take part in it," added he, laughing.

"I thank your Majesty," replied I.

"Oh, you know I never like women to interfere in serious matters, because they are sure to be always intriguing !"

"Will your Majesty," said I, "permit me to deliver my opinion on that point ?"

He made a sign in the affirmative.

"Women, then," said I, "seldom interfere of their own accord in serious business. Their natural indolence and love of pleasure incapacitate them from great exertions of mind ; and whenever they are found mixed up in grave and important matters, it is only when they are the instruments of men who are worse intriguers than themselves. . . . You know it is alleged that the reigns of females are remarkable only because favourites have governed for them."

The Emperor laughed so heartily that I was astonished at having provoked so much merriment.

"Not that I think," continued I, "that women are incapable of holding the reins of government, and of holding them with vigorous hands, for I have a favourable, nay, a high, opinion of my sex; and I am inclined to believe that the solid education we have received, for the last twenty years especially, has placed us upon a level with most, if not with all, of the other sex. But there is one thing which must always disable us from exercising paramount authority."

"Oh, you concede so much, do you? And pray what may that obstacle be?"

"The heart," replied I.

"The heart! You surely mean the head?"

"I must beg permission to differ from your Majesty. What I allude to, Sire, is the feeling which impels a woman to devote herself for the well-being of her children, of her husband, of her friend! I do not say her lover, because I imagine the devotion I have just mentioned comprehends that negation of self which a woman possesses and exercises, though love may have no place in her heart."

"And wherefore, I should wish to inquire, do you deny this feeling to men?"

I answered by shaking my head, and I made some further remarks in support of my opinions. I may mention that this was the first time I ever recollect having been honoured by so long a conversation with the Emperor.

"Do you not observe, Sire," I resumed, "the reason which at times makes us appear intriguers? It is because you men dispose of us; you compel us to move like the pieces on a chess-board; you, in short, make mere machines of us."

"How?" answered he. "What say you to Madame des



Ursins and Madame de Maintenon? What say you to them? Will you assert they were not intriguers? Or need I mention a hundred other similar examples?"

"I confess, Sire," replied I, "I cannot defend the ladies you have just named against the imputation of being intriguers; but I contend that they form exceptions to the general rule, which serve to prove its correctness. Those women lived in an age whose moving principle was intrigue and turbulence; and I am sure I have heard your Majesty speak of Cardinal de Retz, and of M. de la Rochefoucauld, who flourished at the same period, as of men peculiarly formed for intriguers and shufflers."

The Emperor smiled again, and then abruptly said: "How old are you, Madame Junot?" I answered him by smiling in my turn, for he knew my age as well as I did myself. But he gave a wrong interpretation to my silence, and said:

"How! have you already begun to conceal your age?"

"I do not desire to conceal my age, Sire—if, indeed, it were possible, as it certainly is not, especially from your Majesty, who, I may almost say, knew me at my birth. I am twenty-two."

The Emperor took a pinch of snuff, and, counting the years on his fingers, thus proceeded:

"Yes! you are right; in 1795 you were eleven years old—right; and your mother? How old would she have now been? Ah, she never liked to tell her age! How absurd that was! What matters age to a woman so beautiful as she! She was indeed handsome. Have you her portrait?"

"We have her bust, Sire—a perfect likeness; at least, as she appeared at the time at which it was taken."

"She was," he resumed, "a singular woman! Amiable—excellent. But such a spirit! The spirit of a devil!"

As he spoke these words, he alternately took snuff and

tapped his fingers on the arm of his chair ; whilst I, with the door in my hand (which I had been holding for a full quarter of an hour), was waiting only to be dismissed. At the mention of my mother's name, however, I began to turn the handle, in order to make my way out at the first offensive word he might utter. This he perceived, and immediately said :

“ Did she often speak to you of me ? ”

“ Never, Sire,” I replied.

“ Impossible ! ” cried he, rising from his chair, with an air of displeasure—“ Impossible ! ”

“ Why so, Sire ? ” I asked.

Probably my imperturbability made him perceive the absurdity of his impetuosity, for he immediately resumed his seat, and remarked with some degree of bitterness :

“ It is true, she had no kindly feeling toward me ! Lucien was her favourite, and it is very certain that my severity to him eradicated from her heart any little regard she might before have entertained for me.”

“ My poor mother, Sire,” I replied, “ died long before your Majesty decreed the exile of your brother.”

It is impossible to describe the emotion I excited in him by this seemingly innocent remark. He rose, endeavoured to speak, and then sat down again. The colour flew to his cheek, and as quickly deserted it. He rose a second time, pushed his chair from him with violence, and fixing on me a look, which, to say the least, was stern, seemed struggling to restrain his passion. At length, suddenly assuming the most gracious tone and manner, he said :

“ Well, good evening ; and when you write to Junot, give my remembrances to him.”

I courtesied and left him, after a conversation which had lasted more than three-quarters of an hour. But I had no

sooner reached the end of the gallery than the door of the cabinet opened, and the Emperor, in a loud voice, called after me :

“Madame Junot !”

I turned, and perceived him at the door, beckoning me to return. I did so.

“Did you not tell me,” said he, as soon as I approached him, “that you were in attendance on Signora Lætitia?”

“Yes, Sire,” I answered ; “and I am now going to her.”

“Tell her, then, that I wish she would come and breakfast with me to-morrow.”

The Emperor again bade me farewell with a gracious motion of his hand, and retired into his closet.

I found Madame impatiently expecting me. That excellent Princess evinced for me the utmost kindness and benevolence. I related to her the conversation I had had with the Emperor, and she seemed not at all displeased, for, to say the truth, the loss of Raincy was, in her opinion, rather a benefit than an evil. She appeared pleased to hear how angry I had made him by my remarks respecting Lucien. But when I delivered the message the Emperor had sent to her, she seemed vexed. I pretended not to observe this, and it was not till some time afterwards that I learned the reason of her displeasure.

END OF VOL. III.

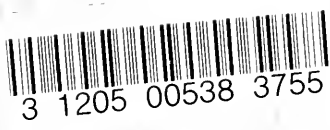




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